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CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.—THE BASTILE OF THE TURKS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY PETER MAC QUEEN.

QUEEN JEWEL set in sapphire seas, where the Golden Horn, Bosphorus and Marmora meet and commingle; erstwhile torn from the neck of Europe to be worn as a Koh-i-noor upon the head of Asia, beautiful for situation, desire of the whole earth, is Constantinople. First settled by Byzas the Megarian, in 658 B. C., and called Byzantium; then refounded by the Christian Constantine in 330 A. D., and called Constantinople; again wrested from the Christians in 1453 by Mahmoud the Conqueror and renamed Istantboul—it is the enigma of time, the glory and degradation of Europe, the tempting bait for which to-day the dogs of war are snarling.

It was a fresh morning in last July that, with two friends, I came on deck of the Austrian steamer to watch the sun rise over the Asian hills and catch the first glint of light on the far fair minarets of Stamboul. A fog formed a white band on the horizon; above us the clear sky gleamed; in front appeared the Nine Islands of the Princes, the two shores of Marmora still hidden. The ship advanced. Soon a slender shaft shot above the mist silhouetted against the enfolding sky like an angel's spear; then another and another; then outlines of many houses stretched in lengthening file. What we saw was the curving outline of old Stamboul from Seraglio Point to the Castle of

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the Seven Towers. Under the houses began to appear the battlemented walls and towers which encircle the city in unbroken line, the Sea of Marmora breaking gently on them along its northern shore.

My Greek friend pointed out the objects on the hill, as one after another they emerged from their morning veil. "Santa Sophia," he cried, as a vast mass of great height and exceeding lightness rose and rounded itself gloriously into the air, surrounded by four delicate minarets whose silvery points glittered in the sun; "the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, of Suleiman, of Osman, of Bajazet," he continued, as if reading off the list of stopping-places on a railway. The fog broke quickly now; through the rents and clefts shone towers, domes and spires, and the sun poured tawny gold-dust over sea and land. We recalled the words of the Koran: "City of which one side looks upon the land and the other upon the sea." Higher and higher rose the city, her broken, capricious outlines mirrored in the limpid waters of Marmora.

We moved ahead slowly; we came close in front of the Seraglio hill. From a mass of verdure arose, as if thrown by chance, kiosk roofs and silvery cupolas, buildings of strange and graceful form, Arabesque windows half-hidden and leaving fancy to create a world of mystery and sadness. We riveted our looks upon those famed

heights coronaled with four centuries of glory pleasure, blood, intrigue—the citadel and grave of the Osmanli. But turning half around we discern Scutari, the golden city on the Asian side. The tide of life over there sweeps among the valleys and submerges the hills. Wonderful variety of color, charming and fanciful contrasts—Oriental, Eu-

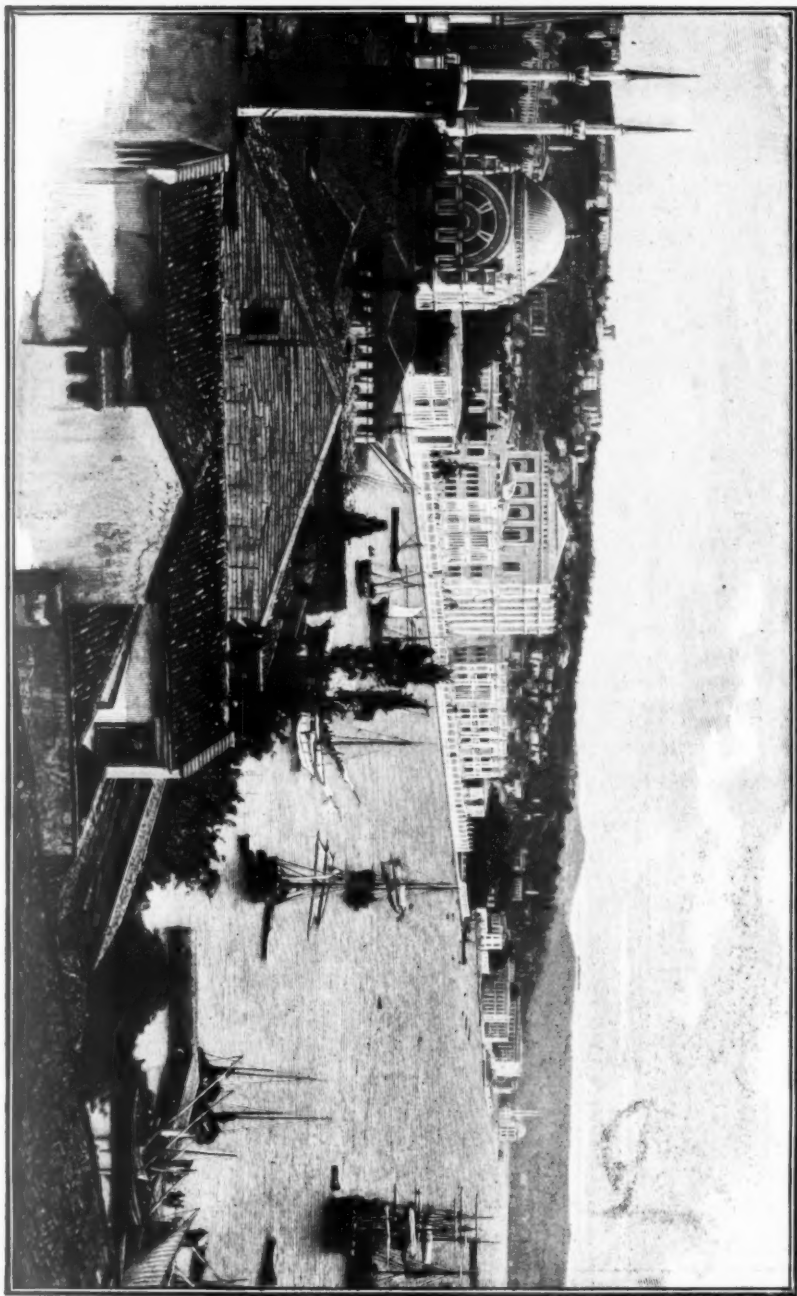
ropean—city of a thousand gardens of exquisite green and a hundred mosques of snowy whiteness; a cemetery the largest in a land of great cemeteries, sycamores and cypresses blending their shades with radiant flowers of the tropics in the azure waters of the Bosphorus. And beyond Scutari is Kadi Keui on the Marmora shore, builded upon the ruins of that Chalcedon which was called by the Oracle of Delphi "the city of the blind," because its founders passed by the then unoccupied site of Istamboul. On the same side are the graves of the English soldiers killed in the fruitless Crimean war.

But look in front—the grandest sight of all. Directly before us is the Golden Horn, like a river; on either shore two chains of city heights, hills, valleys, promontories, sun-gilded palaces, garlanded suburbs, surging freshets of vegetation. On the right, Galata, fringed with a forest of masts. Above Galata rises Pera, her golden cupolas and massive European buildings traced along the sky. On the left, Istamboul, stretched out on her seven hills, with leaden domes and shining pinnacles. Santa Sophia with its thick clustering memories; Sultan Ahmed mosque, flanked by six minarets; and that of Suleiman the Magnificent, crowned with ten domes; and high above all the white tower of the Seraskiarat, overlooking the shores of two continents, from the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. The sky turns to opal; a thousand pointed caiques dart upon the waters; behind you stretches the Bosphorus, with ships winding between endless avenues of palaces, and losing itself in the mysterious east. The waters at your feet give back to the graceful buildings a trembling white reflection. In front of the bridge we stop. A throng of Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Jews, howling and swearing in all known and unknown languages, surround us and take possession of us. We pass the customs and ascend the hill of Pera.

Constantinople, like Naples, is splendid in tout ensemble but tawdry in detail. We did not go far till we found this out. The streets are narrow, paved with huge boulders; it is a congeries of human ant-hills, an Asian encampment, cultured nineteenth century elbowing the adobe of the steppe. The Turk only camps in



A STREET VENDER.



"THE SADDEST, GRANDEST SIGHT OF ALL."

Europe; he is not there to stay. You turn down a street and there is no more city, only a deserted ravine and nothing but sky visible; you go to the end of a street and you are on a precipice; you take a step upward and behold a wide view; you take a step downward and nothing can be seen; you look up and see a hundred minarets; you turn, and they have vanished. The city is a contrast and a contradiction; a paradise and a Sahara. Amid Turkish hovels rise European palaces. Here you have bits of England, France, United States, Russia. Now you are in the Strand, anon in Trebizond. Moorish barracks, Arabian arches, Greek churches, Christian schools, all jostle each other. The lattice of the harem confronts the plate-glass of the modern hotel. Civilization on both sides of the Golden Horn is eating into the vitals of Islam, and soon only a worm-devoured skeleton of the old-time barbarism will remain.

The streets form a vast dog-kennel. The dogs are unwashed, collarless, masterless—a great vagabond republic. They are, however, loved and sacred; and when a wise Sultan, Abdul Medjid, had them all deported to an island in the Sea of Marmora, the people grumbled and the dogs were brought back. The legend is that God gave to men their food and to

dogs theirs. There came a famine among men, and the dogs divided their food with men. Ever since they have been honored. Another story is that the dogs came in with the triumph of Mahmoud.

At any rate, they are there; on the sidewalks, in the streets, under the archways, around the hotel doors—everywhere. They look part wolf, part fox; they snarl but do not seem to bite. The Mussulmans treat them well; the Christians not so well. An Englishman told me he shot one and that the police brought the carcass and hung it on his door-knob. It took five piasters to bury the brute, he said. It's a topsy-turvy commonwealth, this empire of dogdom in Constantinople. There are wards, and no dog is allowed out of his own division. A fight resulting from a dog going into an alien ward made a hideous noise, leading me one morning to rise and throw at an infernal canine a piece of the Acropolis, purloined while in Athens. But one cannot help pitying the poor animals, for they are reduced by their constant warfare to mere phantoms. With torn ears, hairless spines, covered with sores, devoured with flies, they look like wraiths of hunger and disease. As for a tail, it is the greatest kind of a luxury among them, and I am told that it is an almost unheard of record for a decent dog to wear



"TURKISH LIFE IS REACTIONARY."



"THE TURK ONLY CAMPS IN EUROPE."

his tail through more than two months of public life.

The place to see Constantinople is upon the Galata Bridge. This floating highway, a quarter of a mile in length, connects Galata with Stamboul; and although both these cities are in Europe, yet the Golden Horn here separates two worlds—Europe and Asia, civilization and barbarism. Though a hundred thousand people cross the bridge every day, not one idea crosses in twenty years. The news of Europe is discussed intelligently in Pera-Galata every morning, while over in Stamboul the ideas are those belonging to the age of Charlemagne or the Crusades. Thus, last summer they told me confidently in Stamboul that they of the Mohammedan faith expected to be exterminated just as soon as the Christian nations of Europe interfered in behalf of the Armenians. And in the recent blockade of Crete we all saw that the Moslems took it for granted the Christian governments were on their side, and so resumed their massacres.

Standing on this Galata Bridge one may see the most wonderful kinetoscopic view in the world. Whatever is most

bizarre in walk or costume, figure or gesture, you may here discern in the space of fifty yards and in ten minutes. First there is an Albanian, with his white petticoat, his pistols in his sash; alongside of him is a Tartar dressed in sheepskins; behind him walk a Bedouin in a long mantle and a Turk in a muslin turban; then follows a Greek gentleman, with his servant; then the carriage of a European ambassador on his way from the Sublime Porte to the Selamlık. Hebrews from India, negroes from Cairo, Armenians from Trebizond, Yankees from Massachusetts, Englishmen from Yorkshire, Frenchmen from Chalons, Russians from Smolensk; Capuchin friars, Meccan pilgrims, Jesuits, dervishes—a changing mosaic of races and religions. Black eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes, almond eyes; eyes cold as the snows of Jura, eyes burning as the fires of Etna, eyes that congeal and eyes that melt. Faces clear-cut as the marbles of Pentelicus; faces hard as the granite of the obelisk in Et-Meidan; faces tender as the streams of Bœtia; faces black as the ebony of Thebes; faces white as the quarries of Marmora. All dresses, from that of

Mother Eve to that of Madame Bloomer. Donkeys, camels, oxen, horses, mangy dogs, mingle in that human torrent—a terrible procession of the infinite folly, misery and discord in the laws and beliefs of humanity. This you see on the Galata Bridge. It is an awful accumulation of crushing problems written in letters of blood, which will only be solved by rivers of carnage.

Leaving the bridge and passing the stores and cafés on the Stamboul side, you visit the Bezetan or Grand Bazar, shattered by the earthquake of 1894, where you can buy anything, from a needle to a camel; and continuing through the quaint streets past the Sublime Porte (so called because of the high gate at its entrance), where you can buy anything, from a human soul to a satrapy; walking up a hill along the ancient walls and skirting the Court of the Fountain of Sultan Ahmed you stand at length before the Bab-Umaim or "august entrance" to the old seraglio.

There is not in all the world a corner that awakens such a strange mixture of terrible and beautiful images in the mind as this. When the Osmanli shall have become a sunburnt memory in the afternoon of the past, and the populous streets of a new city shall cross each other at right angles on that loveliest hill upon our earth, the musing traveler shall still see in fancy the imperial buildings where gilded roofs and colored domes in former times covered a life at once pastoral and warlike.

The old wall encircles it and on the landward side divides the Seraglio hill from the mosque of Nuri-Osmanie, turns at a right angle toward the Sublime Porte,

passes in front of Santa Sophia and joins the wall of Stamboul upon the shore of Marmora. It was in front of the Bab-Umaim that the people used to stand each morning, looking to see what nabobs of the court had lost their heads during the night. The heads were hung on a nail in two niches, still to be seen.

Through this gate one entered the Court of the Janizaries, the first enclosure of the seraglio. On the left is the Church of St. Irene, founded by Constantine, where the saber of Mahomet sparkled beside the simitar of Scanderbeg and the armlets of Tamerlane. Beyond were the Treasury, the Mint and other buildings for soldiers. Under a plane tree are two

small stone columns on which decapitations took place.

On state occasions, between walls of gold and silk, as Suleiman wrote to the Shah of Persia, "the entire universe flowed by." Messengers from Charles V. and Francis I. came side by side with the ambassadors from Hungary and Serbia, Poland and the

republics of Venice and Genoa. From the first court you enter the second by the Bab-el-Selam or Gate of Health. In the Divan, where the great Court of the empire was held, I shuddered to think of how unhealthy a place this had been to disgraced officials who came here, were received with a benevolent smile, dismissed and never seen again. There is still an iron door under an archway near by, into which the victim was thrown to prolong his agony when he was not done to death.

A third court was entered by the Gate of Felicity. The sacred doorway was closed to Christians for four centuries.



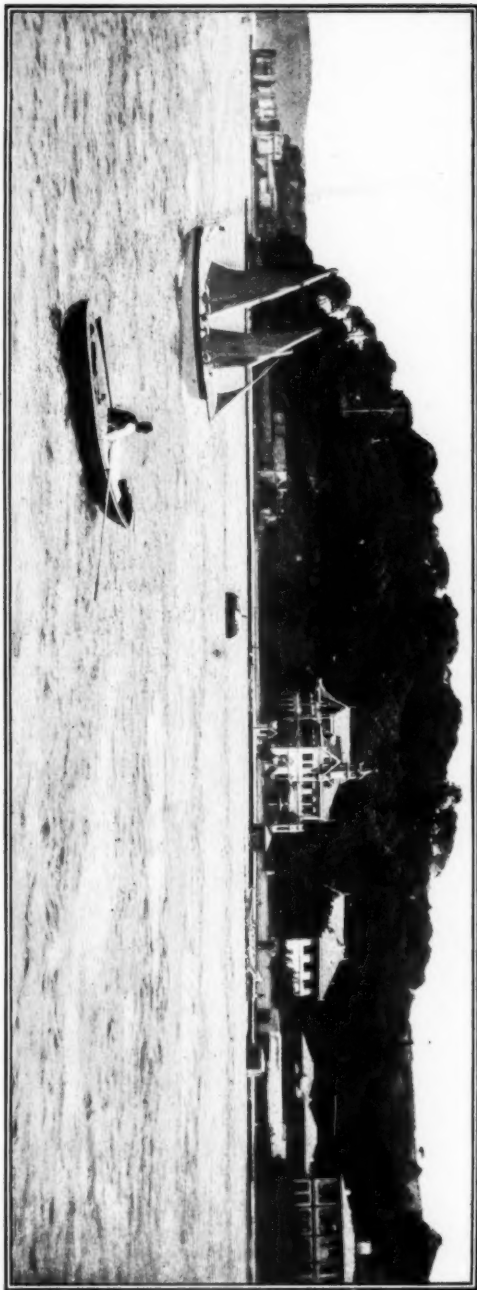
DANCING DERVISHES OF PERA.

From this mysterious portal came tales of sorrow and pleasure, love and blood, voluptuous and terrible poetry. It will never be known whether more of felicity or of misery befell the former inmates of this court of the harem.

Here the Turk to-day still gazes with awe, and is startled when the shadow of his head-gear falls on the half-closed doorway. It was on this door that the tide of rebellious fury beat. Standing amid the flowers and listening to the murmur of the fountains, one could scarce believe that blood often gushed here like water. The railway cars rush by, and in my reverie it seemed the thunder of the janizaries as they broke through the gates at midnight, waving on their simitars a petition for the heads of the obnoxious viziers. That Throne Room, too, had sanguinary memories; and one thought of Mahomet III. and his brothers, and how, when the cannon announced the death of their father, the mutes of the seraglio piled the nineteen corpses in front of the throne.

In this last court, also, there is the Bird Cage of Murad IV., where princes of the blood were imprisoned when they gave offense to the Padishah. Here Abdul-Aziz was kept during the brief interval between his fall from power and his death; and Ibrahim, the Ottoman Caligula, made here his miserable end. Among the groves were the Baths of Selim II.—thirty-two vast halls resplendent in marble and gold.

In a retired nook, amid sunshine and bird-song, rises the harem itself, composed of many small white buildings, where the priestesses officiated in that monastery whose religion was pleasure, whose



ALONG THE BOSPHORUS SHORE.



A TURKISH GRAVEYARD.

god was the Sultan. What visions of lovely damsels from the Caucasus and the desert, from the Euxine and the Ægean, Mussulman and Nazarene—some won in battle, some stolen by corsairs—rise beneath these silvery cupolas!

Not alone puerilities and feminine rivalries went on in this sylvan seclusion. Those jeweled hands and those bright eyes swayed states not less than such charms did in the western world. The caprices of the ladies of the harem sent seventy thousand spahis and janizaries to strew the shores of the Danube with corpses, and despatched a hundred ships to stain with blood the Black Sea and the Archipelago. But we have high authority for the statement that they who use the sword shall perish by it. The janizaries at last broke down the Gateway of Felicity and tore princes from their mothers' arms, dragged sultanas from the penetralia by their feet and strangled them with curtain-cords. Three wives of Selim III., condemned to sack and cord, heard each other's death-cries in the night.

Yes; great was the power of the Sultan

and the harem in those days, until in later times the wrath of God and man combined to blight them. It was the caresses of Roxalana that tightened the bowstrings on the necks of the grand viziers; it was the kisses of Saffie the Venetian that kept peace between the Porte and the Mistress of the Adriatic. What deeds of darkness or of loveliness were done within these precincts shall never be told by human tongue. Flowers hide the blood, veils smother the groans; and often at midnight two shadows would flit away, bearing a burden between them. The sentinel on the walls hears a splash and knows that one of the luxurious chambers of the harem is empty!

Watching the sunlight eat up the shadows, I mused on the procession of the past. Out from these paths there come wives, sisters, and odalisques and slaves, budding girls and voluptuous women, some with strangled infants in their arms; some led graciously by the royal hand, one with bowstring around the neck, another with a dagger in the heart, the next all dripping with tangled sea-weeds;

some gorgeous with jewels, some ghastly with wounds. The sun went down; the night came on. My soul was filled with awe and with compassion.

One should take a day to ramble about the modern parts of Constantinople. There is everything for you to do. Do you want a siesta? there are the graveyards. Do you want to dream? there is the Bosphorus, with boats every thirty minutes, and the Golden Horn, with caiques every five seconds. Do you want a view of the Golden Horn? there is the Galata Tower. Do you want a view of two continents? there is the Seraskierat Tower in the grounds of the Minister of War. The cemeteries are dusty and forlorn, with cylindrical head-stones, all uncared for, leaning and crumbling—a picture of dismay, to which the morgue at Paris is gaiety personified. Yet here the people keep holiday. The Turkish women—who, by the way, are fast becoming westernized—seem to find the “*dolce far niente*” of the cemeteries especially stimulating.

We come to Pera at night. It is a modern city lined with English and American hotels. At the Café Splendide, a restaurant as good almost as any in New York, we find many Armenians. They talk in whispers and look round before they say anything. One of them told me that every tenth man in Constantinople is a spy. He was a member of the Revolutionary Committee. He said that the government of the Sultan was one of ignorance and fear. The Sultan refused to allow electricity to be introduced into the capital because the word “*dynamo*” sounded so much like “*dynamite*.” “*But*,” added the young patriot, “we will try dynamite upon him before long.” Two weeks later the Ottoman Bank was attacked.

Going across to Scutari with the same gentleman I had an example of the prevailing suspicion brought strongly to notice. We were passing the old rotten hulks of the Turkish navy, which have lain at anchor here for a dozen years. I made the hasty but characteristic American remark that one of our first-class battleships could blow the whole Turkish navy to atoms in half an hour. The young Armenian turned pale and said, beseechingly: “For God’s sake, don’t

let them hear you say that; the man next you is in the Sultan’s service and understands English, and I shall lose my position if he hears me talking with a man who criticises the government.” The Armenian was an inspector of Turkish schools.

Going through the great cemetery of Scutari on our way to the American Girls’ School, we met a Turkish pasha. He was a noble looking young fellow. My companion knew him and asked him to come with us part of the way. He did so and was most courteous and hospitable. When we left him, my acquaintance said: “That young Turk and I are very dear friends; yet in a massacre of Armenians he would be the one called upon to assassinate me. In the last massacre my life was saved by his asserting that I was a Greek.”

Nobody seems to understand Constantinople. It is a Gordian knot that will



"WHERE FOUNTAINS GUSH, RAN RIVERS OF BLOOD."

never be untied. Some Alexander or George must arise and cut it. Things are strangely confounded—life and death, pleasure and pain, the rush of New York City with the hush of the Adirondacks. You feel this as you look over to Stamboul from Pera at night. If the moon and stars have failed to keep their engagements it is one black mass, from Eyub to Seraglio Point. At such a time it is pleasant to contemplate; to uncover the myriad harems, where beauty triumphs or love weeps neglected; to wander in imagination through the deserted underground cisterns; to linger in fancy amid the dark corridors of Suleiman's mosque—and then go downstairs and meet the agreeable people of Pera in the café.

Galata, at the foot of the hill of Pera, is the great trade and slum quarter. Here are the Exchange, the Custom House and the Ottoman Bank. An underground railway runs down the declivity from Pera to Galata. Galata was formerly the pride of the Genoese, who here for many years reigned beside the emperors and answered the threats of the sovereigns by the rattle of their cannon. Filth, disease and sinister faces are seen in the crowded parts of this section.

It was always fascinating to leave civilization and go over the Galata Bridge into the barbaric world of old Stamboul. Accordingly we found ourselves often in the Hippodrome or near some of the entrances to Santa Sophia. Of this great temple it is impossible to write; one can only enter it and look around with wonder. The shields with the names of Allah, Mahomet and the six Imams; the columns which are the spoils from all the temples of the world; the mark of the bloody hand of Mahmoud on one of the pillars; the grave of Henry Dandolo; the porphyry basin from Bethlehem; the bronze-sheathed column with the hole which contains the healing dampness; the glorious nave and dome—all these suggest a world of fact and fable. Then

there is the walled-up door through which the Greek priest fled when the church was profaned by the tread of the Moslem. No mason could ever open it; but it shall be opened when Santa Sophia becomes a Christian church once more, and the priest will resume mass just at the point where he left off. Standing thus at a great historic focus, it is easy to imagine the scene when a hundred thousand cowering fugitives took refuge in this colossal building; to hear the doors give way; to see the savage hordes of janizaries and dervishes, black with blood and transfigured by fury, rush on in hideous waves over the treasures of the East. Then suddenly the sea of violence is hushed, and upon the threshold of the great portal appears Mahmoud the Con-

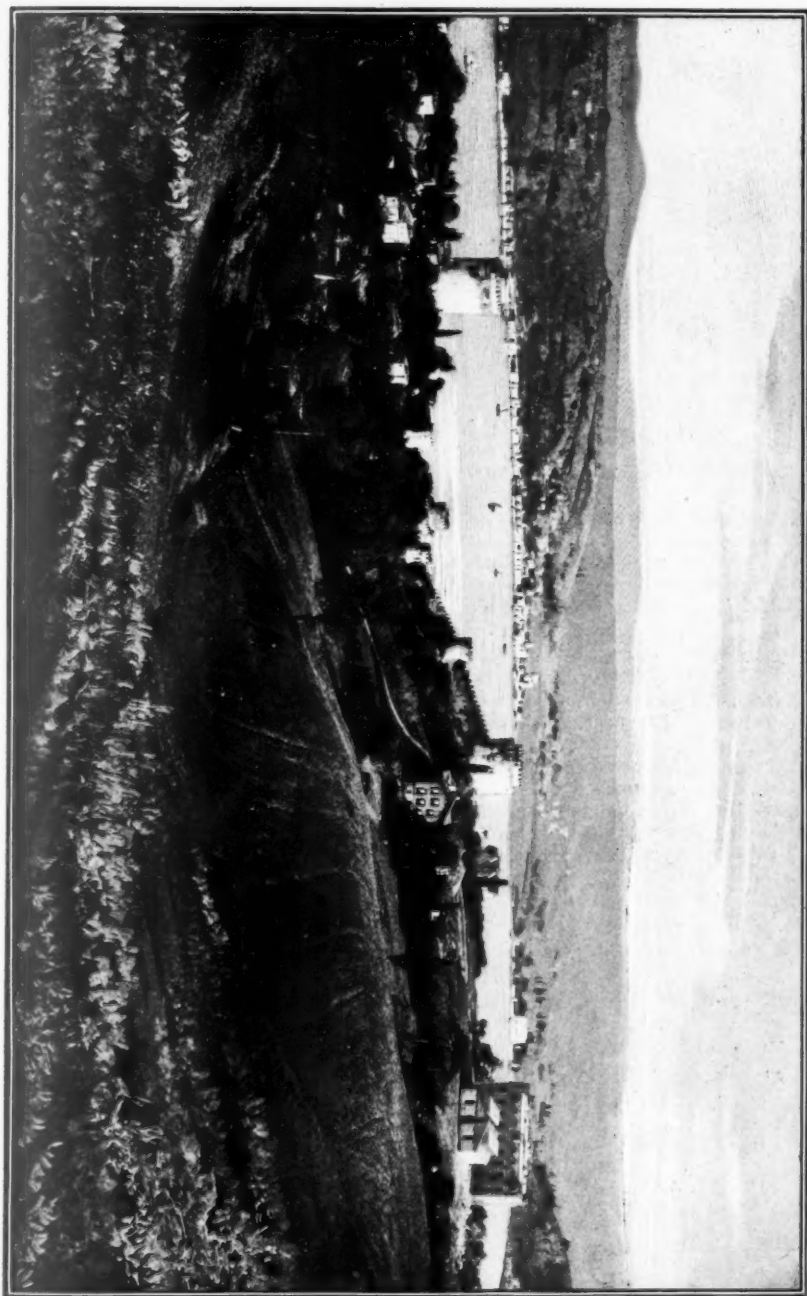
queror, superb as the living image of God's wrath, as, rising in his stirrups, he launches the formula of the new faith: "Allah is the light of heaven and earth."

Minister Terrell told us not to leave Constantinople without paying a visit to the walls, which he said were the grandest ruins in Europe. The walls along the sea are mostly fallen into decay, but those on the landward side, extending five miles, from the Seven Towers on the Marmora to the Eyub on the Golden Horn, are in a fair state of preser-

vation. The outlines of this great trocha rise and descend with the inequalities of the ground. Dark-green vegetation falls in garlands around the battlemented loop-holes, and the color of the flowers is that of the red flood which imbued them when Frank met Moslem in 1453—blackest date on the Christian calendar. There are many gates, but the one that thrilled me most was the Top Kapu or cannon gate, against which Mahmoud directed the fire of the famous cannoneer Orban, whose bones were blown all over the Hippodrome a few days later by the cannon he had invented. At this gate fell the last Constantine, bleeding from a hundred wounds. Pursuing our ramble,



DERVISH WATER-SELLER.



CASTLE OF ARIA AND ROBERT MISSIONARY COLLEGE, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

the Sea of Marmora glints into view, with the Castle of the Seven Towers between. The Turks call this bastion Yedeh Kuleh; it is the Moslem Bastile. Built by Mahomet II., this cursed ruin lives in sinister legend. It was successively a city stronghold, a prison for the ambassadors of foreign nations with whom the Porte was at war, and now a ruin.

The last prisoner was Ruffin, the French ambassador in 1798. In one chamber prisoners were decapitated and their heads thrown into a well, which is still there, called the Well of Blood; in another the bones and flesh of the Ulemas were pounded; below was a cavern where hot pitch was poured into the wounds made by the whip. But the compassionate flowers have covered this mass of mystery and menace, and the insolent toads and scorpions take free license in this den of infamy.

Perhaps the saddest, grandest sight of all Constantinople is the Dolma Bahgcheh Palace with its mate the Cheragan Palace, white marble gleaming over blue waters. In the latter, the insane brother of the present Sultan has lived for twenty years. No one has seen him since he entered. Passing there on the launch of the American Legation, Minister Terrell told us he often saw a shadow behind the gilded lattices and wondered if it were not the deposed Sultan.

The present sovereign lives on the hill beyond the Dolma Bahgcheh in the Yildiz Kiosk. Every Friday at one o'clock

he comes to prayers at the Hamidieh Mosque, a magnificent gem overlooking the cities and the waters. We watched the pageant from the ambassador's pavilion. It was truly Oriental. Ten thousand of the best troops in the empire lined the broad court which slopes from kiosk to mosque. The princes of the blood came first; then the carriages of the Sultan's wife and mother and of the Khedivé's wife. The ladies stayed outside. Then amid the shout of soldiery and martial music came Abdul-Hamid II., driving a magnificent span of horses and accompanied by Osman Digna, the hero of Plevna.

The Sultan was a shrunken man, withered and blanched, with hooked nose and round shoulders—a human wreck. Osman, the soldier, was in every way a contrast. The bands stopped playing, and the Sultan stepped out and ascended the little marble staircase leading to the temple. His little boy went toddling up the mosque steps behind him. The worn man turned and smiled sadly. Then father and son disappeared in the mosque. From within came singing and the sound of music—the Sultan was at prayers.

* * * * *
Child of the Prophet, pray on. If any tender star burns in God's sky thou sorely needest its light. The curse of God is on thee. It shall not leave thy gates till lipless famine mocks in thy proud palaces and thy dark empire falls into a sea of blood.





"MOONSHINING" IN GEORGIA.

BY WILLIAM M. BREWER.

"WALL, stranger, yo' uns, I reckon, calkelates as how you is powerful smart to trap we uns as is only working up the corn, so as the folks kin have rations to eat and a bed to lay on. But we uns will hev our turn yet, durn your pesky revenues!"

Such was the salutation which greeted a couple of revenue officers as they burst in the door of a log cabin situated in the Blue Ridge mountains, in Georgia, in which they had found some typical moonshiners at work illicitly distilling corn whiskey.

The exclamation was typical, because when one hears it uttered by a mountaineer, he can form some opinion of this class of people, of which but very little is known outside of their own mountain home.

Their forefathers settled in these mountains before the removal of the Indians to the Indian nation, and association with these Indians is responsible for many of the characteristics possessed by the mountaineers to this day. No matter how surprising a statement you may make to them, no matter what astonishing results you may show them from the workings of any new machine, if you ex-

pect to have your efforts greeted with surprise or applause, you will be disappointed, because while they do not confine their remarks to a simple grunt like the Sioux or the Apache, yet they are too stoical to give the same expression to their feelings as an educated resident of any other section.

Although the tract in which their homes are located is among the oldest settled in the States, yet progress has been so slow that to-day the vocabulary used in these mountains differs essentially from that generally in use in civilized communities. The mountaineer "totes," instead of "carries" a burden; "carries," instead of "accompanies" a girl to church; "is powerful peart," instead of being very quick or energetic; is "bad off," instead of "very sick;" attends a "burying," instead of "goes to" a funeral; "makes," instead of "raises" a crop; and "calkelates" or "reckons," instead of "guesses."

Every traveler in the mountainous districts of the southern states has heard of, and many have drunk, the moonshine whiskey manufactured in the blockade still from the corn which forms the staple crop; or if "corn licker" (the moun-

taineers' expression) has not proved palatable, maybe the noted Georgia apple-jack, or else peach brandy manufactured in the same blockade still, from the fruit which grows so plentifully above the frost line on the mountain sides, has suited the taste of the visitor.

Although not openly expressed, yet it is the secret boast of the manufacturer of these beverages that no government stamp has ever been pasted on the keg or barrel containing the liquor, or that any revenue officer has acted as store-keeper or gauger in the "still-house" during the making of the spirits.

one side, with the result that often murder is committed by the man or men who at the start merely intended to beat the government out of a little revenue money.

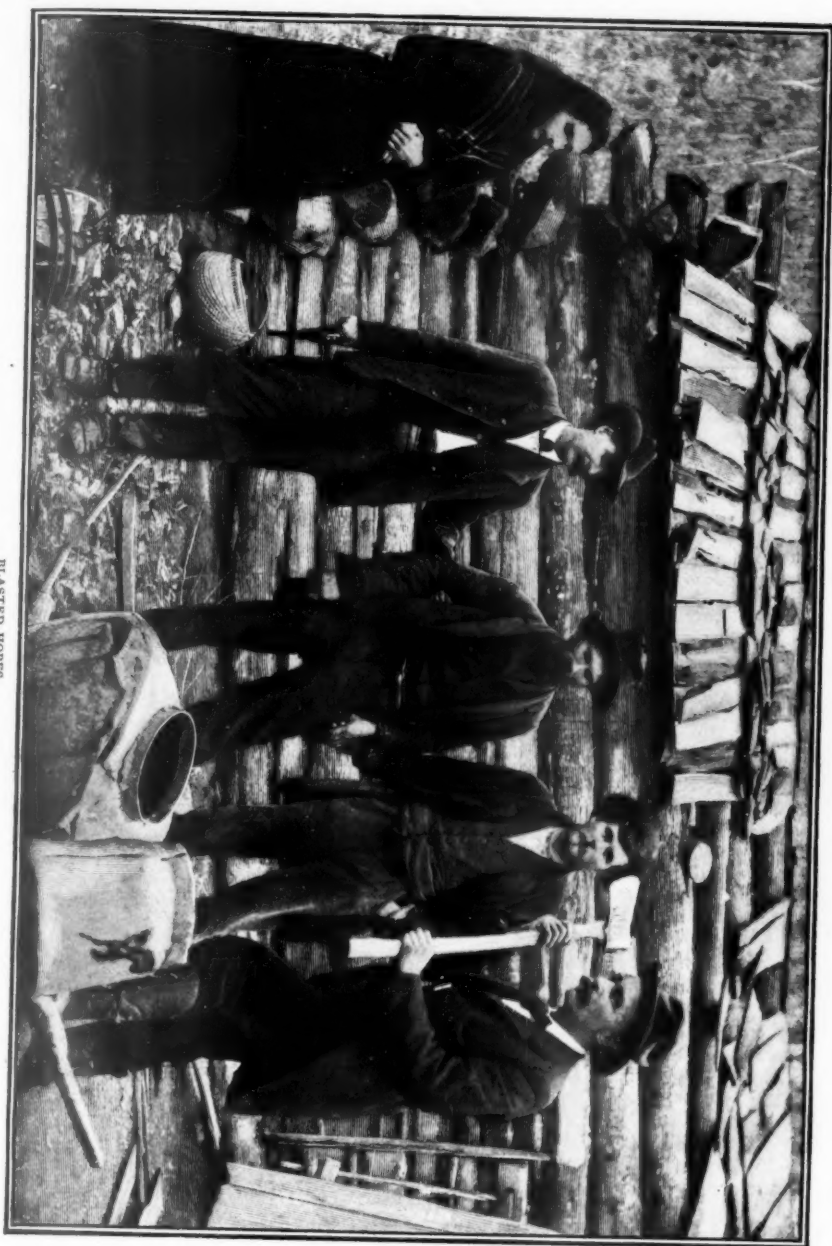
These mountaineers are religious, in their way, and the primitive structures which are used as churches ("meeting-houses") are well filled on Sundays, and especially so at the annual "revivals" or "protracted" services, "all-day singings" and "buryings" or funerals. It is mysterious, almost, where so large a congregation can come from as is often seen Sunday after Sunday at one or other of the denominational meeting-houses.



MOONSHINERS GOING TO WORK.

The manufacture was legal in days gone by, and the old-fashioned resident in these sparsely settled mountain fastnesses appears to be at a loss to understand why the industry should now be prohibited. In all other respects the mountaineer observes the law of the country with as much respect as will be found in any other section. He is honest, as truthful as the average man, and as peaceable and law abiding; but when the question of "wild-catting," "blockading" or "moonshining" is under discussion, all reverence for law is cast on

"Blockading," or illicit distilling, is the one illegal act at which nearly all natives, regardless of their financial condition or religious belief, have from time immemorial winked. The sympathy of the community, if not outwardly expressed, is silently shown toward the unfortunate "moonshiner," while the revenue officer is looked on as an Ishmael; and the informer or detective is very lucky if, on discovery, he is not treated to a severe castigation, or even forced to dance on nothing at the end of a rope or trace-chain, or even perforated with buck-



BLASTED HOPES.



TYPICAL MOUNTAINEERS.

shot or bullets by "whitecappers," "regulators" or "night-riders."

It is not a very rare occurrence for neighbors to act as informers. In fact, were the discovery of stills to depend entirely on the work of the officers, they would be few and far between. These informers are actuated by various motives, usually for revenge or greed and an avaricious desire to obtain the rewards paid by the government for information. Often the informer is engaged in the same traffic and reports on his neighbor in order to turn suspicion from himself. Sometimes the information is lodged by mothers, sisters, wives or sweethearts of men who have become dissipated and are rapidly falling into the ways of confirmed drunkards. But no matter what motive may have been the incentive for reporting the law-breaker, the informer, as soon as his or her identity is discovered, becomes ostracized in the community, if no more serious consequences follow.

It was during a raid made by revenue officers that I was enabled to obtain many of the photographs which illustrate this article. The informer, a neighbor of the moonshiner, had made an appointment to meet the raiding party at a small station on the Marietta & North Georgia Railroad and act as guide to the still, which he said was situated about twenty miles northeasterly, in the most remote fastnesses of the Blue Ridge mountains.

True to his promise, the spy was on hand when a train from Atlanta bearing the revenue officers arrived. Darkness was fast approaching, and the cloudy sky had such a threatening aspect that no surprise was felt by any of the party when the rain began to fall in torrents.

The mountain road, which was rough and bad at the best, soon became so muddy and slippery that it was difficult for the horses to travel even at a walk. The darkness rendered it extremely dangerous, and the journey was made slowly and with much discomfort.

About daylight the spy said the destination was almost reached. The team was left in charge of the driver, and the raiding party started on foot along a narrow trail, or cow-path, through the heavy underbrush and briar patches of the pine forest, in the Southern vernacular, "piney woods."

Hidden in a gulch between two mountains, in which a small branch, or creek, flowed from a spring, the log cabin had been built in which the juice was extracted from the corn. The building had



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE STILL-CABIN.

a sorry, tumble-down appearance, with its dilapidated roof and half-rotten walls—just such a looking hut as, if a stranger saw at all, he would pass by without notice, supposing it to be the deserted cabin of some "renter," farmer or hunter.

Hardly had the raiding party time to hide in the brush, after viewing the hut from a safe distance, before a solitary figure was seen approaching through the timber, and the officers knew that the spy had not deceived them, and that their arrival, which had been delayed by the storm, was just in the nick of time. The

mates. Their movements were necessarily slow, because too well the officers knew the shrewd, suspicious natures of the mountaineers, and had doubtless often before had an opportunity to judge of the speed and endurance such men are capable of when they have a chance to make a run to avoid arrest. But on this occasion less watchfulness was apparently exercised by the party in the cabin than usual, for two of the revenue men were enabled to enter and surprise the workers. Cautiously as the approach and entrance had been made, one moonshiner man-



DESTROYING THE MASH-TUB.

moonshiner was permitted to enter the cabin, and in a short time smoke was seen to emerge from the roof. From this the watchers knew that the still was being fired up, and that, by waiting a little longer, they would capture their game red-handed. Nor was their patience without reward, because soon another man and a boy carrying fuel were seen to approach and enter the hut.

Keeping as much under cover as possible, the raiders silently and cautiously surrounded the cabin, in order to prevent, if possible, the escape of any of the in-

aged to escape at the time, though he was pursued and overtaken afterward.

The usual work of destruction of the barrels of mash and the still itself was performed. The destruction of the vessels used for "stilling" was witnessed by two of the prisoners and the wife of one, who had arrived on the scene later.

Before leaving the vicinity the artist was enabled to obtain photographs of the home and families of the prisoners. No objection was offered to this, because one of the prisoners remarked, "Thar was no sorter use to kick after the jig was up."



A MOONSHINER'S HOME.

This particular raid had been successfully accomplished without any fight, but such is not always the case, as the records show; though as a rule the mountaineers are unwilling to provoke a fight with the officers unless some reason exists which makes the action of the officers especially obnoxious, as frequent convictions in the past, because of which a very heavy penalty is expected; or when the "moonshiners" have been imbibing too freely of their own product.

Each man in the group photographed in the jail yard at Atlanta violated the law either by manufacturing or selling "moonshine," or else by belonging to the "whitecaps" or "regulators" who have conspired to intimidate witnesses. It gives the reader an idea of the number of cases which come before the United States courts at each term.

Some conception of the personal appearance and characteristics of these mountaineers can be formed from a study of the faces of those composing the group; but personal association is the only means by which a thorough appreciation of the

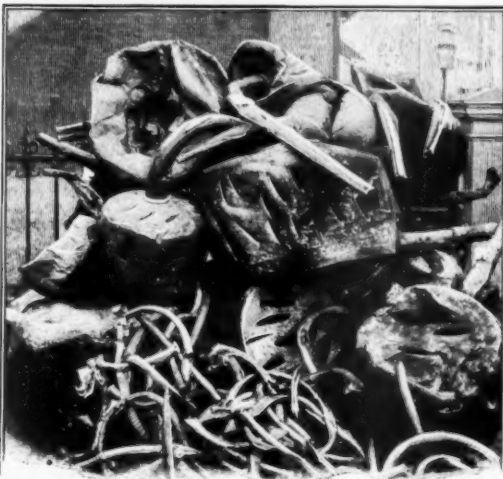
peculiarities, habits and customs of this class of people can be really formed.

Where did this type of the human race come from? One fact is certain, that nowhere will be found purer Anglo-Saxon blood. This is accounted for because the ancestors of these people came to America with the early Cavalier immigrants who settled South Carolina and Virginia, in the capacity of servants and laborers. Gradually they imbibed the feelings of independence which their former masters asserted under Washington's leadership, and, the condition of servitude becoming irksome, some of the most daring and adventurous pushed into the interior to blaze new trails and carve their own fortunes in the mountainous regions of Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. There they established settlements, intermarried and raised families, which in turn followed the example of their forefathers, until to-day, in these same regions, one finds a people so closely related by blood and marriage, that in many instances it would require an expert genealogist to decide the degree of

relationship existing between many of the families.

In manners and customs such primitive conditions prevail as to astonish the visitor from the more progressive sections of our country. The spinning wheel and loom used years ago are still found in the cabins, where during the winter months the women spin

and weave the cloth for the clothing of the whole family. Education has always been ignored by these mountaineers, as is proven by the scenes, many of them ludicrous in the extreme, which are enacted when the time comes for the signing of the papers in the United States clerk's offices during sessions of the court. Nearly every man and woman will have an excuse ready for not signing his or her name. Rarely will the admission of ignorance be made, but usually some excuse as: "I am out of



READY FOR AUCTION SALE.

the kegs and barrels of "wild cat" spirits seized and confiscated by the revenue authorities in many a successful raid. Every article, from the mash-tub to the worm, is home-made, and although very crudely formed, yet when one considers that the tools used are few and simple, it would appear that every man in the business had sufficient talent to insure him a good living if employed in any legitimate pursuit in life. We find fairly good coopers, workers with sheet copper and dis-

practice, you 'un may as well sign for me;" "My arm was hurt so that I can't write;" "I feel that pesky nervous and never was powerful peart at skule, so please, mister, sign for me."

The ingenuity of the moonshiner is demonstrated in the collection of vessels piled up in the basement of the custom-house, together with



IN GEORGIA. DURING A SESSION OF THE UNITED STATES COURT.

tillers in every region where moonshining is the prevailing industry.

The comforts of modern civilization are almost entirely unknown to these mountaineers, while its luxuries are unheard of. Their garments are coarse, ill-fitting and often insufficient, while their footwear is universally made of raw hide. Their houses are the crudest of cabins or log huts, heated by open fires and frequently without windows. An oil-lamp is a good deal of a luxury, the blaze from

in these mountainous districts. Poultry, however, is more plentiful; but the chickens, like the inhabitants, the horses, the hogs and all other animals, are lean and hungry-looking. The methods used in preparing and cooking food are as primitive as other arrangements in vogue.

So apart from the rest of the world are these Georgia mountaineers and "moonshiners," that they remain almost in total ignorance of important current events. It is often asserted that many of them do



THE FAMILY OF A MOUNTAINEER.

the hearth or a pine knot usually supplying whatever illumination there is. Naturally, in a non-cattle-raising section, candles are very scarce articles. The food they are able to get is probably poorer than that to be had in any other community in the country. Not only is it poor in quality, but it is meager in quantity as well, and entirely devoid of anything approaching variety. The staples all the year round are corn-bread and pork. Very little beef or mutton is to be found

not know yet that the late civil war is over. However true that may be, they are certainly woefully lacking in general information. It is quite probable that not one native in a thousand has ever heard of the X-ray, nor one in a hundred of the phonograph. The majority of them have never seen a railway train and probably never will.

Such are the people on whom the revenue officers are forced to wage a constant warfare.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE LONDON HOME OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

WITH the exterior of Marlborough House, American visitors to London are tolerably familiar, but to them, as to the large majority of English people, its interior is a sealed book. Therefore it is, that as the heavy entrance gates swing back with much clatter to allow some vehicle to emerge into Pall Mall, passers-by almost invariably pause, in their desire to obtain a peep at the Prince of Wales's London residence. But all they can see is a narrow carriage-drive, apparently terminating a little way down near a plain red-brick building; a pavement on the left, edged with dwarf shrubs, and a solitary gas-lamp projecting from an angle of the lofty building adjoining.

At the side of one of the sentry-boxes flanking the entrance gates, where all the year round the Queen's Guards keep watch and ward, is a door kept ajar by a leathern strap and so ponderous that considerable dexterity is required to push it back and enter with any sort of dignity.

Instantly a gate-porter clad in royal livery—urbane, but befittingly conscious of his responsible position—issues from a curious little lodge behind the door and asks the nature of your business; or, in the event of his temporary absence, one of the numerous policemen always on duty comes forward and closely questions you, and, finding all satisfactory, permits you to proceed; when you quickly discover that the carriage-drive does not end as it appeared to do, but, turning sharp to the left, passes a stone-and-brick screen, and, by way of a tolerably spacious quadrangle, terminates at the porte-cochère of Marlborough House.

This quadrangle is formed by the main building, its various offices, and the unsightly backs of sundry clubs in Pall Mall. Terra-cotta boxes of antique design filled with dwarf rhododendrons mask the base of the walls, and five shapely bay trees in large wooden boxes stand like sentinels in front of the porch.

A large block of plain bricks and mor-

[The photographs reproduced with this article were taken by the special permission of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.]

tar, facing the offices across the quadrangle, is devoted to the domestic department of Marlborough House, where first in size and importance comes the kitchen—thirty-five by twenty-five feet—fitted with every modern appliance and convenience. There is only one kitchen—conveniently situated, however; in this respect unlike that at Buckingham Palace, whence the various dishes have to be conveyed a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile before they arrive at the queen's private apartment on the north side and requiring the use of charcoal-heated closets, which are placed outside her majesty's dining-room.

Although on a scale necessarily inferior to the queen's stables in London or Windsor, those of the prince are fairly spacious, considering the area available. About forty or fifty horses are kept here during the season, with perhaps a dozen or more at Mason's Yard, Duke street.

In front of the building is a quadrangle covered over with glass, shaded in summer by striped awnings, where the various carriages are got ready for use and undergo a thorough cleaning after their excursions in town. Coming and going as they are throughout the day and often far into the night, neither men nor horses have much idle time on their hands.

Among the most interesting carriages is the "Russian," a gift from the late Czar. Somewhat resembling a sociable, it is roomy and comfortable, and lined with dark-blue morocco. Then there is the prince's brougham, in its way quite a gem, lined with dark-blue—as are most of the carriages, either in cloth, morocco, or silk rep—and containing a small clock, as well as every convenience that the heart of the most confirmed smoker could desire. It has a simple and effective means of communicating with the driver, superseding a somewhat complicated electrical apparatus which the prince did not care about; and incandescent lamps are used for illuminating purposes.

In the first lease granted to the Duchess of Marlborough, it was expressly stipulated that the garden of the old "Friary"—the site of Marlborough House—should not be built upon; and to this is probably due the fact that, situated as it is almost in the heart of London, it is still so spacious and convenient. With good judg-

ment the prince has elected to eschew elaborate flower-beds and other obstructions; and but for a handsome bordering of geraniums, etc., and some groups of flowers filling up the stone vases here and there, together with the circular bed exactly in front of the garden-entrance to the house, nothing is to be seen but "flat lawn," delightfully shaded by elms, chestnuts and evergreen oaks of quite respectable age, thus giving plenty of room for numerous guests to roam about.

There are no conservatories or hot-houses at Marlborough House, the glass structure leading from the drawing-room into the garden being more in the nature of an ornamental portico. It is used as a lounge and smoking room, and looks very pretty with its floor of blue-and-yellow tiles, its couches covered with turkey-red twill, convenient tables, easy-chairs, blue-and-white vases, and a white marble fountain filled with ferns and lycopodium, whereon a tinkling, moistening spring ever falls.

This glazed portico leads direct from the garden into the great drawing-room—a noble salon, sixty-five by twenty-five feet—formerly three distinct rooms, the handsome groups of pillars against the wall marking the original divisions.

Quite the most beautiful objects in the room are two Louis XVI. cabinets, mounted in ormolu, with ivory plaques in center panels and inlaid with various woods. They cost three hundred pounds apiece, and a fine Dresden vase stands upon each. The occasional-tables and writing-tables matching these exquisite cabinets are also very handsome.

On entering the famous Indian-room from the western door of the drawing-room, and glancing round at the cases full of lethal weapons, we recall, as follows, the words of a popular novelist: "In India there is always the flicker of the sword; whether it be the weapon of steel in man's hands or the sword of pestilence matters not—there it is; but here in England we forget it, and hide it behind bricks and mortar and much speaking."

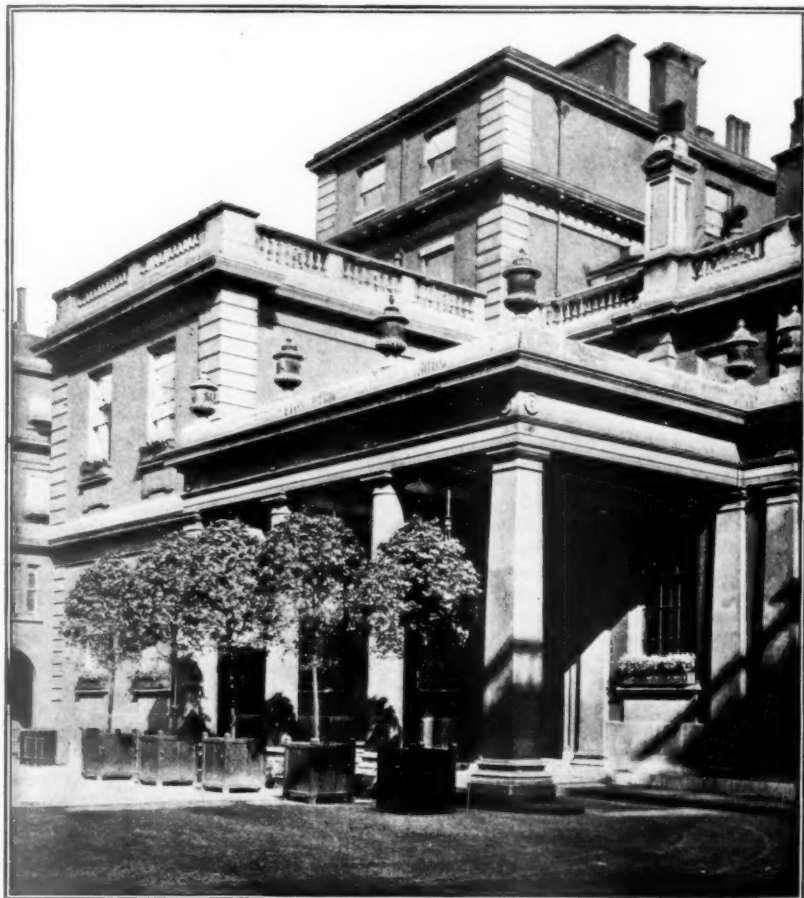
By no means hidden away, however, is this, perhaps the finest, collection of Indian arms and rare objects of art ever brought together. The room where these treasures are housed was formerly the

library, and was furnished in walnut and gold, with coverings of green and gold silk; but when most of the books contained in the cases were removed to Sandringham, the furniture was remodeled to suit its present use.

Receiving all the sunlight obtainable through its five windows looking south and west, and situated as it is midway between the state drawing-room and the painting and tapestry rooms, this apartment is a great favorite with the Princess of Wales. Here it is that dinners are given when the party consists of more than four or five guests yet is not sufficiently large to necessitate the use of the principal dining-room.

This Indian collection has been most carefully classified and catalogued, but no mere recital of its items would convey an adequate idea of its beauty and comprehensiveness. There stands prominently out, however, on one's recollection of it, a certain gold tray from Mysore in southern India, a splendid piece of workmanship and a wonderful example of decorative art. There are enamels worth their weight, not in *gold*—for they are composed of that metal—but in Bank of England notes.

From this room a short passage leads past the princess's painting-room—quite a small apartment that was originally a passage conducting into the garden—



PORTE-COCHÈRE ON THE NORTH FRONT.

to the tapestry-room, so called from the exquisite silk tapestry which adorns its walls. It is also known as the "princess's sitting-room," though, as a matter of fact, it is seldom used by her. Thence by way of the main corridor and past the two principal staircases we reach the east side of the house—having, as it were, traveled round it from the south and west—and enter the royal household dining-room, an exceedingly comfortable *salle à manger* twenty-five feet square. When large parties are given in the adjoining state apartment, this is utilized as a serving-room, on which occasions the equerries and ladies and gentlemen of the household have to dine a little earlier than their usual hour—seven o'clock—so that the room may be got ready.

Like other great mansions in England, Marlborough House possesses a plate-room. It is absolutely fire-proof, illuminated by electricity, and guarded with unceasing vigilance. The floor is tiled, and there is a good-sized fireplace. Round the walls, reaching from floor to ceiling, are mahogany cases about a yard deep, glass-paneled, and fitted with patent locks. In the center is a magnificent case, matching the others, of the thickest plate-glass, round which one can walk, as at the Tower while inspecting the crown jewels. It was constructed in the silver-wedding year to receive the large number of presents lavished upon the prince and princess. Being strictly utilitarian, it is lined with plain blue cloth, and not with the traditional velvet of jewelers and silversmiths, and now contains some of the valuable gifts that, year after year, their royal highnesses have accepted; besides the plate in ordinary use, and the special dinner-services, one of which is probably the finest in existence.

So extensive is the collection that it necessitates the constant employment of three or four men to clean and keep it in order.

When Marlborough House was enlarged and altered for its occupancy by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a *porte-cochère* and entrance-hall added to the original front, the old vestibule was converted into a saloon or *salle de réception*—thirty feet long by thirty wide, not very large, but admirably proportioned. At one end a narrow gallery connects the

royal private apartments with the visitors' rooms on the first floor. There are no windows, but good light is obtained through a domed skylight. The top of the skylight is covered with lead, painted inside with allegorical representations of the arts and sciences.

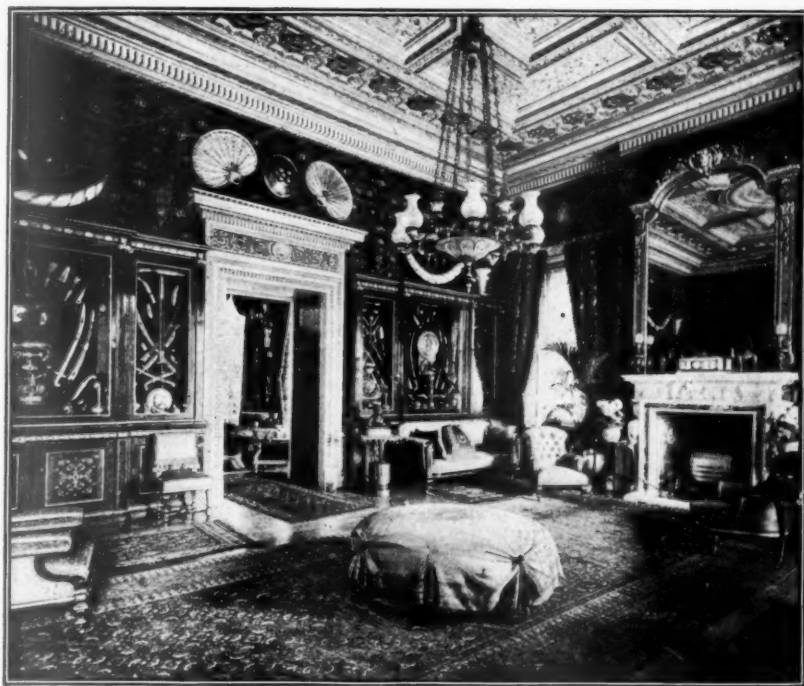
Rivaling the works of Titian or Rubens, superb panels of Gobelin tapestry take the place of pictures on the walls, producing an indescribably lovely effect. Much of it was presented to the prince by Napoleon III., and, with one exception, belongs probably to the period of Louis XIV., when the immortal romance of Cervantes was still, comparatively speaking, in its *première jeunesse*. Here are depicted Sancho Panza, Don Quixote, and the chief characters in that dramatic and wonderful piece of fooling.

Serving as a foil to this, and occupying almost the entire length of the western wall, is a piece of tapestry representing the slaughter of the Mamelukes at Cairo, when under the rule of Mahmoud II. This is, of course, a modern production from the famous French atelier, and, like the older work, is a gift from the late emperor.

Like her majesty the queen, the princess, and for that matter, the prince too, is quick to notice if any piece of furniture or ornament is moved from its usual place, and at once seeks an explanation. A carefully prepared plan exists, with the position of the various articles marked thereon, thus immensely facilitating their replacement after cleaning operations.

Among all the numberless entertainments given on the evening following the national carnival on Epsom Downs, not one is so well organized and perfect in its way as the Derby Day dinner, annually given by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the members of the Jockey Club, in the large dining-room at Marlborough House.

On returning from a drive in the park, the Princess of Wales alights at the principal entrance, where two fine specimens of "*Jeames de la Peluche*" aid her descend from the landau, the gentleman-in-waiting, or other member of the household in attendance, receiving her royal highness in the hall. A walk of a few yards takes her to the "princess's lift"—



SOUTHERN END OF THE "INDIAN-ROOM."

and in a few seconds she is in her own special domain on the first floor. She can at once obtain access to her dressing-room, either by way of the gallery—running along the upper part of one side of the saloon—or by the east corridor through the reception-room, the first of her own particular suite of apartments, kept strictly private.

This charming *salle de réception* is daily converted into a cheerful breakfast-room, where breakfast is served at from ten o'clock to half-past ten, and, when absolutely *en famille*, the royal party have luncheon and even dine here. The footman places upon the beautiful oval table in the middle of the room a circular top (folding something like a card-table), thereby considerably enlarging its dimensions; the dainty gilt chairs are pushed away into corners, and, for the time being, cane ones are brought in and put around the table.

Next to the reception-room is the *boudoir*, where only the princess's relatives

and most intimate friends are admitted. Its dimensions are conveniently moderate—twenty-five feet by twenty-three; and since it is here that her royal highness usually sits, naturally it is here that her personal tastes and predilections are most outwardly manifested.

Some of the furniture is modern and some antique; but it is almost all *marqueterie*, and variously upholstered, and generally covered with pretty red silk slips daintily frilled. In front of the fireplace is a delightfully cozy sofa, and lying about in all directions are fancy cushions, etc., suggestive of perfect repose and abandon. In winter, the fire in the hospitable hearth is fed with wood, the logs being kept in one of the iron stands so cleverly designed by her royal highness for this purpose. Indian carpet and rugs cover the floor. The room is decorated in white and gold; the walls are hung with satin damask of a chintz pattern on a white ground, while the curtains are of Indian-red silk damask. Of

course, the princess's writing-table is very handsome, and is arranged with a shelf containing innumerable family photographs and others. A *boubonnière*, filled with the latest thing in sweetmeats, is always ready to hand.

Her royal highness's wardrobe-room is on the second floor, over the kitchen; that of the prince being on the other side of the house, over the offices. Ordinary people's garments can usually be stowed away in a comparatively small compass; but to be a prince or princess entails the possession of such a variety of state-ropes and uniforms, that it is hardly surprising to find a large apartment devoted to the housing of them. The princess has two dressers and a wardrobe woman.

In the preëminently feminine accomplishment of needlework the princess excels, and as everybody knows she has a decided penchant for millinery. As a rule, her royal highness designs her own dresses—that is to say, colored pictures of the proposed gown are submitted to her, and she, with a brush or pencil, alters the picture to suit her own taste. When a gown specially pleases her, she likes to *wear* it, and does not disdain appearing in it even a second season. She is very clever in designing chair-covers worked with beautifully blended shades of silk in a difficult and little known Italian stitch; and on the subject of embossed leatherwork she is an authority.

The princess has an easel in her private rooms and gets through a fair amount

of drawing; but painting, either in oil or water-colors, she does only in her studio below. Up here, too, she has her music lessons. On the two upper floors over the offices are bedrooms for the unmarried equestrians, the librarian, and the head valet. Above the domestic offices, overlooking the quadrangle, are the bedrooms of the steward, chief cook, pages and others. Lastly, on the top floor of the main building the princess's three dress-

ers, the prince's two valets, and several other servants are accommodated.

At one room only—next to that of the Duke of York on the second floor—do we pause. It is locked; but we know that within its walls, where everything remains just as it was at the time of the Duke of Clarence's untimely death, are many of the playthings of his childhood, inanimate metal and wood, yet sentient and eloquent with the tenderest associations.

Of all the members of the princess's household, Miss Knollys—officially one of the bed-chamber women, but in reality her royal highness's companion—is the one upon whom the attention of the public is generally

fixed, and with reason, for she is the princess's umbra and alter ego. Miss Knollys is always with the princess, keeps her diary, receives visitors before they are ushered into the royal presence, and, being the soul of faithfulness and kindness, has, throughout her many years of devotion to her royal highness, done her utmost to make smooth the sometimes stormy path of royal life.



CASE OF CURIOS IN THE "INDIAN-ROOM."

About nine o'clock a "chota hazri" is served to her royal highness, who may elect to have her déjeuner proper in her boudoir, or with the family in the reception-room; and it may be observed, en passant, that the princess is extremely fond of plovers' eggs, which, when in season, are almost always found on her breakfast-table.

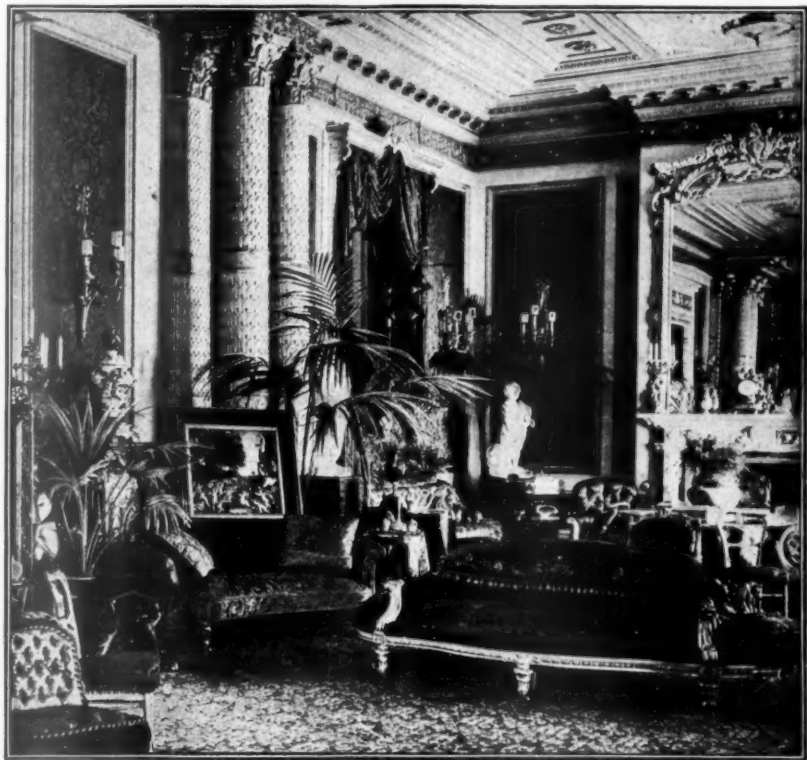
After breakfast, correspondence has to be attended to—letters containing every kind of application to be considered, and those from relatives and friends to be answered.

The princess may then do a little painting, some leading artist, perhaps, being consulted thereupon in the studio; or try over some new music, occupy herself with embroidery, etc., hold solemn council on matters of dress, or accomplish some photography, a favorite pastime indulged in, as a rule, in the garden.

When the princess calls at York House she always goes on foot, and dresses so unpretentiously that even the sentries have been known not to observe her, and have failed to present arms. Sometimes she walks thither alone, followed, of course, by a private detective.

Then, too, there are morning visitors to be received, as a rule, in the reception-room; if very intimate, in the boudoir. Later on in the day the princess may receive some deputation in the saloon, or, in the big drawing-room perhaps, a débutante, pianiste or singer. A morning drive is often taken, or some shopping done in the plain brougham.

After luncheon the real business of the day begins: the fulfillment of the endless engagements, booked weeks and weeks in advance, which a residence in London must inevitably bring to so exalted a lady.



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Afternoon tea is served usually at five o'clock—in summer-time often in the garden under the shade of the elm trees, one or two guests frequently being present, when plenty of light, desultory talk goes on. Visitors may not call upon her royal highness unless requested (except to enter their names in the visitors' book), the princess sending word even to her intimate friends when she desires to see them.

Later on, a drive in the park is often taken; then back to Marlborough House

House, and, as at Sandringham, carriages and horses are used as little as possible, though the princess always drives to church, even when attending the Royal Chapel, close by (seldom patronized by her, however), and which she enters through St. James's Palace by a room belonging to Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, who conducts her to the royal closet. This is not so much a pew as a small apartment, wherein so many sovereigns and royalties of the reigning dynasty have listened, and often slumbered, while



THE SALOON.

to partake, perhaps, of an early and hasty dinner, to enable the family to attend the opera, some "premier" or popular play; though now that the electrophone has been installed at Marlborough House they are able to enjoy this form of entertainment quietly at home. Or the dinner may be enjoyed leisurely and en famille at the usual hour of half-past eight, followed by music, etc.; or it may be one of state—forty or fifty guests to meet some distinguished royal personage.

Sunday is a quiet day at Marlborough

House, and, as at Sandringham, carriages and horses are used as little as possible, though the princess always drives to church, even when attending the Royal Chapel, close by (seldom patronized by her, however), and which she enters through St. James's Palace by a room belonging to Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, who conducts her to the royal closet. This is not so much a pew as a small apartment, wherein so many sovereigns and royalties of the reigning dynasty have listened, and often slumbered, while

some famous divine has held forth; and where George III. used to attend early prayers on the coldest of winter mornings, and beat time with his roll of music while the anthem was being sung. Though the prince retires to rest at a late hour, he rises about eight o'clock and has his first breakfast about nine o'clock in his sitting-room. The amount of work he gets through, and his capacity for transacting the most important business, is immense. With the instincts of a thorough business man, the prince—at

any rate, in the morning—opens and peruses all letters addressed direct to him, reserving the most important communications for discussion with his trusted advisers, and the purely private ones for his own consideration. With regard to the miscellaneous matter, he turns down the edges of most of it and writes thereon a few words indicating the kind of reply he desires the officials in the room below to send out.

From ten to half-past ten o'clock the prince generally sees his private secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, and afterward

before he is due elsewhere—has some business appointment in his sitting-room, or perhaps a deputation to receive in the Indian-room, or a meeting to attend.

His royal highness is a most punctual man, happily contriving to "come pat," betwixt too early and too late, thus not making *painful* his punctuality.

Before luncheon the prince sometimes goes out in his little brougham to pay friendly visits, or occasionally, but very rarely, he may be seen walking up St. James's street; or the passers-by in Ambassador's Court may catch sight of him



THE LARGE DINING-ROOM.

the equerry, to arrange about the carriages, etc., required. The comptroller of the household, as a rule, arrives at Marlborough House about eleven o'clock, and is conferred with by the prince at some length, on the various subjects brought forward by the contents of the day's letter-bag, on the household arrangements for the day and on his public engagements, made weeks in advance.

Hardly is his royal highness's conference with the comptroller of the household, Sir Leighton Probyn, at an end

going on foot toward York House or Clarence House.

His royal highness necessarily has to preside at the periodical meetings of the council of his own Duchy of Cornwall. These are held at the offices of the duchy at Lancaster Gate. Or his royal highness may have to take the chair at some gathering of quite an exceptional kind—to consider the interests, maybe, of a British school at Athens for the study of Greek archæology, etc. At Marlborough House he may preside over a meeting of

governors of Wellington College, or a meeting to start a memorial fund for a deceased and popular soldier; or, as president of the council of the Society of Arts, present the Albert Medal to some fortunate individual. He may act as chairman on the committee of a Lady Hallé or other testimonial; in fact, there are endless meetings requiring his presidency, besides those of the British Museum trustees and numberless institutes of which he is chief.

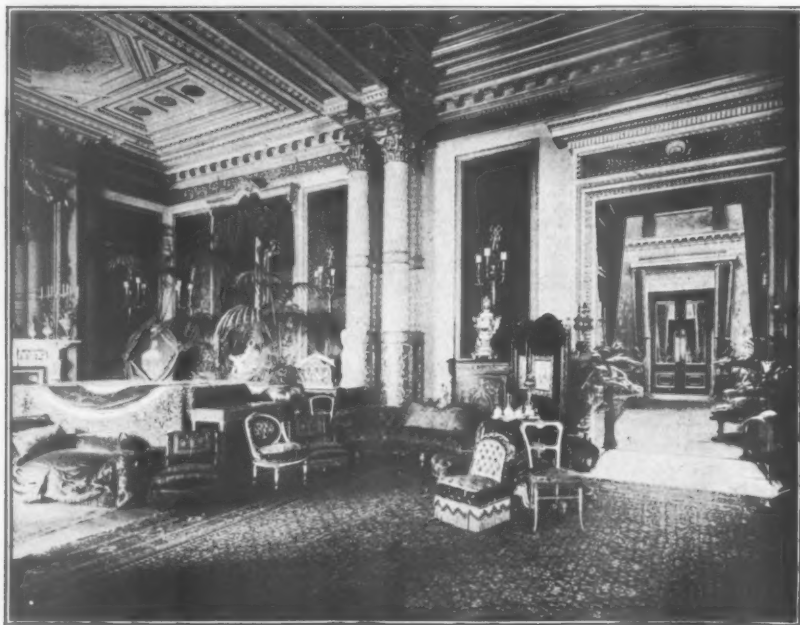
To attempt to describe their royal highnesses' well-known appearance would border on the ridiculous. In fact, it has been recently calculated that some two million photographs of the queen and Prince and Princess of Wales—not including lithographs and engravings—are produced annually, and find a ready sale in all parts of the globe.

The prince speaks French, German and Italian, excelling in the former; but he does not converse in Danish. He is fond of a game of whist, and was instructed in the science of billiards by the father of the present famous John Roberts.

With inborn kindness, the princess

likes to hand to her household and servants at Christmas-time the gifts—principally of silver—that it has been the custom for years past to bestow upon them at Sandringham. Those who have been there a long time have become gradually possessed of what one might term a service of plate; and as a register is kept of these gifts, no one runs a chance of receiving a duplicate.

The descendants of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, occupied Marlborough House until the opening years of the present century. Then Prince Leopold, united for a brief period to the heiress apparent of the British throne, lived there until 1831. Its next tenant was the gentle and amiable Queen Dowager Adelaide, who justly earned for herself the distinctive title of "Good." At her demise, an art collection—destined to develop into the famous South Kensington Museum—found shelter beneath its roof. In the year 1863 it became the home of the Prince and Princess of Wales, since which time its old walls have often resounded with the merry laughter of happy children.



DRAWING-ROOM.



SECRET HISTORY OF THE GARFIELD-CONKLING TRAGEDY.

BY T. B. CONNERY.

FROM time to time I have seen articles in magazines and newspapers concerning the famous Garfield-Conkling controversy which, fifteen years ago, created so much excitement in the political world and culminated in one of the most curious facts known to American history—I mean the resignation of Senators Conkling and Platt. But that singular proceeding was not perhaps the only result; for many have believed—and I among the number—that even the assassination of President Garfield might be traced to the extraordinary excitement generated by the controversy in the diseased brain of Guiteau. Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, evidently holds to that belief, for in his "Century" article, published a few years ago, occurs the statement, that "in two short months from the retirement of Conkling, the president himself was shot by the mad-

man Guiteau, possessed with the idea that in some way his own failure to get office grew out of this unfortunate and fatal quarrel."

As a partial, or probable, confirmation of this theory, I may state that when Guiteau was arrested there was found on his person a copy of the New York "Herald," containing a severe arraignment of the president for his double-dealing with Conkling in the matter of New York appointments. The article was marked by Guiteau, and it is supposed that he carried it about with him, reading it frequently and brooding over it, until his brain became inflamed with the murderous impulse. That copy of the "Herald" has been preserved by me, having come into my possession after the assassin's trial and execution.

Though so many articles have been published about the famous controversy,

no complete and connected account, giving all the material facts and side issues, has yet appeared in print, and I have finally decided to try to supply the deficiency.

Very unexpectedly I became entangled in the controversy, owing to the fact that at the time I was in charge of the "Herald," the support of which Senator Conkling desired before irrevocably committing himself to open warfare upon President Garfield. The "Herald" being at the head of the independent press, Conkling believed that its support would also secure that of all the other nonpartisan papers of the country, and in that case he could safely throw down the gauntlet of defiance to his enemies, chief among whom were Blaine, Robertson and Garfield. Blaine he regarded as the most bitter and dangerous, Robertson next and Garfield least of all the three; for, in Conkling's view, the president was only the easy tool of the other two.

It was early in May, 1881, that I received a note from Senator Conkling asking me to go to Washington to see him on a most important matter, he not being free to leave his post at the time. I answered him that it would be very inconvenient for me to leave my own post and advised him to explain his wishes to Mr. Nordhoff, who was then the "Herald's" correspondent at Washington. For reasons not necessary to explain here, Conkling declined to do this, and so, after the exchange of many telegrams, I finally decided—and with very great reluctance—to comply with the senator's request. With reluctance because, in the first place, I had no very great liking for the senator, and in the second place, I did not fancy becoming entangled in a discussion, the merits of which were not clear nor the end apparently near. From

which it will be easily inferred that I suspected the reason of Senator Conkling's earnest and repeated invitations.

I put up at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, without registering, and after breakfast I repaired at once to Senator Conkling's lodgings. At that period he and Vice-President Arthur occupied apartments together in a very ordinary furnished house at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets. The senator had gone out to breakfast when I reached the place, but Vice-President Arthur was there and received me most cordially. I was not sorry to find him alone, as it gave me an opportunity to talk over the

political situation and learn the cause of my urgent summons. Arthur was then as near to being a bosom friend of Conkling as any man could be, and I felt certain that he would know what it was Conkling wished to communicate to me personally. His first words confirmed me in the opinion.

"I am so glad you decided to come here. Conkling was very anxious for it," said Vice-President Arthur.

So I put this question plump to him at once: "What is all the mystery about?" Arthur thereupon told me that the senator intended to make a public issue with Garfield; that he had tried every honorable means of avoiding such an issue, but that there was no escape from it. He was forced by the president's weak truckling to Secretary Blaine and his tortuous methods in dealing with the New York patronage to lay the whole case before the public.

"Garfield has not been square, nor honorable, nor truthful with Conkling," said Arthur, in so many words. "It is a hard thing to say of a president of the United States, but it is, unfortunately, only the truth. Garfield—spurred by



Photograph by Bogardus.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Blaine, by whom he is too easily led—has broken every pledge made to us; not only that, but he seems to have wished to do it in a most offensive way."

"How so?" I asked.

"It is a long story," said Arthur, "and I would rather you received it from Conkling himself. But the result to-day is only what I anticipated. Long ago we heard that Garfield said he intended to 'break' Senator Conkling by showing special favor to the Half Breeds. We were told that the president deemed it necessary to humble Conkling's pride—that he would first break and then conciliate him."

"But what have I to do with it?" I asked.

Arthur smiled and looked at me as if doubting the innocence of my question. "Where you come in is just here," he said. "Conkling would hesitate to begin the war without good assurance of the 'Herald's' support. Mr. Bennett is the senator's friend, but he is out of the country, and you being his representative, it is necessary to consult you. Can you and will you pledge the 'Herald's' support? That is what Conkling wishes to learn from your own lips."

Put to me in this point-blank way, the question startled me. It seemed to imply much more than had occurred to me before talking with Vice-President Arthur. My expectation was that I would be asked to publish certain statements or documentary evidence, and to rather lean to the side of Conkling in discussing the matter editorially, without committing the paper to an exact approval of Senator Conkling's course. But something more was evidently desired. I was not ready to go so far—to give a pledge of support which might mean so much in the case of a man of Conkling's peculiar temperament and unusual ideas of indorsement or championship. I felt I ought to consult Mr.



Photograph by Brady.
JAMES G. BLAINE.

Bennett, but that gentleman was out of the country—in Europe, Asia, Africa; I knew not exactly where, as I had failed to reach him by cable. Still, I was quite aware that what the vice-president had said about Mr. Bennett's friendly feeling for Conkling was true; for I remembered how he had directed me, in a sweeping way, to oblige and help the senator whenever opportunity offered. But such a general order was a very uncertain guide and might not cover the peculiar circumstances which had developed. To make a mistake might be fraught with very disagreeable consequences, either way, in the case of two such positive men as Conkling and Bennett. I had reason to know that Conkling would be very

uncompromising and exacting if I gave a pledge. To make a promise to him which I might not be able, in every particular, to perform literally, would be, I knew, to incur his undying enmity.

The situation was painfully new to me. Never before had I pledged the "Herald's" support to a political policy without consulting with the proprietor, and I did not like the idea of departing from the rule in this particular case. Therefore I hesitated, and General Arthur evidently observed my embarrassment. Pushing a cigar-box toward me, he said:

"Try a cigar. Perhaps a puff will aid your meditations. Smoke while you reflect."

I took the cigar, but answered at once that as yet I could not decide—that I must first know all the facts and see to what an exact pledge might commit the paper.

"Quite right," replied Arthur, adding that of course all the facts would be laid before me; that Conkling himself would do that, and then I could decide intelligently; that even if, after hearing all, I might not find myself free to give the re-

quired pledge, no harm could result, for Conkling and himself needed no assurance that I would respect their confidence.

"But he will be mightily disappointed if, at this unpleasant crisis, he finds the 'Herald' will not support him," Arthur declared.

I was quite sure of that, for I had had dealings with the "senior senator" before, and I knew how poorly he supported disappointment, even in trifling matters. How much deeper would be his chagrin and resentment, I asked myself, if thwarted in such an important affair as this—in an affair of such vital moment to his plans and prospects as the contemplated onslaught on President Garfield?

It seemed providential that I had not encountered Conkling before this preliminary talk with the vice-president. It gave me time to reflect. I would be better prepared to wrestle with the senator himself in case I could not give a pledge.

We continued to chat and smoke for some time longer before the senator made his appearance, looking quite serene and unconcerned, like one who had well breakfasted and was not permitting care to weigh heavily on his mind. After the usual greetings we adjourned to another and larger room, where Arthur told of our preliminary conversation, only one part of which seemed to interest Conkling. That was my hesitation to give any pledge before knowing the whole case. A decided shade of displeasure swept across "the front of Jove himself," and the senator seemed on the point of uttering one of his tart sayings. But he suppressed it, and, with a forced smile, remarked:

"Mr. Bennett did promise me the 'Herald's' support before he went away—as solemnly as a man of honor could. You do not forget, I hope, that you too told me as much when you called upon me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on my last visit to New York."

This was true enough, and I acknowledged it frankly, though the kind of support then contemplated was not exactly so far-reaching as that demanded now. I assured the senator that, while there was hardly a doubt of the "Herald's" support, still I must know all about the case before I could unequivocally commit the paper in favor of one side or the other.

During this colloquy the senator was on his legs, leaning against the mantelpiece, while Arthur and I were seated. At my last remark, Conkling began to pace the floor slowly and in silence, glancing at me occasionally, as if trying to calculate how far he might trust me with safety. At least, so I thought at the time, and the thought was extremely disagreeable. But the peculiar scrutiny lasted only for a moment or so, for presently the senator began a rehearsal of his grievances, going back to the days of the National Convention by which Garfield had been nominated, after the fierce struggle between the friends of Grant and

Blaine. His exordium was calm and measured, but gradually as he proceeded, he warmed up to his subject, and it was not long before I found myself listening to a regular oration, marked by as much earnestness as if he were really addressing a full senate, with crowded galleries. His hands were clasped behind his back as he paced back and forth, and this motion of the legs, while the brain and tongue were at work, seemed to be a process whereby he worked up gradually with increasing fire and spirit.

But there were moments when he unclasped his hands, in the height of his invectives, in order to emphasize some telling point against Blaine, Robertson or Garfield. Then his eyes would flash with scorn and anger, and the sarcastic words would pour out in a perfect flood. Not infrequently he would suddenly halt in front of me, pointing his finger at me in a curiously embarrassing manner, while that "Hyperion curl" would seem to tremble



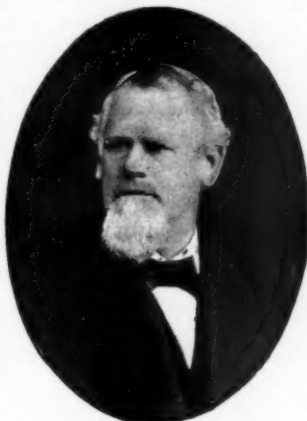
Photograph by Pach Bros.

T. B. CONNERY.

responsively and his whole frame shake from intensity of feeling. That pointing finger was like a personal menace, as if, for the moment, its owner fancied me one of the hated triumvirate of Blaine, Robertson and Garfield, whom he would fain blast on the spot by the lightning of denunciation. I had had a taste before of this extraordinary, and at times almost ludicrous, propensity of Conkling for "orating." He had a remarkable facility in that way, and would wander off into the mazes of eloquence at the slightest provocation, apparently forgetting all else about him. More than once, while I was the "Herald's" chief correspondent at Washington, during the reconstruction period, I had been imprisoned alone with Conkling in his committee-room at the Capitol, while the "orating" fever was on and in full force. But this summing up of his case against Blaine, Robertson and Garfield surpassed anything of his former private orations, and I really believe that, familiar as the whole subject must have been to Vice-President Arthur, that gentleman was quite as much moved and impressed as I was myself by the senator's rich flow of language and energetic gesticulation. The speech must have lasted for two hours at least, Conkling all the time pouring out beautifully rounded periods without halt or hesitation, with the grace and earnestness of a finished actor on the stage. I have often wondered whether there ever was before or since a man so peculiarly gifted with facility of speech as Senator Conkling. Certainly I have never met one, though it has been my good fortune to encounter many of the great orators of the world, whom I found tame and commonplace enough off the platform. But Conkling was never tame or commonplace. He needed no preparation; he was always prepared for a speech—his eloquence ever ready, so to speak, for tap.

"The base perfidy of Judge Robertson"

at the convention in abandoning Grant for Garfield, and the "undignified," "shameful" conduct of Garfield in rewarding the treacherous act of Robertson because it had made "his" (Garfield's) "nomination possible," formed a large part of the exordium, and reappeared later on in his oration at different parts, but it was quite evident that both Garfield and Robertson were minor offenders, in the senator's judgment, compared to Secretary Blaine, whom he



Photograph by Notman.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON.

recognized as the adroit and unscrupulous cause of the president's hostile attitude. He charged that it was Blaine who had instigated the president in all the attacks upon "the Stalwarts," as the Conkling branch of the New York Republicans was called; it was Blaine who had pestered the president day and night about the necessity of crushing Conkling, and who had infused backbone into the president whenever the slightest sign of limpness appeared. It was Blaine who had talked Garfield into nominating Robertson for collector, well knowing that the act would be looked upon as an intolerable insult to Conkling, and that it would give the upper hand to the "Half Breeds," who were but a mere fraction of New York's Republican hosts. It was Blaine who had induced Garfield to assure Whitelaw Reid, two months before the inauguration, that "the men who had made his nomination possible" would be taken care of and get their reward.

"Reward! reward!" shouted Conkling scornfully; "reward, sir, for treacherously betraying a sacred trust. Listen, sir, to what Editor Reid had to say in the 'Tribune' of January 3, after a conference with this *man* Garfield and his *honorable* secretary of state, Mr. Blaine."

There was a sneering emphasis on the words "honorable secretary," and Conkling paused for a moment to get from among his papers a clipping from the "Tribune" of January 3, 1881, which he

showed me, and which I observed was a double-leaded leader. This he proceeded to read, with running comments, which I can recall now almost literally:

"It is proper to say," read Mr. Conkling, "that the incoming administration will see to it that the men from New York and from other states, who had the courage at Chicago to obey the wishes of their districts in the balloting for president, and who thus finally voted for Garfield, shall not suffer for it or lose by it."

"Observe what a true prophet Mr. Reid was," said Senator Conkling. "The president truly has not let them suffer, and he has rewarded them for their timely votes." Then he resumed reading:

"They will not fail of honorable recognition" ("ah! is it not so?") "of their independence, their courage, their resolute pursuit of the policy they believed best for the Republican party and for the country."

"Great heroes these, the betrayers of their trust," sneered Conkling.

"Gentlemen at Albany, who are said to have been threatened with a different course at Washington, may reassure themselves. The administration of President Garfield is to be an administration for the whole Republican party," continued Conkling, reading. "It will foment no quarrels; it will most earnestly seek the things that make for peace and for the best interests of the party it represents. But it will not permit its friends to be persecuted for their friendship. Whoever has been persuaded to doubt this may as well make henceforth a declaration of independence from the dictation of any authority, save the wishes of constituents and his own convictions of policy and right."

"So you see, sir," Conkling exclaimed, "how long ago this base ingratitude of Garfield was contemplated. You will observe also that the administration's idea of the best way to 'foment no quarrels' is to make war—war, sir!—war

upon the larger branch of the Republican party of the Empire State. What was the meaning of that article?" shouted the senator passionately, throwing the clipping from him with disgust, and pointing his finger at me fiercely; "what was the meaning of it, if not to give me timely warning that the men who had voted faithfully for Grant—the men who clung to their pledges and honor—need expect no quarter from the administration, while the men who had basely violated their pledges by abandoning Grant for Garfield, and thereby turned the tide of voting in favor of Garfield, were to be rewarded for their treachery? 'Rewarded! rewarded! recognition! reward! compensation at the public's expense! the administration will foment no quarrels!' Bah!"

This "bah!" was a concentration of sarcastic comment. Then the excited orator leaped to a point of far more importance, namely, the alleged preëlection agreement of Garfield in August, 1880, to defer to the New York senators and the

New York Republican State Committee in the matter of New York federal appointments. Distinctly, clearly, such an arrangement had been made by Garfield himself at a conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at which he, Conkling, did not attend and to which he had been no party.

"How willing Garfield then was," Conkling sarcastically declared, "when everything looked blue and certain defeat seemed to stare him in the face; how willing he was to concede anything and everything to the Stalwarts if they would only rush to the rescue and save the day!"

I omit what Conkling said about his own efforts to elect Garfield—how he made a very great sacrifice to do so, giving up business engagements of great value and importance to himself, in order to aid the party and work for its chosen standard-bearer. This has already been done elsewhere, very fully, and so I proceed to



Photograph by Sterry.

CHARLES J. FOLGER.



From Puck, April 13, 1881, by the courtesy of Keppler & Schwarzmann.

"THIS IS NOT THE N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE; IT IS THE PATRONAGE EXCHANGE CALLED THE U. S. SENATE."

other facts pointed out by Senator Conkling, beginning with his visit to Mentor, at Garfield's request, in order to consult with the latter about the policy and appointments of the new administration.

"I have never been able to understand," said the senator, "why this president so invited me. I left my business to visit General Garfield at his home in Mentor, relying upon the statement in his letter of invitation, that he wished to consult with me about subjects relating to his policy, and above all, New York interests. I felt it a duty to obey the invitation at whatever cost to my personal convenience."

Then he went on to state how, when he got to Mentor, he was amazed at the trifling and undecided manner of his host. It seemed that Garfield had called him all the way from New York only to tell him that, "for many reasons," he could not appoint Levi P. Morton secretary of the treasury, and that Judge Folger was not a man of piety. Some one—and Conkling's lip curled disdainfully—some one had told him that Folger drank whis-

key instead of tea, like Garfield, and that he had heard that Folger, in other ways, was not a man of good character.

"I told General Garfield," said Conkling, "that I had always known Folger as a man of honor, and I asked him why Folger's character was brought into question. Do you contemplate offering him a cabinet position? If such is your purpose, I would like to advise that the Treasury is the only post which would satisfy New York, and that our state would prefer to be passed altogether if it could not obtain the department to which its rank and service entitled it."

Garfield evaded an answer to this question of the senator, and invited the latter "to tea! tea! tea!" Conkling thus repeated the word tea three times, but I could not quite decide from his manner whether the contemptuous reference to tea was meant as a reflection upon the Garfield hospitality, or was another sarcastic allusion to the talk about Folger's habits. But that he felt most bitterly the disappointment of hopes raised by his summons to Mentor, was

quite clear. It struck me at the time that Conkling must have anticipated an offer of a cabinet position to himself—by which I do not mean that he would have accepted such an appointment. On the contrary, I felt quite sure he would have declined to enter any cabinet with Blaine as a colleague. Nor do I wish it to be understood that Conkling, in his long oration to me, uttered a word which would justify my suspicion. It was his manner, not his words. He seemed all the time suppressing something he would like to have spoken of; but this is only my surmise. What was unmistakable was, that he expected General Garfield would have asked him, at least, what cabinet position would satisfy New York, and would have shown some desire to please him (Conkling), who, with General Grant, had done so much for the success of the ticket. A few months before, when Conkling and Grant were at Mentor, the presidential candidate had hailed the senator as his savior, and had declared that, whatever man could do for man that would he do for Conkling. Now what Conkling desired, but would not ask for in so many words, was the appointment of some friendly New York man as secretary of the treasury. The battle had been fought and won—there was no longer need of promises; rather the other way—it seemed a good time to forget and break them; yea, even to insult men, said Conkling, whose efforts chiefly had won the fight. What else could Garfield's allusions mean, Conkling asked me, if not that Folger was a man unfit for a cabinet position; and yet no sooner had Conkling left Mentor than Garfield proceeded to summon Folger, by telegraph, to a confidential conference, and offered him the post of attorney-general in his cabinet. Folger positively declined.

"Was it only to find out what I would like," exclaimed Conkling bitterly, "and then do just the opposite, that this man Garfield called me to Mentor? Was it only

to make his indifference to my wishes more marked that he summoned Folger, whose character he had impugned, the moment my back was turned, to offer him an office lesser in dignity than that which I had said New York was entitled to?"

It would be impossible to remember all that Conkling communicated to me, in this curious oration, about his barren visit to Mentor, especially as some of my notes have been mislaid, but I recall distinctly that the senator declared that he had told Garfield he would not like the Navy Department to be offered to New York, and that yet, notwithstanding that fact, Garfield, only a few days before his inauguration, when his cabinet was practically agreed upon, asked Morton to accept the post of secretary of the navy.

Morton, who was most anxious for recognition, and especially covetous of a cabinet position, accepted the offer at once. It was during his term as congressman from New York, when he kept house in Washington. Conkling heard of the thing and became furious. He telegraphed to Mr. Platt in New York that "our unwise friend is

making a great deal of trouble for us," meaning Morton, and he consulted at once with Arthur and John H. Starin. The latter was asked to go to Morton, remonstrate with him, and make him realize that, if he accepted, it would ruin all their plans, and especially defeat the pet scheme for the capture of the Treasury Department.

Mr. Starin found the banker in bed suffering from a chill, and, having been formerly in the drug business, prepared a dose of quinine with brandy, which he persuaded Morton to drink. The dose

produced a good effect, and after a while Morton felt so much better that he got up and dressed himself. He was easily induced to go to the "morgue," as Conkling's lodgings at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets were significantly called by certain Republicans. The vice-president and the senior senator were



Photograph by Sterry.
A. B. CORNELL.

there, and they lectured "our unwise friend" soundly. Conkling "orated," and Arthur denounced the acceptance of the Navy Department as ruinous to the Republican party of New York; and before they got through Morton had made up his mind to notify General Garfield that on further reflection he thought it advisable to decline, with thanks. The imperious will of Conkling triumphed completely over the banker's quite natural ambition to figure in a national cabinet, and Garfield's slate was again

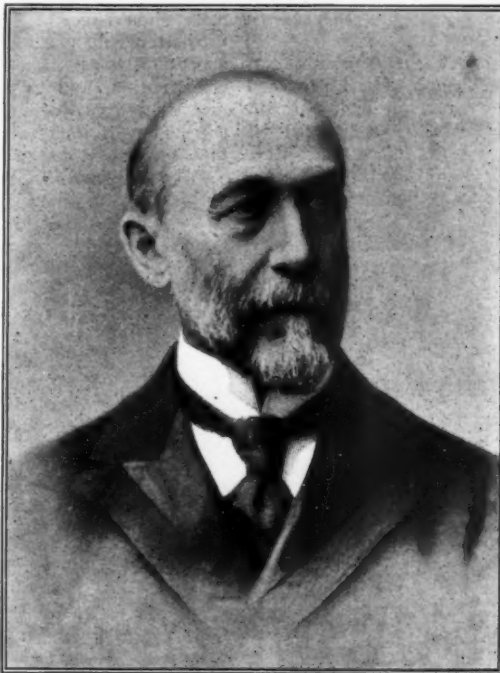
broken. As one looks back at the affair, it seems wonderful that Garfield should have subsequently offered Morton another position—that of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France.

Conkling declared that he would have ignored all these deliberate slights, for the sake of the party and for the success of the new administration, if the president had only kept faith with him in other and later matters. He would, he said, have supported the administration faithfully but for the nomination of William H. Robertson, his bitterest political enemy in the state of New York, to be collector of the port. That was too much—it was simply intolerable; and its withdrawal was made the *sine qua non* of peace.

But before proceeding to describe the negotiations about Robertson's nomination and the demand for its withdrawal, let me refer to a conversation between

Garfield and Conkling forty-eight hours before Robertson's name was sent to the senate. In obedience to an invitation conveyed through Postmaster-General James, Senator Conkling visited the president at the White House, and a long conversation took place concerning New York appointments. Garfield told the senator that he was anxious to settle the whole business by recognizing both the Stalwarts and the Half Breeds, and that he was thinking of offering Robertson the post of district attorney for New

York. He believed, however, that Robertson was hardly lawyer enough to fill the position. Conkling answered that with an efficient assistant Robertson would do well enough, as assistants generally did the important part of the work of such positions. Garfield then quickly glided from the talk about the district attorneyship to the important post of collector of internal revenue, in place of General Weber. He said he was also con-



Photograph by Rockwood.

THOMAS C. PLATT.

sidering whether that position would not be more suitable for Robertson. Conkling advised against Weber's removal without cause. It would offend the Germans, he said, and besides, it would be much better to take no action about any of the New York offices filled by good Republicans until the terms for which they were appointed should expire. In no event, the president said, would he take any steps in the matter without consulting Senator Conkling, but he was most

anxious to have the question disposed of satisfactorily to all parties, and he would be greatly obliged if he (Conkling) would confer with his colleague Senator Platt, with the vice-president, Governor Cornell and other leading New York Republicans and then prepare some "projet" that would take in the independents fairly, as well as the other branches of New York's Republican army. Senator Conkling promised to do this and left the White House in very good humor, believing that at last a satisfactory agreement had been made with the president and that harmony would thenceforth rule.

But Blaine upset the "entente cordiale." Having heard of the proposed arrangement, he left his sick-bed and hurried to the White House to protest against its execution. The result was, that within forty-eight hours of the interview between Conkling and the president the nomination of Robertson was sent to the senate. It was like a bomb-shell thrown into the army of the Stalwarts and proved a complete surprise to all sides, even to the Half Breeds. That the president could so easily disregard his promise to do nothing about the New York positions without consultation with the New York senators, that he could put Conkling and his friends to so much trouble as the preparation of their plans involved, for nothing, filled Conkling with indignation.

As to this strange incident, I am striving, in this article, to avoid repetition of any facts heretofore published and to confine myself to points known only to the few in the full confidence of both sides. But some things which were made public at the time of the great row must necessarily be repeated here, in order to elucidate the whole situation. Conkling saw that it was to be a struggle to preserve his own supremacy as leader of the Republican party in his state, and that he "must fight the great battle of his life."

He summoned to his aid all the agencies within his control. The most potent of these were, his colleague, Senator Platt; his bosom friend, Vice-President Arthur; his faithful associate, Postmaster-General James; Governor Cornell and Richard Crowley, who had been a candidate for the United States senate at the time of Platt's election. He also appealed to what was known as the "senatorial courtesy"—an unwritten rule of the senate, favored by Democrats as well as Republicans, that no nomination offensive to a particular senator, for office in his own state, should receive confirmation. This unwritten rule was for a long time used successfully as a bar to Robertson's confirmation, and was viewed with approbation by at least two members of Garfield's cabinet—Postmaster-General James and Attorney-General McVeagh. The latter strenuously objected to the nomination and confirmation of William E. Chandler as solicitor-general, and Senator Cameron, his brother-in-law, naturally supported him. Mr. McVeagh was very outspoken in his opposition. The dispute over these two questions concerning Robertson and Chandler rose so high

that the new cabinet was, more than once, on the point of breaking up. It was so great that a senatorial conciliation committee was appointed to bring about peace, and this committee went so far as to remonstrate with the president against forcing the confirmation of Robertson, and thereby perhaps disrupting the Republican party in New York.

This and much more was urged by the peace-loving senators as reasons why Garfield should reconsider the unwise step

he had taken, and, though the president received the conciliators rather coldly, though he let it be known that senators who should range themselves against him in this matter need look to him for no favor, and would require letters of introduction to him thereafter—he was nevertheless deeply impressed by the



JOHN H. STARIN.

powerful opposition arrayed against him. He wavered, and in all probability would have yielded if left to himself and uninfluenced by the stronger will of Blaine. He was disposed to withdraw Robertson's nomination and offer him some other position quite as honorable and lucrative as the collectorship, though not so potent as a political lever. But, unfortunately for himself, for Conkling and for the country, this was not to be. An unseasonable telegram from Governor Cornell spoiled all the negotiations for an honorable adjustment, just at the moment

ingly averse to receding from his position in the face of a sort of a respectful intimidation from the senate and arrogance on the part of Conkling. Still he wanted peace, and he was sick of the perpetual row and importunities among office seekers, and was especially desirous of solving the New York problem in some way that would satisfy the Stalwarts without compromising his own dignity as president. Mr. James suggested that Woodford's name as district attorney be withdrawn and Robertson's name substituted, or, if that were not



From Puck, June 1, 1881, by the courtesy of Keppler & Schwabmann.

"THE MONKEY'S REVENGE."

when they seemed about to be crowned with success.

Postmaster-General James, who strongly sympathized with Conkling, in spite of his own unpleasant experience with "the senior senator" shortly before; was acting as special peace-maker and was industriously working to promote harmony. He had progressed so far as to exact a promise from the president to withdraw Robertson's name. It had been no easy task, for the president's pride had been touched and he was exceed-

agreeable, then offer Robertson one of the pleasant foreign appointments. The president told Mr. James that if he could manage, through Senator Platt, to "pull out" Woodford, and if Woodford would be satisfied with a foreign mission, the difficulties could be settled, and he would do all in his power to satisfy Conkling and his followers. Attorney-General McVeagh, who was present at this particular conference with the president, favored the plan proposed and can vouch for the accuracy of the statement I have just

made on the subject. Mr. James, I have no doubt, will also admit its accuracy.

Passing over unnecessary details, it will suffice to record that Platt operated successfully on Woodford, who agreed to take the mission to Italy or to any other European country with a warm climate. His wife or daughter was ill at the time, and a residence in some genial, mild climate would, he hoped, conduce to the restoration of her health. The president, finding that there was an obstacle in the way of offering Italy to Woodford, decided to name him for Portugal, which was assented to by Woodford, and this plan would have been carried out, Robertson would have been made district attorney, and peace assured but for the untimely telegram from Governor Cornell. President Garfield had even requested Mr. James to ask Conkling to go to the White House with Arthur, Platt and McVeagh, so as to have a formal agreement as soon as possible. More, even, he authorized James to assure Conkling that he stood ready to do all in his power to end the irritating dispute; and Conkling, on his side, most willingly agreed to pay his respects to the president that very night.

Postmaster-General James and Senator Platt left the Arlington Hotel together, calling for Attorney-General McVeagh on the way to Conkling's house, that all might proceed to the executive mansion as per appointment. They found Conkling waiting for them in one of his best humors, which were rather rare in those trying days. The senator saluted them cordially and asked playfully: "How are the envoys extraordinary to-night?"

McVeagh answered for his companions that "the envoys were in happy spirits, as the conditions of peace were practically agreed upon and only a few minor points still remained to be discussed between the high contracting parties before the formal treaty could be drawn up and ratified."

"'Tis well, gentlemen," said Mr. Conkling, still in a playful mood.



Photograph by Prince.

THOMAS L. JAMES.

All were ready to start for the White House. Mr. Conkling had donned his light overcoat and was buttoning his gloves when a messenger boy arrived with a dispatch. The senator tore open the envelope and found the message to be in cipher. He procured his code and began to translate it. The smile began to fade from his face as he read, until at length it was replaced by an angry frown. The blood surged to his head and then receded, leaving him pale and stern looking. In a moment he crushed the dispatch in his hand and threw it disdainfully on the table.

"Gentlemen, I won't go!" he exclaimed with decision. "I am no place-hunter, and I won't go!"

Arthur, Platt, James and McVeagh ceased at once their laughing conversation and regarded the senator with astonishment. Their glances plainly asked "what can be the matter now—what new development?"

The dispatch, whatever its purport, was evidently the cause of this peremptory refusal to keep the engagement with the president. But what did it contain; by whom had it been sent? Conkling volunteered no explanation—he did not even assign the dispatch as the cause of his suddenly declared resolution not to go to the White House. He simply and somewhat rudely repeated his determination not to keep his appointment with the president, and though everybody present endeavored to dissuade him from such a sudden and deplorable change of attitude, which would be sure to reopen hostilities, his resolution remained unshaken.

"I am no place-hunter, and I won't go! I am no place-hunter, and I won't go!" was all he would say.

"If you will put that in writing, Senator Conkling, I will agree to make you president of the United States," said McVeagh, trying to relieve the tension by an attempted pleasantry.

But Conkling was not softened, and the two cabinet officers left, leaving the "senior senator" with Arthur and Platt.

James proceeded alone to the White House to report to the president the sudden and unexplained refusal of Conkling. He could not even apologize for the senator's extraordinary course. Disgusted and indignant, President Garfield said he had gone as far as any self-respecting man could go, seeking conciliation. He would make no further effort to placate this arrogant New York statesman.

"I must remember that I am president of the United States. I owe something to the dignity of my office and to my own self-respect, and you may say to this senator that now, rather than withdraw Robertson's nomination, I will suffer myself to be dragged by wild horses."

The president subsequently repeated this vigorous expression in conversation with other friends about Conkling's haughty rejection of his offer to compose the New York difficulty.

It was not a very opportune moment for further effort at conciliation, and yet Mr. James made the attempt. He had promised Conkling to present to the president a written protest, signed by Arthur, Platt, Conkling, and himself, against Robertson's nomination, and he kept his promise. This fact alone showed what an extraordinary personal ascendancy Conkling held over his associates. It was a species of hypnotism that made them do things bidden by the "senior senator" con-

trary to their feelings—even contrary to their convictions. The protest was published at the time, but I insert it here to make my story of the controversy clearer and more complete, only explaining that it was received respectfully by the president, who promised to give it attention.

To the President: We beg leave to remonstrate against the change in the collectorship at New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when the several nominations involved in the plan were announced in the senate. We had, only two days before this, been informed from you that a change in the customs office at New York was not contemplated, and, quite ignorant of a purpose to take any action now, we had no opportunity until after the nomination to make the suggestions we now present. We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present collector and putting Mr. Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite

the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims or obligations which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR
T. C. PLATT.

THOMAS I. JAMES.
ROSCOE CONKLING.



From Puck, June 8, 1881, by the courtesy of Kiepler & Schwermann.

"AND IT 'WAS' BAD FOR THE BULL."

son for the sake of harmony. Conkling resented it savagely, and never forgave it.

Such was substantially the story embodied in Conkling's lengthy and impassioned harangue, and at its conclusion the senator asked me whether, after hearing it, I could assure him of the "Her-

ald's" support. Unhesitatingly I answered "yes," but I told him also that I must have some written memoranda of the leading points, as I would not like to depend upon my memory for exactness. Conkling hesitated, as if distrustful and unwilling to commit himself in writing. The suspicious nature of the man was revealed, and as I was the object of his unmistakable distrust, I felt indignant. I had come all the way from New York to oblige him, I had pledged my honor to him—and here he was insulting me with groundless suspicions. On the spur of the moment I told him this plainly, and had not Vice-President Arthur intervened promptly, the day's business would have had an unpleasant ending. But Arthur was quick to declare that the memoranda I required would be sent to me, and so the momentary cloud was swept away. I mention this apparently trivial detail, because it has a bearing further on in this story, about Conkling's supposed "unselfishness," "devotion to friends" and "undying gratitude." I propose to paint Conkling as he really was, not as the newspapers pictured him just after his melancholy death; for if one undertakes to write a chapter of history, one must tell the truth, simply and dispassionately. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is well enough in funeral orations; it should have no place in history.

But let me conclude my statement of the facts. Not many days after my striking interview with Conkling the grand finale was executed. Platt and Conkling resigned May 14, 1881, in a long letter to Governor Cornell, and almost immediately appealed to the New York legislature to vindicate their course. They had thrown up their commissions and asked to have them restored almost simultaneously! It was a curious spectacle, yet not without its dramatic and heroic aspect. But what were the excuses for this curious act? In Platt's case there cer-

tainly was good, solid ground to stand upon; in Conkling's, absolutely none. Platt had given a pledge in writing—said to be still in the possession of Whitelaw

Reid—which would prevent him from voting against Robertson's confirmation. He found himself in a most trying dilemma between Conkling and Robertson. Unwilling to offend and break with his colleague, and yet in honor bound, if he voted at all, to vote for Robertson's confirmation, his only way out of the difficulty was resignation.

Whether, as has been stated, Conkling originally intended to withdraw from politics and devote himself thereafter to his profession, I have no means of deciding; nor

can I confirm the rumors, circulated at the time, that his own private wishes were overruled in a council of some of his leading followers; and really the point is of no importance to this story. The fact was that the legislature was in session, and the prospect of reelection as a vindication must have appeared most alluring to the senior senator. There was an apparent majority on the joint ballot in his favor. The Stalwarts were in the ascendant, and I think Conkling entertained no doubt of his success. And to succeed would have been a flattering proof of his strength and of the corresponding weakness of Robertson and the Half Breeds. But Conkling was soon undeceived, and found that the men who had tied themselves to his fortunes while he was in office and power were only too glad to abandon him the moment they scented danger and began to feel the strong arm of the administration upon them. A show of devotion was kept up for a while, but the lukewarm were soon won over, and bitter defeat overwhelmed the two pleaders for reelection.

I fulfilled my pledge faithfully and to the best of my ability, supporting Conkling vigorously in the "Herald," until the superior power interfered and completely reversed the policy of the paper.



Photograph by Mora.

LEVI P. MORTON.

Thus I have compressed into as few words as possible a true explanation of the very curious political coup performed by Conkling and Platt when they astonished the American public by throwing up their commissions as senators. It is interesting now to recall what was said concerning it at the time by some of the leading men of the country. Senator Hoar denominated it "a performance of exceeding pettiness," and said there was no excuse for abandonment of a post of duty merely because the president and senate differed with respect to the nomination for the New York custom house. "If this is the greatest effort of his life,"

said another senator, "it is also the greatest blunder." "He has acted the boy and is now trying to bully the senate," another remarked. "All the Republican senators laugh at the whole business, and call it a piece of childish folly," exclaimed still another senator, who

also referred reprovingly to the fact that the act of Conkling and Platt had converted a Republican majority in the senate into a minority.

A Republican editor said that the appeal for reelection was asking a Republican legislature to join in a war upon President Garfield because he would not permit Conkling to ostracize Republicans who had not seen fit to support General Grant for the presidency. The legislature was asked, the editor argued, to send out Conkling as a political privateer, armed with letters of marque and reprisal, to seize and destroy all that belonged to a Republican administration.

It is always a most ungracious task to say unpleasant things of the dead, and especially when one has been a participator, to an extent however trifling, in the crowning act of merit or folly of the career of the person criticised. But Mr. Roscoe Conkling was a conspicuous public man, and his character belongs to the public quite as fully as his official acts. It is no more than fair, when his biographers and admirers paint him as a man wholly unselfish, devoted to friends, never forgetful of services and kind acts performed in his interest, to tell the plain truth and let him be known as he really was—not as he really was not, to wit, an

ideally pure, noble-minded and altogether superior being. I don't care to go as far as a well-known New Yorker, in a recent conversation with me, and say that Conkling had really no true friends and that he did not want them; nor will I assert, like the same gentleman, who

knew the senator well, that he only desired "serfs"—slaves to his will, who would do his bidding unquestioningly. I will only state here, that in my own dealings with Roscoe Conkling, I found him unjust, ungrateful, suspicious and arrogant. Furthermore, I have not met one human being, no matter what important services he had rendered the senator, who failed to fall under the ban of his displeasure the moment any difference of opinion occurred respecting public or private matters. Conkling was self-assertive to the last degree. He could brook no opposition. To set one's views or will against his own was to incur his



From Puck, May 8, 1881, by the courtesy of Keppler & Schwarzmann.

"QUIXOTIC TILTING."

personal and bitter hostility. The only wonder is that a man so unhappily constituted could have maintained his ascendancy so long, even with all the intellectual qualities, which must not be denied him.

Conkling's greatness was of the kind that is extremely sensitive to ridicule in any form, though he was more prone to use it as a weapon than any other man I ever met. He never forgot or forgave people who in turn successfully used it against himself. I have never understood how any one who knew him well could continue to speak of him as a model statesman, always actuated by the loftiest motives. In the eyes of some people, Conkling was altogether a second Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." He certainly was bold and fearless in some respects, but at times he could descend to the pettiest means to gratify spite and envy. If he possessed in any degree the virtue of gratitude, I never saw evidence of its existence.

I might cite scores of instances to show that, on the contrary, he was more likely to prove ungrateful than grateful for services rendered. This is hardly necessary. One instance will suffice—that of Ex-Postmaster-General James, who was one of the most earnest, sincere and useful of Conkling's associates. He had worked hard for the senator and had been promised grateful recognition. All the world knows how splendidly James administered the New York post-office; what valuable reforms and improvements he introduced; and how the American people confidently predicted his promotion to a higher field of action. For James to be made postmaster-general was the most natural and logical outcome of distinguished services covering many years. Moreover, it was strongly suspected that the Postal Department had not been managed intelligently or honestly, and that a strong, keen man was needed to put life, energy and fidelity into all its ramifications. It was not surprising, therefore, when a vacancy occurred that President Hayes should have invited Mr. Thomas L. James to take hold of the Postal Department and reorganize it thoroughly on business principles. But few people knew of this, or of the fact that Mr. James declined the honor. Conkling was the chief of the few made

aware of what was going on, and he was, in fact, the cause of the declination. Left to himself, James would gladly have accepted, but the loyalty felt by a faithful follower to his leader impelled him to consult Senator Conkling, the result of which was the two following letters, now published for the first time:

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR.—Noting yours, I see you incline to the P. M. Generalship; yet I am too sincerely your friend to answer you except as I believe. My judgment is that you should not think of accepting the place. No one consideration favors it, in my opinion, and many considerations oppose it. You now hold a higher, stronger, more enviable place than you can as Mr. K.'s successor.

Such is my judgment. I will not inflict reasons on you, but give you for what it is worth an answer to the question you ask.

Sincerely yours,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

THE HONORABLE T. L. JAMES,
NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES.—Your note makes me fear that you have given undue weight to advice of mine—advice which I should not have felt at liberty to volunteer, but the wisdom of which is clear to me and to others as well.

You could not afford to accept the P. M. Generalship at the tail-end of this administration, and still less to seek it in any way or sense. Were the offer made and declined, I should be glad. That would not shorten your pleasure. But there will be a better time to take the office. This is my firm belief, and time will vindicate it, I am very sure.

But, after reading your note, I regret that you asked me, though I know you doubt neither the sincerity nor earnestness of

Your friend,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

THE HONORABLE T. L. JAMES,
NEW YORK.

Now though Conkling thus wrote that "there will be a better time to take the P. M. Generalship than at the tail-end of this administration," and though Mr. James chivalrously sacrificed his own wishes to those of his accepted leader, what happened when the better time really came? Did Conkling show alacrity in

helping James? Did he urge his appointment under Garfield? Not a bit of it. And yet if he had been the pure, unselfish statesman, eager only for the public good—as his friends claim—he would have done all in his power to secure James at the head of the Postal Department. No one knew better than Conkling that cor-

ruption existed in that department, and that James was the very man to root it out. But in the opinion of this superior statesman, an honest administration of the Post Office Department was of no consequence when it stood in the way of capturing for New York the great Treasury Department, with its enormous patronage, which would be so useful in providing lucrative and potential positions for the faithful Stalwarts. And so when, one day, Mr. James went to Conkling and told him he expected to be named as a member of Garfield's cabinet, his reward was a sneer instead of a congratulation.

"Do you expect to be secretary of the treasury?" demanded Conkling, sarcastically.

The taunt wounded James deeply, but

he passed it and simply answered that he expected the Postmaster-Generalship, not the Treasury.

"The Treasury is the only place in Garfield's cabinet New York can afford to accept," Conkling replied impatiently.

"I am not a candidate for that post," repeated James, in a calm tone, though

greatly provoked by the studied rudeness of his chief. "But I am a candidate for the Postal Department, and I have come here to ask your support." "The Treasury is the only post New York can accept," again Conkling said, more curtly and impatiently than before. It was clearly a bore to this eminently grateful statesman to be reminded of a promise inconvenient to fulfill; a bore that any follower should seek promotion, incompatible with the private schemes of his chief.



From Puck, May 25, 1881, by the courtesy of Kippler & Schwarzmann.

"A HARMLESS EXPLOSION."

Somebody once said—I think it was Mr. Lawrence Godkin—that Roscoe Conkling was "the great American quarreler." No man ever received a title more richly deserved, for Conkling quarreled with every one with whom he ever got into close relationship, except General Grant. He quarreled with Blaine; he quarreled with

12

Ellis H. Roberts about a small matter, though Roberts had made him senator; he quarreled with President Hayes, at whose title he chose to sneer, though he himself had been chiefly instrumental in confirming that title through the electoral commission; he quarreled with Governor Cornell because of his recommendation to confirm Robertson's nomination—he called him the "bloodless ingrate" and "the lizard on the hill;" he quarreled with Platt because Platt favored Hiscock's election as speaker, though Platt had thrown up his commission as United States senator rather than offend Conkling by voting for Robertson's confirmation; he quarreled with his great friend, Chester A. Arthur, calling him the stalled ox of the White House when he became president by Garfield's assassination, because Arthur would not reopen a miserable controversy by removing Robertson from the collectorship; and he quarreled with the late Jay Gould, to whom he had been indebted for favors, because Jay Gould, who then owned the New York "World," permitted its editor to abuse him (Conkling) in its columns. Mr. Conkling had had intimate business relations with the famous "little wizard," and was not above taking a shy at speculation occasionally when a good chance offered. And at the game of speculation, as all the world knows, the friendship of the King of the Street was very convenient.

I could not better close this true story of the Garfield-Conkling spoils controversy than by relating briefly the exciting incident of the great senator's break with Platt and Jay Gould.

There is good reason to believe that Conkling was not fully posted about Platt's pledge to vote for Robertson until

after the dual resignation from the senate, and I think that he knew nothing about Platt's efforts for Hiscock until after the failure for reelection at Albany. Both things combined roused the defeated statesman's ire. But he restrained it for a fitting occasion, and the occasion arrived when, one day, Conkling and Jay Gould met in front of the U. S. Express office on Broadway. It was then that Conkling took the multi-millionaire to task for the "World's" vituperative articles. Gould, as everybody knows, was a very quiet and reserved man, but he was quite able to hold his own when driven to the wall. The meeting of two such well-known characters as Conkling and Gould could hardly escape observation in a great thoroughfare like Broadway, but when such a meeting was accompanied by hot words on both sides, as was the actual case, it was little wonder a crowd soon collected. From the window of his office in the U. S. Express Building, Platt observed what was occurring, and hurried down to the street and to the rescue. He interposed pleasantly, advising the two men that if they wished to continue their discussion they had better adjourn up-stairs to his office where they could talk without having a crowd for an audience. Gould thanked Mr. Platt for his thoughtful suggestion, but Conkling resented the interference of his late colleague as an impertinence. He turned his batteries at once from Gould to Platt and let fly all the pent-up ire. At its conclusion Platt said to the millionaire:

"If you would like to come up-stairs to my office, Mr. Gould, you will be welcome. But as for you, sir (turning to Conkling), you may go to the devil!"



THE TURKISH MESSIAH.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

SCROLL THE SECOND.—CONTINUED.

FROM the far north of Scotland came a wonderful report of a ship with silken sails and ropes, worked by sailors who spoke with one another in the solemn syllables of the sacred tongue, and flying a flag with the inscription, "The Twelve Tribes of Israel." And a strange rumor told of the march of multitudes from unknown parts into the remote deserts of Arabia. Fronted with skeptics, believers offered wagers of ten to one that within two years Sabbatai would be anointed king of Jerusalem; bills of exchange were drawn in Threadneedle street upon the issue.

And, indeed, Sabbatai was already king of the Jews. From all the lands of the exile crowds of the devout came to do him homage and tender allegiance—Turkish Jews with red fez or saffron-yellow turban; Jerusalem Jews in striped cotton gowns and soft felt hats; Polish Jews with fox-skin caps and long caftans, sallow German Jews, gigantic Russian Jews, high-bred Spanish Jews; and with them often their wives and daughters—Jerusalem Jewesses with blue shirts and head-veils, Egyptian Jewesses with sweeping robes and black head-shawls, Jewesses from Ashdod and Gaza, with white visors fringed with gold coins; Polish Jewesses with glossy wigs, Syrian Jewesses with eyelashes black as though lined with kohl, fat Jewesses from Tunis, with clinging drawers interwoven with gold and silver.

Daily he held his court, receiving deputations, advices, messengers. Young men and maidens offered him their lives to do with as he would; the rich laid their fortunes at his feet and fought for the honor of belonging to his body-guard. That abstract deity of the Old Testament—awful in His love and His hate, without form, without humanity—had been replaced by a Man—visible, tangible, lovable; and all the yearning of their souls, all that suppressed longing for a visual object of worship which had found vent and satisfaction in the worship of the Bible or the Talmud in its every letter and syllable, now went out toward their bodily Redeemer. From the ancient of days a

new divine being had been given off—the Holy King, the Messiah, the Primal Man, Androgynous, Perfect—who would harmonize the jarring chords, restore the spiritual unity of the universe. Before the love in his eyes sin and sorrow would vanish as evil vapors, the frozen streams of grace would flow again.

"I, the Lord your God, Sabbatai Zevi!" Thus did Samuel Primo sign the Messianic decrees and ordinances.

XV.

The month of Ab approached—the Messiah's birthday, the day of the fast commemorating the fall of the temples. But Melisselda protested against its celebration by gloom and penance, and the word went out to all the hosts of captivity:

"The only and just-begotten Son of God, Sabbatai Zevi, Messiah and Redeemer of the people of Israel, to all the sons of Israel, peace: Since ye have been worthy to behold the great day and the fulfilment of God's word by the prophets, let your lament and sorrow be changed into joy and your fasts into festivals; for ye shall weep no more. Rejoice with drums, organs and music, making of every day a New Moon, and change the day which was formerly dedicated to sadness and sorrow into a day of jubilee, because I have appeared; and fear ye naught, for ye shall have dominion not only over the nations, but over the creatures also in the depths of the sea."

Thereat arose a new and stranger commotion throughout all the Ghettos, Jewries and Mellahs. The greater part received the divine message in uproarious jubilation. The Messiah was come indeed! Those terrible twenty-four hours of absolute fasting and passionate prayer—henceforward to be hours of feasting and merriment! Oh, just and joyous edict! The Jewish Kingdom was on the eve of restoration—how then longer bewail its decay!

But the staunchest pietists were stag-

gered, and these the most fervent of the followers of Sabbatai. What! the penances and prayers of eighteen hundred years to be swept away! the yoke of the Torah to be abolished! Surely true religion rather demanded fresh burdens. What could more fitly mark the redemption of the world than new and more exacting laws, if, indeed, such remained to be invented? True, God himself was on earth—of that they had no doubt—but how could he wish to do away with the laws deduced from the Holy Book and accumulated by the zealous labors of so many generations of faithful rabbis, with the venerated prescriptions of the "Shulchan Aruch" of the pious Benjamin Caro (his memory for a blessing), with all that network of ceremonial and custom for the zealous maintenance of which their ancestors had so often laid down their lives? How could he so blaspheme?

And so—in blind passion, unreasoning, obstinate—they clung to their threatened institutions. In every Jewry they formed little parties for the defense of Judaism.

What they had prayed for so passionately for centuries had come to pass. The hopes they had caught from the "Zohar," that they had nourished and repeated day and night; the promise that sorrow should be changed into joy and the Law become null and void—here was the fulfilment. The Messiah was actually incarnate—the Kingdom of the Jews was at hand. But in their hearts was a vague fear of the dazzling present and a blind clinging to the unhappy past.

In the Jewry of Smyrna the Messiah walked on the afternoon of the abolished fast, and a vast concourse seethed around him, dancing and singing, with flute and timbrel, harp and drum. Melisselda's voice led the psalm of praise. Suddenly a whisper ran through the mob that there were unbelievers in the city, that some were actually fasting and praying in the synagogue. And at once there was a wild rush. They found the doors shut, but the voice of wailing was heard from inside.

"Beat in the doors!" cried Isaac Silvera. "What do they within, profaning the festal day?"

The crowd battered in the doors; they tore up the stones of the street and darted inside.

The floor was strewn with worshipers, rocking to and fro. The venerable Aaron de la Papa, shorn of his ancient rabbinical prestige, but still a commanding figure, rose from the floor, his white shroud falling weirdly about him, his face deadly pale from the long fast.

"Halt!" he cried. "How dare ye profane the house of God?"

"Blasphemers!" retorted Silvera. "Ye who pray for what God in His infinite mercy has granted, do ye mock and deride Him?"

But Solomon Algazi, a hoary-headed zealot, cried out, "My fathers have fasted before me, and shall I not fast?"

For answer a great stone hurtled through the air, just grazing his head.

"Give over," shouted Elias Zevi, one of Sabbatai's brothers. "Be done with sadness, or thou shalt be stoned to death. Hath not the Lord ended our long persecution, our weary martyrdom? Cease thy prayer, or thy blood be on thine own head."

Algazi and de la Papa were driven from the city; the "Kofrim," as the heretics were dubbed, were obnoxious to excommunication. The thunder of the believers silenced the still small voice of doubt.

And from the Jewries of the world, from Morocco to Sardinia, from London to Lithuania, from the Brazils to the Indies, one great cry in one tongue rose up: *Leshanah Haba Berushalayim; Leshanah Haba Beni Chirin*—"Next year in Jerusalem; next year, sons of freedom!"

XVI.

It was the eve of 1666. In a few days the first sun of the great year would rise upon the world. The Jews were winding up their affairs. Israel was strung to fever pitch. The course of the exchanges, advices, markets—all was ignored, and letters recounting miracles replaced commercial correspondence.

Elijah the Prophet, in his ancient mantle, had been seen everywhere simultaneously, drinking from the wine-cups left out for him, and sometimes filling them with oil. He was seen at Smyrna on the wall of a festal chamber, and welcomed with compliments, orations and thanksgivings. At Constantinople a Jew met

him in the street, and was reproached for neglecting to wear the fringed garment and for shaving. At once fringed garments were reintroduced throughout the empire, and heads, though always shaven, after the manner of Turks and the East, now became overgrown incommodiously with hair; even the "Piyos," or ear-lock, again hung down the side of the face, and its absence served to mark off the "Kofrim."

Sabbatai Zevi, happy in the love of Melisselda, rapt in heavenly joy, now confidently expecting the miracle that would crown the triumph of his career, prepared to set out for Constantinople to take the crown from the Sultan's head, to the sound of music. He held a last solemn levée at Smyrna, and there, surrounded by his faithful followers, with Melisselda radiantly enthroned at his side, he proceeded to parcel out the world among his twenty-six lieutenants.

Of these all he made kings and princes. His brothers came first. Elias Zevi he named King of Kings, and Joseph Zevi, King of the Kings of Judah.

"Into thee, O Isaac Silvera," said he, "has the soul of David, King of Israel, migrated. Therefore shalt thou be called King David and shalt have dominion over Persia. Thou, O Chayim Inegna, art Jereboam and shalt rule over Araby. Thou, O Daniel Pinto, art Hilkiah and thy kingdom shall be Italia. To thee, O Matassia Aschenesi, who reincarnatest Asa, shall be given Barbary; and thou, Mokiah Gaspar, in whom lives the soul of Zedekiah, shalt reign over England." And so the partition went on, Elias Azar being appointed vice-king, or vizier, of Elias Zevi, and Joseph Inernuch vizier of Joseph Zevi.

"And for me?" eagerly interrupted Abraham Rubio, the beggar from the Morea.

"I had not forgotten thee," answered Sabbatai. "Art thou not Josiah?"

"True; I had forgotten," murmured the beggar.

"To thee I give Turkey, and the seat of thy empire shall be Smyrna."

"May thy majesty be exalted for ever and ever," replied King Josiah, fervently. "Verily shall I sit under my own fig tree."

Portugal fell to a Marrano physician

who had escaped from the Inquisition. Even Sabbatai's old enemy, Chayim Penya, was magnanimously presented with a kingdom.

"To thee, my well-beloved Raphael Joseph Chelebi, of Cairo," wound up Sabbatai, "in whose palace Melisselda became my queen, to thee, under the style of King Joash, I give the realm of Egypt."

The Emperor of the World rose, and his kings prostrated themselves at his feet.

"Prepare yourselves," said he. "On the morning of the New Year we set out." When he had left the chamber a great hubbub broke out. Wealthy men who had been disappointed of kingdoms essayed to purchase them from their new monarchs. The bidding for the Ottoman empire was particularly high.

"Away! Flaunt not your money-bags!" cried Abraham Rubio, flown with newborn majesty. "Know ye not that this Smyrna is our capital city, and we would confiscate your gold to our royal exchequer? Josiah is king here." And he took his seat upon the throne vacated by Sabbatai. "Get ye gone, or the bastinado and the bowstring shall be your portion."

XVII.

Punctually with the dawn of the Millennial Year the Turkish Messiah, with his queen and his train of kings, took ship for Constantinople to dethrone the Grand Turk, the lord of Palestine. He voyaged in a two-masted Levantine saic, the bulk of his followers traveling overland. Though his object had been diplomatically unpublished, pompous messages from Samuel Primo had heralded his advent. The day of his arrival was fixed. Constantinople was in a ferment. The grand vizier gave secret orders for his arrest as a rebel; a band of chiaus was sent to meet the saic in the harbor. But the day came and went, and no Messiah; instead, thunders and lightnings and rain and gales and the news of wrecks. The wind was northerly, as common in the Hellespont and Propontis, and it seemed as if the saic must have been blown out of her course.

The Jews of Constantinople asked news of every vessel. The captain of a ketch from the Isles of Marmora told them that a chember had cast anchor at the isles,

and a tall man, clothed in white, who bestrode the deck, being apprised that the islanders were Christians, had raised his finger, whereupon the church burned down. When at last the Jews heard of the safety of Sabbatai's weather-beaten vessel, which had made for a point on the coast of the Dardanelles, they told how their master had ruled the waves and the winds by the mere reading of the one hundred and sixtieth to the hundred and eightieth Psalm. But the news of his safety was speedily followed by the news of his captivity; the vizier's officers were bringing him to Constantinople.

It was true; yet even his Mussulman captors had an awed sense of the majesty of their prisoner, for they stopped their journey at Cheknesé Kutschuk, near the capital, so that he might rest for the Sabbath; and hither, apprised in advance by messenger, the Sabbataians of Constantinople hastened with food and money. They still expected to see their sovereign arrive with pomp and pageantry, but he came up miserably on a sorry horse, chains clanking dismally at his feet. Yet was he in nowise dismayed. "I am like a woman in labor," said he to his body-guard of kings, "the redoubling of whose anguish marks the near deliverance. Ye should laugh merrily, like the rabbi in the Talmud when he saw the jackal running about the ruined walls of the temple; for till the prophecies are utterly fulfilled the glory cannot return;" and his face shone with conscious deity. He was placed in a khan with a strong guard, but his worshipers bought off his chains, and even made for him a kind of throne. On the Sunday his captors brought him, and him alone, to Constantinople. A vast gathering of Jews and Turks—a motley-colored medley—awaited him on the quay; mounted police rode about to keep a path for the disembarking officers and to prevent a riot. At length, amid clamor and tumult, Sabbatai set fettered foot on shore.

His sad, noble air, the beauty of his countenance, his invincible silence, set a circle of mystery around him. Even the Turks had a moment of awe. A man-god, surely!

The pasha had sent his subordinate with a guard to transfer him to the se-raglio. By them he was first hastily con-

ducted into the custom-house, the guard riding among and dispersing the crowd.

Sabbatai sat upon a chest as majestically as though it were the throne of Solomon.

But the sub-pasha shook off the oppressive emotion with which the sight of Sabbatai inspired him.

"Rise, traitor!" said he; "it is time that thou shouldst receive the reward of thy treason and gather the fruit of thy follies." And therewith he dealt Sabbatai a sounding box on the ear.

His myrmidons, relieved from the tension, exploded in a malicious guffaw.

Sabbatai looked at the brutal dignitary with sad, steady gaze, then silently turned the other cheek.

The sub-pasha recoiled with an uncanny feeling of the supernatural; the mockery of the bystanders was hushed.

Sabbatai was conducted by side ways, to avoid the mob, to the palace of the kaimakam, the deputy-vizier.

"Art thou the man," cried the kaimakam, "whom the Jews aver to have wrought miracles at Smyrna? Now is thy time to work one; for lo! thy treason shall cost thee dear."

"Miracles!" replied Sabbatai, meekly. "I!—what am I but a poor Jew, come to collect alms for my poor brethren in Jerusalem? The Jews of this great city persuade themselves that my blessing will bring them God's grace; they flock to welcome me. Can I stay them?"

"Thou art a seditious knave."

"An arrant impostor," put in the sub-pasha, "with the airs of a god. I thought to risk losing my arm when I cuffed him on the ear, but lo! 'tis stronger than ever." And he felt his muscle complacently.

"To jail with the rogue!" cried the kaimakam.

Sabbatai, his face and mien full of celestial conviction, was placed in the loathsome dungeon which served as a prison for Jewish debtors.

VIII.

For a day or so the Moslems made merry over the disconcerted Jews and their Messiah. The street-boys ran after the Sabbataians, shouting, "*Gheldi mi? Gheldi mi?*" (Is he coming? Is he com-

Drawn by Solomon J. Solomon.

"HALT!" HE CRIED, "HOW DARE YE PROFANE THE HOUSE OF GOD?"



ing?); the very bark of the street dogs sounded sardonic. But soon the tide turned. Sabbatai's prophetic retinue testified unshaken to their master—Messiah, because sufferer. Women and children were rapt in mystic visions, and miracles took place in the highways. Moses Surriel, who in fun had feigned to call up spirits, suddenly hearing strange singing and playing, fell into a foaming fury, and hollow prophecies issued from him, sublimely eloquent and inordinately rapid, so that on his recovery he went about, crying, "Repent! Repent! I was a mocker and a sinner. Repent! Repent!" The Moslem themselves began to waver. A Turkish dervish, clad in white, flowing robes, with a stick in his hand, preached on the street corners to his countrymen, proclaiming the Jewish Messiah. "Think ye," he cried, "that to wash your hands, stained with the blood of the poor and full of booty, or to bathe your feet which have walked in the way of unrighteousness, suffices to render you clean? Vain imagination! God has heard the prayers of the poor, whom ye despise! He will raise the humble and abash the proud." Bastinadoed in vain several times, he was at last brought before the *cadi*, who sent him to the "Timar-Hané," the mad-house. But the doctors testified that he was sound, and he was again haled before the *cadi*, who threatened him with death if he did not desist. "Kill me," said the dervish, pleadingly, "and you will deliver me from the spirits which possess me and drive me to prophesy." Impressed, the *cadi* dismissed him and would have laden him with silver, but the dervish refused and went his rhapsodical way. And in the heavens a comet flamed.

Soon Sabbatai had a large Turkish following. The Jews already in the debtors' dungeon hastened to give him the best place and made a rude throne for him. He became King of the Prison. Thousands surged round the gates daily to get a glimpse of him. The keeper of the prison did not fail to make his profit of their veneration, and instead of the five aspers which friends of prisoners had to pay for the privilege of a visit, he charged a crown, and grew rapidly rich. Some of the most esteemed Jews attended a whole day before Sabbatai in the Oriental postures of civility and service—eyes cast

down, bodies bending forward, and hands crossed on their breasts. Before these visitors, who came laden with gifts, Sabbatai maintained an equally sublime silence; sometimes he would point to the chapter of Genesis recounting how Joseph issued from his dungeon to become ruler of Egypt.

"How fares thy miserable prisoner?" casually inquired the *kaimakam* of his sub-pasha, one day.

"Miserable prisoner! sire," ejaculated the sub-pasha. "Nay, happy and glorious monarch! The prison is become a palace. Where formerly reigned perpetual darkness, incessant wax tapers burn; in what was a sewer of filth and dung, one breathes now only amber, musk, aloe-wood, otto of roses, and every perfume; where men perished of hunger, now obtains every luxury; the crumbs of Sabbatai's table suffice for all his fellow-prisoners.

The deputy-vizier was troubled and cast about for what to do.

Meantime the fame of Sabbatai grew. It was said that every night a light appeared over his head, sometimes in stars, sometimes as an olive bough. Some English merchants at Galata visited him to complain of their Jewish debtors at Constantinople, who had ceased to traffic and would not discharge their liabilities. Sabbatai took up his quill and wrote:

"To you the nation of Jews, who expect the appearance of the Messiah and the salvation of Israel, peace without end: Whereas, we are informed that ye are indebted to several of the English nation, it seemeth right unto us to order you to make satisfaction to these your just debts, which if you refuse to do, and not obey us herein, know ye that then ye are not to enter with us into our joys and dominions."

The debts were instantly paid, and the glory of the occupant of the debtors' prison waxed greater still. The story of his incarceration and of the homage paid him, even by Mussulmans, spread through the world. What! the Porte—so prompt to slay, the maxim of whose polity was to have the prince served by men he could raise without envy and destroy without danger; the Turk—ever ready with the cord and the sack, the sword and

the bastinado—dared not put to death a rebel, the vaunted dethroner of the Sultan! A miracle and a Messiah indeed!

XIX.

But the kaimakam was embarking for the war with Crete; in his absence he feared to leave Sabbatai at the capital. The prisoner was therefore transferred to the abode of state prisoners, the Castle of the Dardanelles at Abydos, with orders that he was to be closely confined, and never to go outside the gates. But, under the spell of some strange respect, or in the desire to have a hold upon them, too, the kaimakam allowed his retinue of kings to accompany him, likewise his amanuensis, Samuel Primo, and his consort, Melisselda.

The news of his removal to better quarters did not fail to confirm the faith of the Sabbataians. It was reported, moreover, that the janizaries sent to take him fell dead at a word from his mouth, and being desired to revive them, he consented, except in the case of some who, he said, were not true Turks. Then he went of his own accord to the castle, and the shackles they laid on his feet fell from him, converted into gold, with which he gratified his true and faithful believers, and, in spite of steel bars and iron locks, he was seen to walk through the streets with a numerous attendance. Nor did the Sabbataians fail to find mystic significance in the fact that their Messiah arrived at his new prison on the eve of Passover—of the anniversary of freedom.

Sabbatai at once proceeded to kill the Paschal lamb for himself and his followers, and eating thereof with the fat, in defiance of Talmudic law, he exclaimed: "Blessed be God, who hath restored that which was forbidden."

To the Tower of Strength, as the Sabbataians called the castle at Abydos where the Messiah held his court, streamed treasure-laden pilgrims from Poland, Germany, Italy, Vienna, Amsterdam, Cairo, Morocco, thinking by the pious journey to become worthy of seeing his face; and Sabbatai gave them his benediction and promised them increase of their stores and enlargement of their possessions in the Holy Land. The ships were overburdened with passengers; freights rose.

The natives grew rich by accommodating the pilgrims—the castellan (interpreting liberally the kaimakam's instructions to mean that, though the prisoner might not go out visitors might come in) by charging them fifteen to thirty marks for admission to the royal precincts. A shower of gold poured into Abydos. Jew, Moslem, Christian—the whole world wondered and half of it believed. The beauty and gaiety of Melisselda witched the stubbornest skeptics. Men's thoughts turned to the Tower of Strength from the far ends of the world. Never before in human history had the news of a Messiah traveled so widely in his own lifetime. To console those who could not make the pilgrimage to him or to Jerusalem, Sabbatai promised equal indulgence and privilege to all who should pray at the tombs of their mothers. His initials S. Z. were ornamentally inscribed in letters of gold over almost every synagogue, with a crown on the wall, in the circle of which was the ninety-first Psalm, and a prayer for him was inserted in the liturgy: "Bless our Lord and King, the holy and righteous Sabbatai Zevi, the Messiah of the God of Jacob."

The Ghettos began to break up. Work and business dwindled even for the most skeptical. In Hungary the Jews began to demolish their houses. The great commercial centers, which owed their vitality to the Jews, were paralyzed. The very Protestants wavered in their Christianity. Amsterdam, under the infection of Jewish enthusiasm, effervesced with joy. At Hamburg, despite the epistolary ironies of Jacob Sasportas, the rare "Kofrim," or Anti-Sabbataians, were forced by order of Bendito de Castro to say "Amen" to the Messianic prayer. At Livorne (Leghorn) commerce dried up. At Venice there were riots, and the "Kofrim" were threatened with death. In Moravia the governor had to interfere to calm the tumult. At Salee, in Algeria, the Jews so openly displayed their conviction of their coming dominance, that the Emir decreed a persecution of them. At Smyrna, on the other hand, a "Chacham" who protested to the *cadi* against the vagaries of his brethren was, by the power of their longer purse, shaved of his beard and condemned to the galleys.

Three months of princely wealth and homage for Sabbatai had passed. In response to the joyous inspiration of Melisselda he had abandoned all his ascetic habits and lived the life of a king, ruling a world never again to be darkened with sin and misery. The wine sparkled and flowed, the choicest dishes adorned the banqueting table, flowers and delicate odors made grateful the air, and the beautiful maidens of Israel danced voluptuously before him, shooting out passionate glances from under their long eyelashes. The fast of the Seventeenth of Tamuz came round. Sabbatai abolished it, proclaiming that on that day the conviction that he was the Messiah had been borne in upon him. The Ninth of Ab—the day of his nativity—was again turned from a fast to a festival, the royal edict, promulgated throughout the world, quoting the exhortations of Zephaniah: "Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for lo! I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord." Detailed prescriptions as to the order of the services and the psalmody accompanied the edict.

And in this supreme day of jubilation and merrymaking, of majesty and splendor, crowned with the homage and benison of his race, deputations of which came from all climes and soils to do honor to his nativity, the glory of Sabbatai culminated.

Here endeth the Second Scroll.

SCROLL THE THIRD.

XX.

In the hour of his triumph, two Poles, who had made the pious pilgrimage, told him of a new prophet who had appeared in far-off Lemberg, one Nehemiah Cohen, who announced the advent of the kingdom, but not through Sabbatai Zevi.

That night, when his queen and his courtiers were sleeping, Sabbatai wrestled sore with himself in his lonely audience-chamber. The specter of self-doubt—long laid to rest by music and pageantry—was raised afresh by this new and unexpected development. It was a rude reminder that this pompous and voluptuous existence was, after all, premature, and that the Kingdom had yet to be won.

"O my Father in Heaven!" he

prayed, falling upon his face. "Thou hast not deceived me. Tell me that this prophet is false, I beseech thee, and that it is through me that Thy kingdom is to be established on earth. I await the miracle. The days of the great year are nigh gone, and lo! I languish here in mock majesty. A sign! a sign!"

"Sabbatai!" A ravishing voice called his name. He looked up. Melisselda stood in the doorway, come from her chamber as lightly clad as on that far-off morning in the cemetery.

There was a strange, rapt expression in her face, and, looking closer, he saw that her laughing eyes were veiled in sleep.

"It is a sign," he muttered, in awe.

He sprang to his feet and took her white hand, that burned his own, and she led him back to her chamber, walking unerringly.

"It is the sign," he murmured; "the sign that Melisselda hath truly led me to the Kingdom of Joy."

But in the morning he awoke, still troubled. The meaning of the sign seemed less clear than in the silence of the night; the figure of the new prophet loomed ominous.

When the Poles went back they bore with them a royal letter promising the Polish Jews vengeance on the Cossacks and commanding Nehemiah to come to the Messiah with all speed.

The way was long, but by the beginning of September Nehemiah arrived in Abydos. He was immediately received in private audience. He bore himself independently.

"Peace to thee, Sabbatai."

"Peace to thee, Nehemiah. I desired to have speech with thee. Men say thou deniest me."

"That do I. How should Messiah—Messiah of the house of David—appear and not his forerunner, Messiah of the house of Ephraim, as our holy books foretell?" Sabbatai answered that Ben Ephraim had already appeared, but he could not convince Nehemiah, who proved highly learned in the Hebrew, the Syriac and the Chaldean, and argued point by point and text by text. The first Messiah was to be a preacher of the law—poor, despised, a servant of the second. Where was he to be found?

Three days they argued, but Nehemiah

still went about repeating his rival prophecies. The more zealous of the Sabbataians, angry at the pertinacious and pugnacious casuist, would have done him a mischief, but the prophet of Lemberg thought it prudent to escape to Adrianople. Here, in revenge, he sought audience with the kaimakam.

"Treason, O Mustapha," he announced.

He betrayed the fantastic designs upon the Sultan's crown, still cherished by Sabbatai and known to all but the Divan; the castellan of Abydos, for the sake of his own pocket, having made no report of the extraordinary doings at the castle.

Nehemiah denounced Sabbatai as a lewd person who endeavored to debauch the minds of the Jews and divert them from their honest course of livelihood and obedience to the Grand Seigneur. And, having thus avenged himself, the prophet of Lemberg became a Mohammedan.

A chiaus was at once despatched to the Sultan and there was held a council. The problem was grave. To execute Sabbatai—beloved as he was by Jew and Turk alike—would be but to perpetuate the new sect. The Mufti Vanni, a priestly enthusiast, proposed that they should induce him to follow in the footsteps of Nehemiah and come over to Islam. The suggestion seemed not only shrewd, but tending to the greater glory of Mohammed, the one true Prophet. An aga set out forthwith for Abydos. And so one fine day, when the Castle of the Dardanelles was besieged by worshipers, when the Tower of Strength was gay with brightly clad kings and filled with pleasant plants and odors and the blended melodies of instruments and voices, a body of mustachioed janizaries flashed upon the scene, dispersing the crowd with their long wands. They seized the Messiah and his queen and brought them to Adrianople.

XXI.

The hakim bashi, the Sultan's physician, who, as a Jew-Turk himself, was thought to be the fittest to approach Sabbatai, laid the decision of the Grand Seigneur before him on the evening of his arrival at Adrianople. The released prisoner was lodged with mocking splendor in a commodious apartment in the palace, overlooking the river, and lay

upon a luxurious divan, puffing at a chibouque with pretended calm.

"What reverences is it customary to make to the Grand Seigneur?" he asked, with affected nonchalance, when the first salutations with the physician had been exchanged. "I would not be wanting in the forms when I appear before his exalted majesty."

"An end to the farce, Sabbatai Zevi!" said the hakim bashi sternly. "The Sultan demands of thee not posturings but a miracle."

"Have not miracles enough been witnessed?" asked Sabbatai, in a low tone.

"Too many," returned the Jew drily.

"Yet if thou wouldst save thy life there needs another."

"What miracle?"

"That thou turn Turk!" and a faint smile played about the physician's lips.

There was a long silence. Sabbatai's own lips twitched, but not with humor. The regal radiance of Abydos had died out of his face, but its sadness was rather of misery than the fine melancholy of yore.

"And if I refuse this miracle?"

"Thou must give us a substitute. The Mufti Vanni orders that thou be stripped naked and set as a mark for the archers; if thy flesh and skin are proof like armor we shall recognize thee as the Messiah indeed, and the person designed by Allah for the dominions and greatness to which thou dost pretend."

"And if I refuse this miracle too?"

"Then the stake waits at the gate of the seraglio to compel thee," thundered the hakim bashi. "Thou shalt die with tortures. The mercy of decapitation shall be denied thee, for thou knowest well Mohammedans will not pollute their swords with the blood of a Jew. Be advised by me, Sabbatai," he continued, lowering his tone. "Become one of us. After all, the Moslem are but the posterity of Hagar. Mohammed is but the successor of Moses. We recognize the One God who rules the heavens and the earth; we eat not swine-flesh. Thou canst Messiah it in a white turban as well as in a black," he ended, jocosely.

Sabbatai winced. "Renegade!" he muttered.

"Ay, and an excellent exchange," quoth the physician. "The Sultan is a generous paymaster—may his shadow

never grow less. He giveth thee till the morn to decide—Turk or martyr? With burning torches attached to thy limbs thou art to be whipped through the streets with fiery scourges, in the sight of the people—such is the Sultan's decree. He is a generous paymaster. After all, what need we pretend—between ourselves, two Jews, eh?" And he winked drolly. "The sun greets Mohammed every morn, say these Turks. Let to-morrow's greet another Mohammedan."

Sabbatai sprang up with an acquisition of majesty.

"Dog of an unbeliever! Get thee gone!"

"Till to-morrow. The Sultan will give thee audience to-morrow," said the hakim bashi imperturbably, and, making a mock respectful salutation, he withdrew from the apartment.

Melisselda had been dosing in an inner chamber after the fatigue of the journey, but the concluding thunders of the dialogue had aroused her, and she heard the physician's farewell words. She now parted the hangings and looked through at Sabbatai, her loveliness half-framed, half-hidden, by the tapestry. Her face was wreathed in a heavenly smile.

"Sabbatai!" she breathed.

He turned a frowning gaze upon her. "Thou art merry!" he said, bitterly.

"Is not the hour come?" she cried, joyously.

"Yea, the hour is come," he murmured.

"The hour of thy final trial and triumph! The longed-for hour of thy appearance before the Sultan, when thou wilt take the crown from his head and place it on—"

Instead of completing the sentence, she ran to take his head to her bosom. But he repulsed her embracing arms. She drew back in consternation. It was the first time she had known him rough, not only with her but with any creature.

"Leave me! Leave me!" he cried, huskily.

"Nay, thou needest me." And her forgiving arms spread toward him in fresh tenderness.

He looked at her without moving to meet them.

"Ay, I need thee," he said, pathetically; "therefore," and his voice rose firm again, "leave me to myself."

"Thou hast become a stranger," she said. "I do not understand thee."

"Would thou hadst ever been a stranger; that I had never understood thee."

"Sabbatai, thou ravest."

"I have come to my senses. Oh, my God! my God!" and he fell a-weeping on the divan.

Melisselda's alarm grew greater.

"Rouse thyself, they will hear thee."

"Let them hear. God hears me not."

"Hears thee not? Thou art He!"

"I, God!" He laughed bitterly. "Thou believest that! Thou who knowest me Man."

"I know thee all divine. I have worshiped thee in joy. Art thou not Messiah?"

"Messiah! Who cannot save myself!"

"Who can hurt thee? Who hath ever hurt thee from thy youth up? The angels watch over thy footsteps. Is not thy life one long miracle?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "All this year I have awaited the miracle—all those weary months in the dungeon of Constantinople, in the Castle of Abydos—but what sure voice hath spoken? To-morrow I shall be disemboweled, lashed with fiery scourges. Who knows what these dogs may do?"

"Hush! hush!"

"Ah, thou fearest for me!" he cried, in perverse triumph. "Thou knowest I am but mortal man!"

The roses of her beautiful cheek had faded, but she spoke unflinchingly.

"Nay, I believe in thee still. I followed thee to thy prison, unwitting it would turn into a palace. I follow thee to thy torture to-morrow, trusting it will be the crowning miracle, and the fiery scourges turn into angels' feathers. It is the word of Zechariah fulfilled: 'In that day will I make the governors of Judah like an hearth of fire among the wood and like a torch of fire in a sheaf.'"

His eyes grew humid as he looked at her. "Yea, Melisselda, thou hast been true and of good courage. And now, when I am alone, when the shouts of the faithful have died away, when the King of the World lies here alone in darkness and ashes, thou hast faith still?"

"Ay, I believe. 'Tis but a trial, the final trial of my faith."

She smiled at him confidently; hope quickened within him. "If this were but a trial, the final trial of *my* faith!" he murmured. "But no—ere that white strip of moon rises again in the heavens I shall be a mangled corpse, the feast of wolves, unless—I have prayed for a sign—oh, how I have prayed; and now—ah, see! a star is falling. Oh, my God, that this should be the end of my long martyrdom! But the punishment of my arrogance is greater than I can bear. God, God, why didst Thou send me those divine-seeming whispers, those long, long thoughts that thrilled my soul? Why didst Thou show me the sin of Israel and the suffering, the sorrow and evil of the world, inspiring me to redeem and regenerate? His breast swelled with hysteric sobs.

"My Sabbatai!" Melisselda's warm arms were round him. He threw her off with violence. "Back, back!" he cried. "I understand the sign; I understand at last. 'Tis through thee that I have forfeited the divine grace."

"Through me?" she faltered.

"Yea; thy lips have wooed mine away from prayer, thine arms have drawn me down from the steeps of righteousness. Thou hast made me unfaithful to my bride, the Law. For nigh forty years I have lived hard and lonely, steeped my body in ice and snow, lashed myself—ay, lashed myself; I, who now fear the lash—till the blood ran from a dozen wounds; and now—oh, God! oh, God! Woman, thou hast polluted me! I have lost the divine spirit. It hath gone out from me; it will incarnate itself in another, in a nobler. Once I was Messiah; now I am Man!"

"I! I took from thee the divine spirit?"

She looked at him in all the flush of her beauty, grown insolent again.

He sprang up, he fell upon her breast, he kissed her lips madly.

"Nay, nay, thou hast shown it me. Love! love! 'tis love that breathes through all things, that lifts the burden of life. But for thee I should have passed away, unknowing the glory of manhood. I am a man, a man rejoicing in his strength. Oh, my starved youth! Why did I not behold thee earlier?" Tears of self-pity rolled down his ashen cheek. "Oh, my love, my love! my lost youth! Give me back my youth, O God! Who am I, to

save? A man; yea, a man, glorying in manhood. Ah, happy are they who lead the common fate of men, happy in love, in home, in children. Woe for those who would climb, who would torture and deny themselves, who would save humanity! From what? If they have love, have they not all? It is God; it is the Kingdom, it is the Kingdom. Come, let us live—I a man, thou a woman!"

"But a Mussulman!"

"What imports? God is everywhere. Was not our Maimonides—he at whose tomb we worship at Tiberias—himself once a Mussulman? Did he not say that if it be to save our lives naught is forbidden?"

He moved to take her in his arms, but this time it was she who drew back. Her eyes flashed.

"Nay; as a man I love thee not. Thou art divine or naught; God or impostor!"

"Melisselda!"

She ignored his stricken cry. "Nay, this ordeal hath endured long enough," she replied sternly. "Confess; confess I have been proof."

"I am neither God nor impostor," he said brokenly. "Ah, say not that thou canst not love me as a man. When thou didst first come to bless my life I had not yet declared myself Messiah."

Who knows what I thought then? A wild girl, crazed by the convent, by the blood shed before my childish eyes, I came to thee full of lawless passions and fantastic dreams. But as I lived with thee, as I saw the beauty of thy thought, thy large compassion, the purity of thy life amid temptations that made me jealous as a woman of Damascus, then I knew thee a god indeed."

"Nay, when I knew thee I knew myself man. But as our followers grew, as faith and fortune trod in my footsteps, my blasphemous dream revived. I believed in thy vision of the Kingdom. When I divided the world I thought myself Messiah indeed. But as I sat on my throne at Abydos, with worshippers from the world's end kissing my feet, a hollow doubt came over me, a sense of dream, and hollow voices ever echoed in my ear, asking, 'Art thou Messiah? Art thou Messiah?' I strove to drown them in the festive song; but in the stillness of the night, when thou wast sleeping at

my side, the voices came back, and they cried mockingly, 'Man! man! man!' And when Nehemiah came——"

"Man!" interrupted Melisselda impatiently; "cease to cozen me. Have I not known men—ay, who more?—their weaknesses, their vanities, their lewdnesses? Enough! to-morrow thou shalt assert the God."

He threw himself back on the divan and sighed wearily. "Leave me, Melisselda; go to thy rest. To-night I must keep vigil alone. Perchance it is my last night on earth."

Her countenance lit up. "Yea, to-morrow comes the Kingdom of Heaven." And, smiling ineffable trust, she stooped down and lightly kissed his hair, then glided from the room.

In his sleepless brain and racked soul went on, through that unending night, the terrible tragedy of doubt, tempered by spells of spasmodic prayer. A God or a Man? A Messiah undergoing his Father's last temptation, or a martyr on the eve of horrible death? And if the victim of a monstrous self-delusion, what mattered whether one lived out one's years of shame as Jew or Mussulman? Nobler, perhaps, to die and live as a heroic memory—but then to leave Melisselda; to leave her warm breast and the sunlight and the green earth, and all that beauty of the world and of human life to which his eyes had been unsealed after a lifetime of self-torturing blindness! "O God! O God!" he cried aloud; "wherefore hast thou mocked and abandoned me?"

XXII.

Early in the forenoon the light touch of a loved hand upon his shoulder roused him from deeps of reverie.

He uplifted a white, haggard face. Melisselda stood before him in all her dazling freshness, like a radiant spirit come to chase the demons of the night. The ancient Spanish song came into his mind, and the sweet, sad melody vibrated in his soul:

From her bath she arose,
Pure and white as the snows,
Melisselda;
Coral only at lips
And at sweet finger tips,
Melisselda.

His eyes filled with tears—the divine dreams of youth stirred within him.

"Is it peace with thee?" she asked, softly.

His head dropped again on his breast.

"From the casement I saw the sun rise over the Maritza," he said, "kindling the sullen waters; but my faith is still gray and dead. Nay, rather there came into my mind the sublime poem of Moses Ibn Ezra of Granada: 'Thy days are delusive dreams and thy life as yon cloud of morning; whilst it tarries over thy tabernacle thou mayest remain therein, but at its ascent thou art dissolved and removed unto a place unknown to thee.' This is the end, Melisselda, the end of my great delusion. What am I but a man, with a man's pains and errors and self-deceptions, a man's life that blooms but once as a rose, and fades while the thorn endures?"

The ineffable melancholy of his accents subdued her to silence; for the moment the music of his voice, his sad, brooding eyes, the infinite despair of his attitude, swayed her to a mood akin to his own.

"Verily it was for me," he went on, "that the Sephardic poet sang: 'Reflect on the labor thou didst undergo under the sun, night and day, without intermission; labor which thou knowest well to be without profit; for verily, in these many years thou hast walked after vanity and become vain. Thou wast a keeper of vineyards, but thine own vineyard thou hast not kept; whilst the eyes of the Eternal run to and fro to see if the vine hath flourished, whether the tender grapes appear. And lo! all was grown over with thorns; nettles had covered the face thereof. Thou hast grown old and gray; thou hast strayed but not returned.' Yea, I have strayed, but is the gate closed for return? To be a man, only a man—how great that is!"

His voice died away, and with it the sweet, soothing spell.

Fire glowed in Melisselda's breast, heaving her bosom, shooting sparks from her eyes.

"Nay, if thou art only a man, thou art not even a man. My love is dead."

As he shrank beneath her contempt, another stanza of his ancient song sang itself involuntarily in his brain. Never had he seen her thus.

In the pride of her race,
As a sword shone her face,
Melisselda;
And her lids were steel bows,
But her mouth was a rose,
Melisselda.

But her mouth was a rose. Ah, God, the pity of it, to leave the rose for a crown of thorns!

"Melisselda!" he cried, with a sob, "have pity on me."

The door opened; two of the imperial guards appeared.

"Thou slayest me," he said in Hebrew.

"I worship thee," she answered him in the same sacred tongue. Her face took on its old confident smile.

"But I am a man."

Once again her lids were steel bows.

"Then die like a man! Thinkest thou I would share thy humiliation? If I am to be a Moslem's bride, let me be the Sultan's. If I am not to share the Messiah's throne, let me share an emperor's. Thy Spanish song made me an emperor's daughter; I will be an emperor's consort." And she laughed wantonly.

The guards advanced timidly, with visible awe. Melisselda's swiftly flashing face changed suddenly. She drew him to her breast.

"My king!" she murmured. "'Twas cruel to tempt my faith thus." Then releasing him, she cried, "Go to thy Kingdom."

He drew himself up; the fire in her eyes flashed into his own.

"The Sultan summons thee," said one of the guards reverently.

"I am ready," he said, calmly adjusting the folds of his black mantle.

Melisselda was left alone. The slow moments wore on, tense and terrible. Little by little the radiant faith died out of her face. Half an hour went by, and cold serpents of doubt began to coil about her own heart.

What if Sabbatai were only a man after all! With frenzied rapidity she reviewed the past; now she glowed with effulgent assurances of his divinity, the homage of this people, the awe of Turk and Christian, rabbis and sages at his feet, the rich and the great struggling to kiss his fan, the treasures poured into his unwilling palms; now she shivered with hideous suggestions and remembrances of frailty and moral ineptitude. And as her faith

faltered, as the exaltation with which she had inspired him ebbed away, alarm for his safety began to creep into her soul, till at last it was as a flood sweeping her in his traces. And the more her fears swelled the more she realized how much she had grown to love him, with his sad, dark, smooth-skinned beauty, the soft, almost magnetic touch of his hand. Messiah or Man, she loved him. He was right. What if she had sent him to his death!

A cold, sick horror crept about her limbs. Perhaps he had dared to put his divinity to the test, and the ribald Turk was even now gloating over the screams of the wretched, self-deluded man. Oh, fool that she had been to drive him to the stake and fiery scourge. If divine, then to turn Turk were part of the plan of salvation; if human, he would at least be spared an agonized death. The bloody visions of her childhood came back to her, fire coursed in her fevered veins. She snatched up a mantilla and threw it over her shoulders, then dashed from the chamber. Her houri-like beauty in that palace of hidden moon-faces, her breathless explanation that the Sultan had summoned her to join her husband, carried her past breathless guards, through door after door, past the black eunuchs of the seraglio and the white eunuchs of the royal apartment, till through the interstices of purple hangings she had a far-off glimpse of the despot in his great imperial turban, sitting on his high, narrow throne, his officers around him. A page stopped her rudely. Faintness overcame her.

"Mehmed Effendi!" he called.

Dizzy, her tongue scarcely under control, she tried to proffer to the tall doorkeeper who parted the hangings her request for admission. But he held out his arms to catch her swaying form, and then, as in some monstrous dream, something familiar seemed to waft from the figure, despite the white turban and the green mantle, and the next instant, as with the pain of a stab, she recognized Sabbatai.

"What masquerade is this?" her white lips whispered in indignant revulsion as she struggled from his hold.

"My lord, the Sultan, hath made me his doorkeeper. *Capigi Bashi Otorak*," he replied deprecatingly. "He is merciful and forgiving. May Allah exalt his dominion. The salary is large; he is a

generous paymaster. I testify that there is no God but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's Prophet." He caught the swooning Melisselda in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

XXIII.

News traveled slowly in those days. A week later, while Agi Mehmed Effendi and his wife Fauma Kadin (born Sarah, and still called Melisselda by her adoring husband, the Sultan's doorkeeper) were receiving instruction in the Moslem religion from the exultant Mufti Vanni, a great synod of Jews—rabbis and scholars and professors of colleges—swept to Amsterdam by the mighty wave of faith and joy, were drawing up a letter of homage to the Messiah. And while the Grand Seignior was meditating the annihilation of all the Jews of the Ottoman empire for their rebellious projects, with the forced conversion of the orphaned children to Islam, the Jews of the world were celebrating—for what they thought the last time—the Day of Atonement; and five times during that long fast-day did the weeping worshipers, rocking to and fro in their grave-clothes, passionately pronounce

the blessing over Sabbatai Zevi, the Messiah of Israel.

Nor did the fame and memory of him perish for generations, nor the dreamers of the Jewry cease to cherish the faith in him, many following him in adopting the white turban of Islam.

But by what ingenious cabalistic sophistries, by what yearning fantasies—fit to make the angels weep—his unhappy followers, obstinate not to lose the great white hope that had come to illumine the gloom of the Jewries, explained away his defection; what sects and counter-sects his apostasy gave birth to, and what new prophets arose—a guitar-playing gallant of Madrid, a tobacco dealer of Pignerol, a blue-blooded Christian millionaire of Copenhagen—to nourish that great pathetic hope (which still lives on), long after Sabbatai himself, after who knows what new spasms of self-mystification and hypocrisy, what renewed aspirations after his old greatness and his early righteousness, what fresh torment of soul and body, died on the Day of Atonement, a lonely, white-haired exile in a little Albanian town, where no brother Jew dwelt to close his eyelids or breathe undying homage into his dying ears! Is it not written in the chronicles of the Ghetto?

HERE ENDETH THE THIRD AND LAST SCROLL.

SWEET PEAS.

BY MARY NICHOLENA MCCORD.

LIKE tiny boats at anchor in still air,
With rope, and spar, and set sail gleaming fair,
They lie moored close by tendril cordage slim,
And freighted with sweet odors to the brim.

Sudden and swift upsprings the summer gale;
They strain and struggle, but of no avail.
Fast are they anchored, though they fain would be
All freely sailing o'er the airy sea.

Now comes my lady in her dainty dress,
And plucks them gently, with a soft caress.
No longer are they ships that would be free,
But fairest flowers in glad captivity.



BY JOHN B. WALKER, JR.

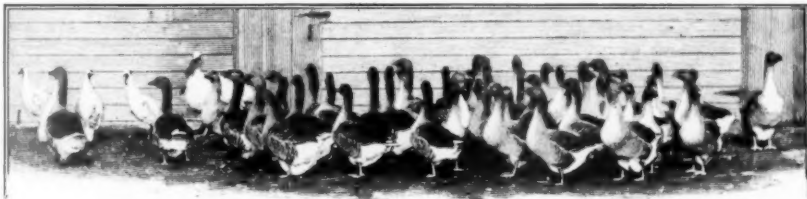
AS the problem of living becomes more complicated from the competition resulting from increasing population, attention is being given to many industries which in former times were held as of little consequence. How to live comfortably off the product of twenty acres is an interesting question to the man or woman who seeks escape from the confinement of the town or city; and one direction, which is attracting not a few, is poultry-farming.

Within eight or ten years we have turned our attention to a bit of ancient Egyptian practice, and, in the Yankee-devised incubator, have invented an improvement upon its prototype, which flourished so many centuries ago by the banks of the Nile. This substitute of brains operating mechanical apparatus in place of the live hen is rapidly counting up a large item to the credit of the coun-

try, and promises before long to do away with the importation of some twelve millions of eggs brought into the United States last year from Canada and from far-away China, to say nothing of chickens, ducks and turkeys.

The incubator makes available the most barren pieces of ground and opens up a light and interesting occupation for the invalid or for him or her who would find independence and a comfortable living, away from the city's turmoil, without any large investment of capital. The many large poultry farms which have sprung up of late years are the direct results of the advances made toward the perfection of the incubator and brooder; for although many incubators were on the market prior to 1887, they were comparatively valueless for commercial operation.

We are accustomed to thinking of the



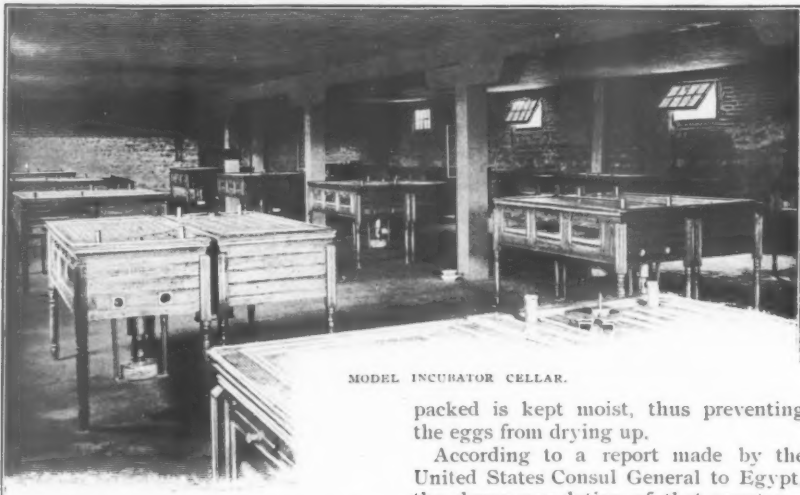
By courtesy of Charles F. Newman.

TOULOUSE GEESE.

incubator as peculiarly the product of modern scientific skill; but it is quite certain that the hatching of chickens by artificial means was practised in Egypt for two thousand years or more. Mr. Charles A. Cyphers, who is one of the foremost authorities on artificial incubation, in his work on "Incubation and Its Natural Laws," says that though Egyptian tradition attributes the art of arti-

of hem. And so men don there bothe wyntre and somer."

Charles VIII. of France in 1496 had a large incubator erected under his personal supervision; and artificial hatching is practised in China, where the eggs are placed on copper trays and are then covered with sand, the copper being heated by lamps. For the last ten days of the hatch the sand in which the eggs are



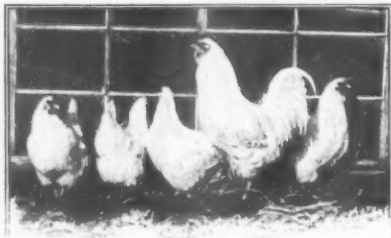
MODEL INCUBATOR CELLAR.

cially hatching hen's eggs to the priests of the temple of Isis, it is difficult to determine at what period or to what nation the construction of the first ecaliobion should be credited. Pliny and Aristotle both give accounts of egg-hatcheries; and of the Empress Livia it was said that she hatched an egg by carrying it in her bosom.

Sir John Maunderville, in his book of travels, written prior to 1356, describes an artificial hatchery as follows: "And there is a common hows in that cytee that is fulle of smale furnes; and thidre bryngen wommen of the toun here eyren (eggs) of hennes, of gees, and of dokes, for to ben put in to the furnes. And thei that kepen that hows covern hem with hete of hors dong, and outen henne, goos or doke or any other foul; and at the ende of three weeks or a monethe, thei comen agen and taken here chickens and norissche hem and bryngen hem forth, so that alle the contre is fulle

packed is kept moist, thus preventing the eggs from drying up.

According to a report made by the United States Consul General to Egypt, the dense population of that country—about one hundred persons for every square mile—makes it possible to run successfully large incubators holding from ten thousand to six hundred thousand eggs each. It was estimated at the beginning of the last century that there were then some two hundred and ninety-six of these incubators, each one of which had an allotted territory embracing all towns and farms within a radius of five miles, and giving to each incubator about



By courtesy of I. K. Felch.

WHITE WYANDOTTES.

ten thousand persons to be supplied with chickens. So long has the Egyptian hen been deprived of the labor of hatching her young, that she seems to have forgotten the knack, and is quite content to leave it entirely to man. The management of these incubators is an important profession whose secrets are most carefully guarded and handed down from father to son. The hatching season lasts but three months each year, the rest of the time the heat being too great to allow of successful incubation.

As the time of hatching approaches, agents are sent out in all directions to notify the villages that on a given day there will be a sale of the chickens hatched. When the hour arrives the people living in the vicinity of the hatchery attend the sale in person. Those at a distance are supplied by dealers, who take the chicks in wicker baskets thrown over the backs of donkeys, each basket holding about a thousand chickens. Upon their arrival in the village the young chickens are turned over to the women to be cared for, being placed in baskets, which are carefully removed to the house at nightfall, during the first five days. Later on they are placed in ovens built



By courtesy of J. K. Feldt.

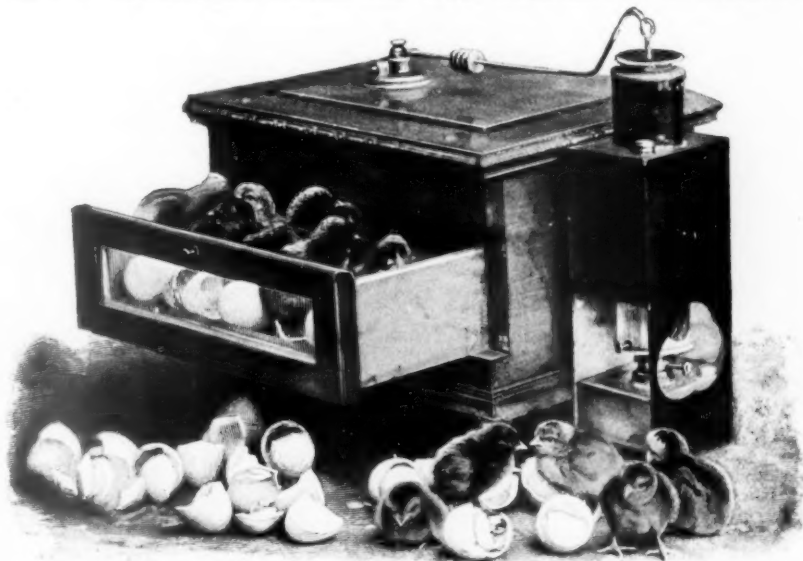
PLYMOUTH ROCK HEN AND CHICKS.

of sun-dried bricks. At the age of about two months the chickens are plucked clean and

greased with goose-fat, the experience indicating that the chickens thus treated are hardier, their flesh tenderer and the growth more rapid than if the feathers are retained. But it must be remembered that Egypt is a very warm country.

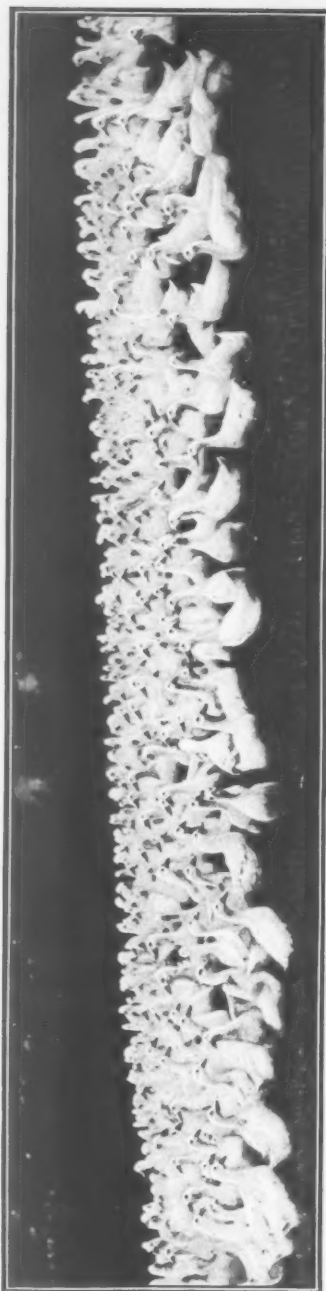
The ovens are heated to the proper temperature with the greatest care and, while the preparations are going on, word is sent notifying the farmers to send in their eggs. The incubators are conducted somewhat after the fashion of our American wheat-elevator business. On the day appointed the eggs arrive in their crates, each crate containing about one thousand eggs, for which the countryman receives about five dollars. But he has the privilege of afterward buying the chicks for one dollar and seventy cents per hundred.

In some places cow-dung is used to supply the heat to raise the ovens to a proper temperature for the reception of



By courtesy of George H. Stahl.

"A WOODEN HEN"



FLOCK OF LAYING DUCKS HATCHED BY INCUBATORS.

By courtesy of Charles F. Newman.

the eggs; but the heat is subsequently maintained by mixing goat-dung with straw. Some fuel is also placed in trenches which surround the eggs, and lighted in one or more places, according to the heat required. The attendants aim to keep the temperature slightly greater than the heat of their bodies, thermometers not being used.

The floors of the ovens are covered with dried leaves and the eggs are placed upon them so that they will not turn over. At the end of the first week the eggs are moved, and twice each day for the remainder of the hatch they are half revolved. When the eggs have been in the incubator for about a week, the attendant begins his examination by holding them up to a strong light. Those eggs which show clear he throws to one side, those which appear clouded being the hopeful ones.

So expert do the men in charge become, and so delicate is their touch, that they can tell at once whether or not the egg is alive. After the chickens are hatched they are left from thirty-six to forty-eight hours to dry. The incubators are then filled with fresh eggs, and another hatch is begun. On several occasions these professionals have been brought to France and England, and incubators erected under their personal supervision; but, for some unaccountable reason, they proved failures.

The American inventor has greatly simplified Egyptian practice. The incubators on the market to-day do not require the care of an expert of long standing. There are two classes of apparatus—one heated by hot water, the other by hot air. Some are regulated by thermostatic bars made of brass, iron, rubber and aluminum; others by alcohol, ether, electricity and the expansion of water. The eggs are placed in trays and the trays put in the incubators directly under the tank that supplies the heat to the egg-chamber—the incubators being built double-walled and the air space packed with asbestos to prevent the sudden changes of temperature from affecting the egg-chamber. In size the smaller incubators range from twenty-five to six hundred eggs capacity, and can be operated the year round, although the results are less successful during the hot summer months than in the spring or fall, or even in the winter.

On the larger poultry farms the incubators have an underground room specially constructed to secure the eggs from sudden changes of temperature. Twenty-one days are required for eggs to hatch, and the temperature is maintained at one hundred and three degrees—although a change of three degrees in either



ATLANTIC DUCK FARM, SPEONK, L. I.—SHOWING ELEVATED RAILWAY FOR CAR USED IN CARRYING FEED.

direction will not seriously affect the result. After hatching, the chickens are left from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in the incubators to dry, and are then transferred to brooders—which may be made to hold from one hundred to three thousand chickens.

On some of the model farms the brooders are constructed in long, narrow houses—perhaps three hundred feet in length by about fourteen in width—and are heated by hot water, the chickens being retained in the brooder until ten weeks old.

There are poultry plants that, if kept steadily at work and every egg put in the incubators were hatched, would be able to turn out three hundred thousand chickens each year, and there have recently been built some large incubators with a capacity of sixty thousand hen eggs, which would give a capacity of more than half a million a year. The operation of the incubator is the simplest part of the raising of chickens.

The chickens are easily hatched; but it requires the closest watching and much experience to bring them to a marketable age. The incubator does not merely do away with the hen as a hatcher but supplies a demand for broilers at a time of the year when it would be impossible to persuade the hen to set, and is of unlimited capacity, economically considered. Where formerly we were able to hatch

one chicken, we can to-day hatch one thousand.

Turning to the problem of real estate area required, it is estimated that, where chickens are in the same yard year after year, not more than one hundred and forty can be safely kept on an acre of ground, supposing the acre to be divided into four yards, with about thirty-five chickens to each yard—the houses being ten by fourteen by nine, sloping down to five feet, and facing the south. Adjoining each house is a scratching-shed ten by fourteen feet, under which the chickens may exercise.

During the winter months the experienced chicken raiser covers the floor with three inches of cut hay or straw, and the grain is scattered in this, compelling the chickens to exercise and keeping them healthy.

With existing facilities the chicken-farmer of to-day can get all the eggs from a hen in two years. Formerly it required from four



By courtesy of I. K. Felch.
LIGHT BRAHMA COCK.



By courtesy of A. J. Hallack.

FLOCK OF FOUR-MONTH-OLD DUCKS HATCHED BY INCUBATORS.

to five years to exhaust the apportionment. Among the most experienced managers the chicken is carefully fed and conditioned during the early fall, so that she will begin laying just at the time that eggs will bring the highest price; and at the end of the second winter she is fattened and sold.

In a competition held not long ago to ascertain how many eggs a hen would lay in one year, the average from a pen of eight pullets was two

hundred and eighty-nine eggs. Of the many kinds of chickens, the Leghorn leads in egg production, Cornish game for flesh; but the best all-purpose fowls are the Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas. However, if one has but a small yard, and has to keep the chicken in close confinement, the Co-

chin and Brahma can scarcely be improved upon.

In order to give some idea of the profit to be derived from chicken-farming, a computation has been made which supposes that each hen averages two hundred eggs per year, and that she is kept for two years and then sold. The estimate regards her as laying thirty-three dozen eggs, for which a fair price would be twenty-five cents per dozen—rather low for fresh eggs. This would amount to eight dollars and eighty-five cents. If it costs two dollars to raise and feed the chicken for two years, there would remain a net profit of three dollars and forty-two cents a year; and the profit derived from ducks and broilers is estimated to be even larger. In New York City and vicinity the poultry and eggs consumed in one year amount to forty-five million dollars—while that of the entire United States probably does not fall below seven hundred million dollars. An estimate published in a leading poultry journal puts the number used in this country last year by calico print works, wine clarifiers and photographic establishments at fifty-four million dozens, and many additional millions by book-binders, kid-glove manufacturers and for finishers of fine leather.

Year by year the agriculturist sees more clearly the advantage of the small, well-cultivated farm, and to this class poultry-raising offers special inducements. The season when most farmers are idle is that during which the poultry man is busiest.



By courtesy of I. K. Felch.
"THUNDERCLOUD"—BLACK LANGSHAN
COCK. SCORE, 96½ POINTS.

POULTRY-FARMING.

The poultry farmer will, of course, make his business a constant and careful study; but those operating in a smaller way are apt not to attach sufficient importance to a thorough understanding of the simpler rules which should govern, whether the object is profit or pleasure, the way thoroughbred poultry should be kept. It gives a standard, and a readier market is found for the eggs when they are of the same color, size and shape; and this is true also of chickens raised for sale.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the utmost care must be shown both in regard to the feeding and to the general care of chickens. They must not only be fed at regular intervals of the day, but made to exercise during the winter months, when the snow makes it difficult. Chicken-houses should be made draft-tight, and very little corn should be fed to laying hens. When a hen becomes fat her usefulness as a layer ceases. Many excellent publications explain the rules regarding feeding. Wheat, oats, middlings, stale bread, broken crackers and scraps from the table make a good bill of fare, the grain being scattered in the scratching-shed, while the middlings, bread, crackers, et cetera, are scalded

and fed warm. So also in regard to the variety of food, which should cover as wide a range as possible. Many seemingly little points are important; the egg supply can be nearly doubled by feeding green cut bone, as it contains every element entering into the composition of the egg; and aside from the increased production of eggs it strengthens the chickens and keeps them in a good and healthy condition. A supply of crushed oyster-shells or old plaster is another essential, as furnishing that supply of lime necessary to form the egg-shell. Crushed rock, from the size of a grain of corn down, placed where the chickens can get at it, is another desideratum. It is to a chicken what teeth are to other animals. The reg-



By courtesy of E. H. Thompson.
PLYMOUTH ROCK COCK.



By courtesy of A. J. Hallack.

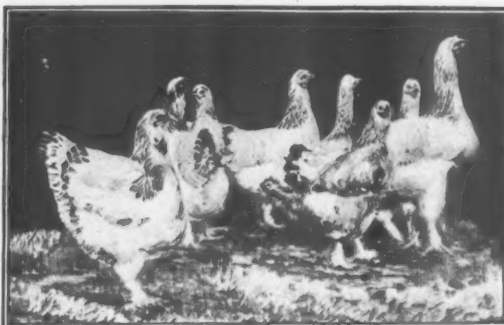
PARTIAL VIEW OF PICKING-ROOM AT ATLANTIC FARM.

ulations concerning health must be carefully studied and disease prevented, not cured, the best medicine oft-times being the hatchet; and a preventive, being the dust bath, kept in the scratching-shed, where the chicken maintains cleanliness by dusting her feathers. In selecting the ground for the chicken-house, care should be taken to pick out as dry a spot as possible, as dampness is almost certain to cause roup. During the winter months, when the birds are confined in the house, a cabbage should be hung from the roof so that the chickens, by jumping, can just reach it. This gives them the necessary green food, and also keeps them exercising.

The eggs should be collected twice a day in winter and once a day in the summer, the best time being about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Plum or pear trees can be made to bear wonderfully well when planted in the chicken-yard. They not only afford the birds a desirable and efficient shade, but the chickens keep the trees free of insects. In fact, on some of the large poultry-farms, the fruit obtained from the trees in the chicken-yard, when placed on the market, amounts to a very large item every season.

It is well to watch the hens closely and remember those fowls that moult early in



By courtesy of I. K. Felch.

LIGHT BRAHMAS.

the summer, for they are the ones that will make the best winter layers. A hen moults when she has finished laying, and if she does not begin moulting until the late fall she will not have a full coat of feathers to protect

her during the winter months; consequently it will probably be early spring before she begins laying again.

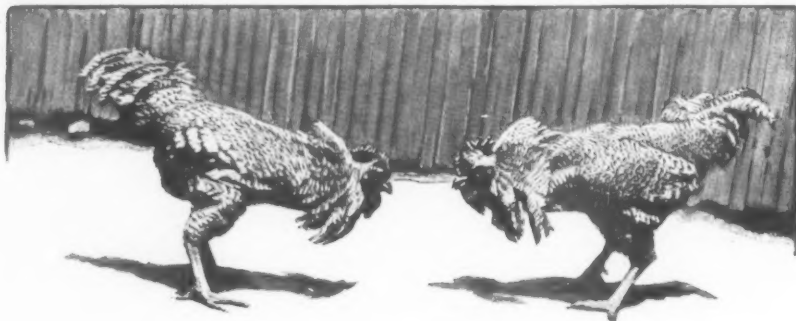
In extremely cold weather it is advisable to close the ventilators in the chicken-house. At such times sufficient fresh air will gain entrance by the crevices in the doors and windows to give the fowls all the ventilation necessary.

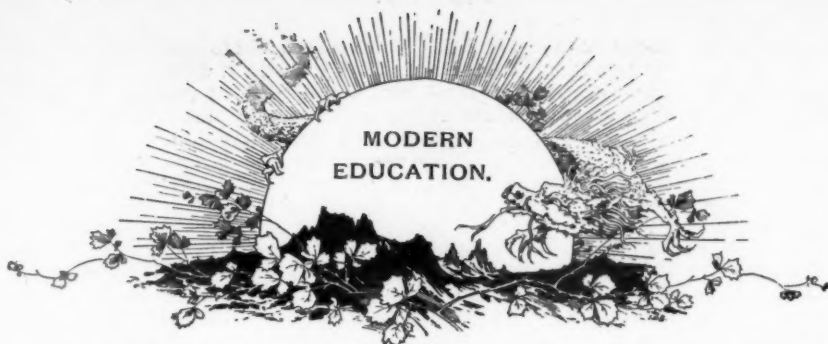
In warm weather the house should be well ventilated, but in such a manner that no draft will blow on the chickens, especially at night, when they are on the roosts.

Cleanliness is an absolutely imperative factor in the successful raising of poultry.

The house should be swept out twice a week, the roosts plentifully sprinkled with kerosene oil once a week, and in the spring the entire inside of the house should be whitewashed, using a mild solution of carbolic acid in the mixture.

The foregoing is but a synopsis of the various duties necessary to successful poultry-culture; a great deal can be learned only by actual experience.





In planning the present series of articles regarding "Modern Education," it was hoped to have an important paper from General Francis A. Walker. His death, removing from the educational field one of its most far-seeing minds, is not only felt in his own special field of labor, but leaves a lamentable gap in this series. The following, from a letter received shortly before General Walker's death, will be read with interest:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, September 22, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. WALKER:

. . . I have read your article *De Juventute* with much interest. Much of what you say, and much more of what you intimate, is in the true spirit of the age. An article following out the lines of your short essay, and furnishing the technical details of the new education, ought to be made most interesting and instructive. . . .

Very truly yours, FRANCIS A. WALKER.

DOES IT EDUCATE, IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

III.

BY PRESIDENT HENRY MORTON, OF STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

FOR almost exactly forty years, namely, from his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in 1857 to the present time, the writer has been engaged in the work of instruction in matters relating to what is commonly designated as science and the mechanical arts. His occupations during this period have been so pressing and numerous that he has not found time to give that thought and study to the subject of education as a science that is required for the full development of those general views which require a certain remoteness and removal from the active participation in the work of an instructor, and which are necessary for a broad and philosophical treatment of such a subject as is now presented. In fact, he feels very much as would a soldier who has been fighting in the ranks through a campaign, if asked to discuss the military tactics of such a campaign and to point out how it might have

been fought out to better advantage, or improved upon on a future occasion.

However, having some training as a scientific observer and frequent opportunities of seeing near-by many phases of the conflict, he is glad to contribute the results of his experience to supplement the broad and general discussion better handled by others.

In the first place, looking back these forty years, he is strongly impressed by the enormous change which has taken place in the subjects which are considered the proper ones to be taught in a liberal educational system.

At the earlier date, one of the great universities of the present day had in its faculty one professor to represent all of what we would now call the scientific subjects taught in that institution, namely, chemistry, physics, mechanics and astronomy. To-day this same university has in its faculty no less than ten

professors and assistants to expound the same subjects, and this is only a fair example of a parallel change in like institutions, not to mention the phalanx of strictly technical schools which have sprung into existence during the intervening years. In this connection may be mentioned an incident, known to but few, which throws into vivid contrast the views of thirty years ago and to-day, on the above indicated question of the relative fitness and value of the new and old subjects to be studied in the course of an educational training.

At a meeting of the faculty of one of our great universities during the year 1868, a resolution was presented, to the effect that in future in the grading of students the marks representing their work in the several departments should be multiplied by certain "constants," "representing the relative educational value of the different subjects." These constants ranged from ten for Latin and Greek, to five for chemistry and physics. This resolution was duly proposed and seconded, and supported by some remarks as to the need of doing something to counteract the tendency, shown in some sister institutions, toward the substitution of new and inferior, for old and superior, lines of study, and would without question have been passed unanimously but for the energetic protest of the temporary representative of the chair of chemistry, physics, astronomy and mechanics (the regular occupant being in Europe on leave of absence), which secured a postponement of action and finally an abandonment of the plan.

This was no doubt an extreme case, but it indicates the general impression produced on those trained in the old methods, by the first steps taken to bring the arts and sciences to the front in institutions of learning.

This sentiment and impression was by no means unreasonable or without foundation. This will be manifest if we look at the history of modern education and see how the system, familiar to some of us as that of thirty years or so ago, was originated and grew up.

On the revival of civilization during the Middle Ages there were first established schools (which were almost purely technical) of law, medicine and divinity,

which only sought to instruct their pupils in these professions, without any idea of a general culture; but gradually on these, as nuclei, grew branch after branch of other courses—classical, mathematical and scientific—as material was furnished by the growth of knowledge in these various directions.

Naturally the study of the classic languages and literature was the first to be introduced, for it was the first subject to which individual scholars devoted their labor and their genius; and consequently it was the first subject reduced to such a systematic organization as to be a fit exercise for training the faculties and developing the judgment. Not only so, but the labors of successive scholars have continually enriched it with the fruits of their researches, so that it stands to-day second to no subject as a means of training the mind in the best use of its highest powers.

Institutions of learning, however, did not confine themselves to this one means of mental training, but at a very early period introduced mathematics, philosophy, general literature and such science as was from time to time developed, as parts of their curriculum.

By these means a curriculum was established which, having for its main object simply the development of mental power, also incidentally gave its students much information which was useful to them in certain departments of life, as, for example, in the professions of law, medicine and divinity, or in the yet more critical position of men of leisure, requiring wholesome occupation for their time, which was not employed for any remunerative labor.

The above curriculum, admirable in itself, and indeed we may say the best possible under the then existing conditions, filled all the requirements of the world until a comparatively recent time; in fact, well on into the present century.

Up to that time active minds disposed to study would find, as a rule, a better training in the so-called classical course of the ordinary college than anything which the infant sciences of the day could supply, and, moreover, after pursuing such a course would find time enough to master most of the sciences of their day without the devotion of too many years to these

studies. We thus see that the older system, which for distinction we may call the classical curriculum, was a natural and healthy growth or evolution fitted to the needs and environment of the period.

About the beginning of this century, however, scientific investigation and discovery entered upon that marvelous march of conquest which has extended its bounds until there seems to be no limit but that of the universe to the extent of its domain, and before long two conclusions were forced upon many minds: first, that a far more extensive and thorough knowledge of scientific subjects than had heretofore been obtained would be necessary for every man who was desirous of comprehending the meaning of his own immediate surroundings (so extensively did the results of scientific study and discovery invade every relation of life); and, second, that sooner or later the principles of science would be developed into such well arranged systems as would afford fit material for the highest order of mental training.

In view of this, a movement was made to replace the old college course by a new one, in which science and modern languages should replace the study of the ancient languages and classic authors.

This movement was generally developed into a provision for elective courses of studies, from which the student should pick out for himself such a curriculum as would best suit his taste and intentions as to an occupation for the future.

In this arrangement there were at first several elements of weakness, the most important of which was this: Modern language and the sciences had not been treated to any extent as means for mental training, but were taught and studied, as a rule, from a purely technical standpoint; that is, simply with a view to their use in the business of life.

I do not mean, of course, that there were no highly developed and learned students of modern languages or investigators of science of the highest capacities and largest views; but only that such students were not, for various reasons, available as instructors, or the results of their labors reduced to such form as to make them useful directly, in any system of liberal education.

The result of this was that, as a rule, the

alternative "scientific courses" presented to students were by no means the equivalent, as systems of mental training, to the classical courses which they were intended to replace. This was, as I believe, from no deficiency in the subjects themselves, but simply from the necessarily imperfect methods by which they were presented.

*I myself cannot see any reason why the German language, taught in the same way that Greek is taught by a competent instructor, should not be as efficient a means of mental culture; but I can readily perceive why German, taught, as it generally was, with the sole object of acquiring a good accent and uttering commonplace phrases, should be of almost no value in the way of mental training.** Exactly the same thing is true in reference to scientific studies. While the subjects themselves demand the highest exercise of the mental powers, they had been so little brought into relation with systems of liberal education, that much then, and something even now, remains to be done before their true efficiency in this connection can be made available.

This condition of things was, consciously or unconsciously, realized soon by the majority of students, and those who really wished for a thorough training, whatever their own natural bent might be, as a rule, chose the classical course.

This was the experience of the present writer. With both courses open to him, notwithstanding a most pronounced preference in the scientific direction, he chose the classical course, and, looking back upon the matter now, he is sure that he did right, *under the then existing conditions.*

It is the above considerations which explain the very curious result described some years since as existing in Germany, and which excited so much comment.

It was there found that in the higher schools of science, the graduates of the "Gymnasias," brought up on a classical curriculum, did much better than the graduates of the "Realschulen," in which the course differed only by the substitution in great part of modern languages (French and English) and physical science for classical languages and literature.

I have no manner of doubt that this result came from the imperfect methods used in the teaching of these subjects

* These lines are italicized by the editor.

and from the realization of the difference by students, which caused the more studious and energetic to pursue the classical course.

From what has been presented thus far, I think that it will be evident that any sudden and radical change from the old established course of classical training would not have been advisable or likely to produce desirable results where an education essentially of the liberal type was still aimed at; but such change has been effected gradually through a series of years and will continue, awaiting the development of the new subjects into systems adapted to the requirements of liberal training, and the advent of teachers who are not so much investigators in science or scientific specialists as they are scientific educators or specialists in the work of scientific education.

There is another consideration, to which I have not yet alluded, in connection with liberal education as accomplished by means of a scientific in place of a classical training, which comes up now naturally for notice.

When the scientific course had received the necessary development as to methods and teachers, so that it was equal in its educational value to the old course, it then filled admirably a requirement for which hitherto there was no adequate provision.

There are many minds, often unusually gifted in other directions, which lack what may be called the powers of word-memory, and to which, therefore, linguistic studies present special difficulties.

As a rule, these same minds find no difficulty whatever in remembering *things* or properties of material objects.

Thus what is in either case only the raw material with which the work is to be done, is in the one way easily acquired and always at command, and in the other hard to secure and constantly being lost.

For minds of this character the well developed scientific course presents great advantages as well as decided attractions. If, however, the scientific course is not well developed, it is of little worth even for such minds, and they would profit more by a systematic course, even in a subject where they wasted much time in securing the raw material, because there

they would at least obtain a good training at last, while in the ill-developed system they would only be misled into an erroneous belief that they were securing a real educational training, when in fact they were simply loading their minds with a mass of undigested facts; and would indeed be no better off than a student of language who confined his labors to committing a dictionary to memory. The well-developed scientific course, however, attracts those minds which it is best fitted to cultivate and, in many cases, leads them to secure a liberal culture, which they would otherwise be discouraged from attempting to acquire.

There is another and most important point at which the subject-matter of an educational system touches the well-being not only of the student but of the nation at large; that is, the ethical influence.

It cannot but be manifest to every thoughtful observer that one of the most discouraging signs of the times is the want of honest thinking and practical common sense which is daily exhibited in high places and in low, in the rulers of nations, the dispensers of law, the managers of great enterprises, and so on down to the political "boss," or, if there be a lower level, the politician of the saloon.

Trickery and juggling with words in absolute disregard of facts, plausible expressions disguising well-known facts, and the disposition to build upon inequitable technicalities, in defiance of the most manifest principles of right and wrong, are the things which give daily support to the views of the anarchist who regards all law, order and government with hatred and is pleased to see their representatives discredit themselves and bring daily distress and alarm to those who would fain believe in an advancing evolution of the human race and a millennium in even the far distant future.

Who that knows anything about them can doubt the elevating and truth-respecting tendency of studies of natural forces and their laws, as compared with the pursuit of those studies in which arbitrary rules, often entirely unreasonable, are the subject-matter of investigation and in which the faculty of highest value is often that which can develop an ingenious fallacy rather than reveal a new fact?

In the eloquent words of the late Presi-

dent Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

"The sincerity of purpose and the intellectual honesty which are bred in the laboratory of chemistry and physics stand in strong contrast with the dangerous tendencies to plausibility, sophistry, casuistry, and self-delusion which so insidiously beset the pursuit of metaphysics, dialectics and rhetoric, according to the traditions of the schools. Much of the training given in college in my boyhood was, it is not too much to say, directed straight upon the arts which go to make the worse appear the better reason. It was always an added feather in the cap of the young disputant that he had won a debate in a cause in which he did not believe. Surely, in these more enlightened days, it is not needful to say that this is perilous practice, if, indeed, it is not always and necessarily pernicious. Even where the element of purposed and boasted self-stultification was absent, there was a dangerous and a mischievous exaltation of the form above the substance of the student's work, which made it better to be brilliant than to be sound.

"Contrast with this the moral and intellectual influence of the studies and exercises I am considering. The student of chemistry or physics would scarcely know how to defend a thesis which he did not himself believe. In that dangerous art he has had no practice. The only success he has hoped for has been to be right. The only failure he has had to fear was to be wrong. To be brilliant in error only heightened the failure, making it the more conspicuous and ludicrous.

"How wholesome to the mind and heart of the pupil is such a regimen!"

So far I have considered the educational problem from the standpoint of essentially liberal culture, but there is manifestly another and not less important aspect. In other words, there are manifestly two different but not antagonistic views which may be taken as to the objects of education:

First.—Education may be regarded as having for its sole object the development of the powers of the student without any reference whatever to any use which he is to make of those powers in the business of life.

Second.—Education may be viewed

solely as a training by which the student may be enabled to carry on some line of work, whether that be professional, artistic, mechanical or otherwise useful to himself and his fellow-men.

Not only are these two views not necessarily antagonistic but practically neither can be carried out in the organization of a thorough course of study to the exclusion of the other, and in almost all instances, in the history of education they have been more or less successfully combined.

As ideas and objects to be aimed at, however, they are manifestly distinct, and a clear appreciation of their difference and individuality as factors in systems of education is involved in an apprehension of the character and bearings of each system.

The first, which has been already considered, may be designated, for distinction, *Ideal Liberal Education*, and the other *Ideal Technical Education*.

Ideal Liberal Education, as we have seen, would be carried on by selecting that course of studies which should best develop the reasoning powers, the moral sense, judgment and will, without reference to any use which might be made of the facts and principles dealt with in the business of life.

This, as we have indicated, could *now* be secured by such a selection or combination of the old and the new subjects as would best meet the special capacities of individual minds, and abundant provision has been made for it at our great universities.

While a thorough liberal education, whether founded on the old or new curriculum, is an admirable thing, it is manifest that its advantages cannot be enjoyed by all, and that in a large number of instances circumstances will compel the student to make the technical side of his training the main object.

Even in the very professions whose requirements have been in past time most in accordance with those of the pure "liberal" system—law, medicine and divinity—purely technical schools have been demanded and have proved their value by their success and perpetuity. Yet more in the direction of science and the arts has the need of training essentially technical been manifested; but it

has only been within a comparatively recent period that systematic plans have been carried out to supply this need.

On the continent of Europe in the first instance, and in England and this country later, technical schools of various sorts have been established.

Their variety in character is so great that my present limits would be far exceeded were I to attempt a description, and I will only allude to one general characteristic and distinction in relation to them, namely, the greater or less degree in which they combine a liberal with a purely technical training.

Thus, in certain trade training schools we have examples of the purely technical courses. Here, for example, students are taught carpentry, stone-cutting, wood and metal turning, or general machine work and drafting, without any attempt at general mental culture. Again, in another class of schools, the above subjects are combined with a certain amount of general science teaching and instruction in mathematics, and so on until we reach the point where the technical training is so combined with a thorough and well arranged course of general education as to secure all the advantages of the classical curriculum as a mental discipline.

It is manifest that all kinds are needed; for all states and conditions of men should be provided for. But it is a fair question to ask which deserves the first attention from great institutions or individuals who desire to benefit society in the educational direction.

To this I reply that such courses as combine with an efficient technical training a large amount of "liberal" culture most deserve the attention of those who are in a position to develop them, for the reason that these require far more in the way of experience and the command of educational facilities—material and personal—than the purely technical courses. Moreover, the purely technical training is, to some extent at least, attainable in the commercial factory or workshop and will also receive the first attention of the government or municipal authority when its attention is turned to an increase in means of public education.

What has been accomplished in the direction of a liberal technical course the present writer can, he believes, fully ap-

preciate because it has been his good fortune during the last twenty-five years to carry out his own plans in the organization and operation of an institution where a "liberal technical" course has been the object aimed at, and, as he believes, developed with some measure of success. He has therefore come directly into contact with the difficulties of the problem which is here presented to the educator.

These difficulties arise mainly from the impatience of the aspiring student to reach the practical and, we may indeed say, commercial results of his studies, and his consequent unwillingness to give adequate attention to those lines of study which do not bear directly upon his future professional work.

This resistance can only be met by the constant, patient and combined efforts of instructors, parents and others, whose opinions may influence the minds of students, in efforts to impress the value of a symmetrical, as distinguished from a disproportionate, development analogous to the beauty and dignity of physical development shown in the Greek statue of the "Quoit-thrower" as compared with a modern artisan in some trades who is all chest and arms, or a runner who might be all legs.

In this connection it is, in the opinion of the present writer, a subject for regret that on some recent public occasions there have been expressions of sentiments which appear very unfortunate in the direction of their tendency and influence.

On one of these occasions, which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of a collegiate institution, the highly applauded sentiment of those speakers who represented the recent and future policy of that college was that the characteristic of this policy had been and should be the turning out of its graduates *young*, so that they might enter the practical walks of trades and professions as early as possible and pursue their selected lines of work with the least loss of time or of the push and energy of youth.

In other words, the views expressed most emphatically were that the aim should not be to turn out "ripe scholars," with a broad and solid foundation on which could be built a symmetrical structure of after-development and experience,

but to hurry into the battle of life as rapidly as possible fresh recruits, adequately armed for self-defense and aggression, it is true, but with no preparation beyond what was needed to secure a start and put them in a position to develop each on his chosen line from day to day.

This disposition to haste, this devotion to a limited range of thought and development in special lines, need no such encouragement. While there is an opposite error of too prolonged preparation and neglect of practical application of acquired knowledge, it is not at all threatening in its proportions at this time or in this country.

To the capitalist who has no object greater than the rapid augmentation of his capital, and who views education only as a means of enlarging the supply of high-grade labor; who engages bright young "hustlers" to rush his business, and is always ready to replace them with newer and brighter ones, this plan of rapid production commends itself, as it would in the case of a product-producing machine.

To the true educator, however, who works with his eyes turned from time to time toward the future not only of his pupils but of the community, of his country and even of the race of men, a very different policy presents itself. *He* will not hasten to meet the demand of the present by turning out the article most desired, irrespective of its intrinsic value and enduring qualities, but will labor to produce the best possible product, trusting to the future to vindicate and crown his work.

In this connection I will again quote from the same article by President Walker from which I have already made an extract. He says:

"The American schools of technology did not come into existence in obedience to a demand for them. They were created through the foresight, the unselfish devotion, the strenuous endeavor, of a few rich men and of many very poor men known as professors of mathematics, chemistry, physics and geology. * * * The demand has been created by first furnishing the supply."

As a commentary upon the above, an incident within the experience of the present writer may be of interest.

Shortly after the opening in 1871 of the institution over which he has the honor to preside, it was found that, owing to causes unnecessary to mention here, the income of the institution was reduced to an extent demanding a considerable reduction in its expenses.

Under these circumstances, the question was presented by the trustees to the faculty whether this reduction should be made by dropping certain departments not directly in the line of engineering science, such as literature, modern languages and history, or by a material reduction of the salaries of each member; and I think I may well take pride in saying that the latter alternative was accepted without hesitation or a single dissenting voice.

It was fully ten years before any of these salaries were, even in part, restored, but I have never heard a word of regret as to our action from any one and feel assured that the result has fully vindicated the wisdom of the decision.

In the foregoing remarks it may seem as if the writer had gone rather far afield from the question propounded in the heading of this article, but it will presently be seen that there are here spun out divers threads which are adapted to be woven into a cloth broad enough to cover a portion at least of the immense subject which that question indicates.

Looking at the facts regarding education, liberal and technical, which I have imperfectly stated, from the vantage ground of the broad theory of evolution, I should say that our entire systems have been and are in the direct line of evolutionary development and that this development has been and is proceeding at a rapid rate and in a true because natural direction.

Evolution involves a change from the simple and homogeneous to the complex and differentiated, and this is exactly what has been going on and is progressing in our systems of education.

In place of the one single course, comprising little besides classics, mathematics and metaphysics, which alone was open to the former generations of students, we have now not only in the technical institutions but in most of those providing a non-technical liberal education, a variety of courses which comes

near to meeting the requirements of every mental bent and is capable of developing each natural capacity on the line of least resistance.

There is of course a difficulty as to the determination of choice or selection on the part of the student, but in these days of unlimited popular diffusion of all kinds of information by magazines and books, and of preliminary instruction in the elements of most subjects in the primary schools, most young men have knowledge enough to make a reasonable choice, if influenced by the proper motives, by the time that such choice becomes necessary.

Here comes in a potent factor apt to be overlooked. Providence, or natural selection, whichever we prefer to designate it, has involved the family as a primary agency in human development, and we are, I think, warranted in looking to it for as large a share in the future development of the race as it has had in the past evolution of humanity.

It is to the unconscious and often unrecognized influence of home culture by example, and precept not appearing as such, that we must look for that training in the ethics of social life which distinguishes the true gentleman, whether he works with his hands or his head, from the boor or man of boorish mind, living in a palace or a hovel. The professional instructor can accomplish little in this direction if the home influences are unfavorable, just as he finds his work extremely difficult when he attempts to reform the language of those who are accustomed to hear bad English at home. In this regard we may say, in paradoxical language, that to develop the present generation we must begin with their grandfathers.

Another point in this connection to which I would draw attention is the prevailing tendency to delegate our duties, which we see in all directions—in politics, in charity, in business and often even in religion as well as in education; and we are in danger of carrying this delegation too far in connection with our parental duties as educators of our children.

It was the crowning vice of the later Roman social system that the care and training of young children was usually left to slaves, who were themselves

treated and regarded as little more than live-stock, with the natural result of corruption and demoralization; and it was one of the most potent agencies in the recuperative influence of Christianity that the child was restored to his proper position in the family; and in the opinion of the present writer, many of the unfortunate examples of degeneracy in the sons of good and able men have been the result of that overcrowding with occupation or amusement which makes many a father almost a stranger to his own children. The sending of young children away from home to be educated at boarding schools is, where necessary, to be deplored, and not recommended. I, of course, refer to cases where the home is what it should be, for there are many ways in which the child may suffer for the parents' fault, besides those commonly suggested by that expression.

There is another subject connected with the evolution of our systems of education which is too large a one to be more than suggested here, namely *the education of the educators while they are educating*. By this I mean that, just as in any healthy, living body each organ must grow and develop *itself* while carrying on its work of modifying the material it elaborates for the use of the structure at large, so the educator, to maintain his efficiency, must himself grow; and to do this must, as a rule, keep himself in touch with the world outside of his lecture-room or laboratory to some extent, and also be himself a producer of fresh knowledge in his special branch.

This is especially true as to the teacher of the arts and sciences, and it is one of the defects in some of our colleges that little or no opportunity is afforded to the instructors to act as investigators and to keep themselves, by personal observation, in touch with the contemporary development of their subjects.

This is, however, as I have said, too large a subject to be here treated at this time, and I will therefore, in conclusion, say as a categorical answer, limited by the foregoing, that in my opinion Modern Education, under favorable conditions, educates, in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term, in a degree which is already good and shows a prospect of improving.



BY FRANK MORGAN.



It is a long way from the naked root-digger, clawing the earth with his hands and nails, to the husbandman cultivating his little acre with hoe and spade. And from the husbandman, his acre and his simple implements, it is a long way to the modern farmer, sowing and reaping across a township with engines and intricate machines. Yet the wild-eyed root-digger enjoyed a certain freedom that we have not dreamed of in this age of liberty, and the husbandman in his patch upon the hillside, as he dropped the seed and garnered the grain, may have heard such music in his soul, as the modern agriculturist, amid the whirr and click of his reapers and binders, never heard.

From the cave-dweller with his dried skins, his arrow-heads and his few utensils of stone, it is a long way to the oriental, with his manifold works of hand, wrought and woven through years of patience. It is a long way from the oriental and his rare handicraft, to the occidental with his multiplicity of inventions and infinitude of manufactures. Yet the cave-dweller had a simplicity of life unknown in this age of luxury and labor-saving devices; and the oriental may have woven with the rich-dyed strands, into

his life-long task, such thoughts as will never dawn upon the mind of the mill-hand, tending the pattern of a day upon a hundred looms.

It is a long way from the foot-path of the jungle to the Roman road, and a long way from the Roman road to the modern railway. Yet the dusky savage walked the primeval forests, self-poised and with a dignity of manhood that is seldom seen in this age of fast travel; and the hero in his chariot upon the rough Roman road had a consciousness of triumphant power such as the screech and clang of the locomotive will never bring us, as we glide over the polished steel.

In agriculture, in manufactures, in transportation, in all that tends to material greatness and the accumulation of wealth, great has been our advance. In this last century and generation, we have rushed on at such a pace that the speed has made us giddy. We are lost in admiration of our own exploits and vaunt ourselves upon a condition never before attained. But material greatness and the increase of wealth are not the crowning glories of civilization, nor will they ever be more than the beginning and means of the conditions that make nations truly great and their glory imperishable through the ages. Our performances are stupendous, but our motives are mercenary. We invoke the chemist for a fertilizer by

which we may get more bushels out of an acre; the geologist, to discover the biggest paying vein. And what are the wonders of plant and animal life to us as we devastate the forests for richer lands; or the history of creation written in strata, as we desecrate the mountains, turning the world inside out to grasp its treasure?

We raise a city as in a night upon the prairie; but we demand nothing of our architects but height and windows, that we may crowd the greatest number of toilers upon the least ground and give them light to work by for us. What chance has the beauty of proportion and design against this motive?

We weave meshes of wires above our streets to carry our thoughts around the world or our bodies about the town, and in the glare of the arc-light and amid the clang of trolley gongs we buzz about like flies ensnared in the web of this power that has fascinated us. Our factories manufacture without end. What if the smoke of their countless chimneys blot out the heavens, looking up as they do from amid higher than prison walls. We bind the continents with hoops of steel and travel in a flying palace from ocean to ocean, at a speed beyond the power of man or beast. We run almost hourly boats upon schedule time in ferries across the once trackless oceans, and these iron monsters are perhaps the highest examples of man's ingenuity. Shakespeare, imagining the impossible feat of a fairy, makes Puck say: "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." We have actually spun metallic threads around the earth, and flash a message around the globe upon which we live; and, gazing into the heavens, we sigh, with Alexander the Great, for more worlds to conquer, and consider how to signal the inhabitants of Mars.

What a contrast between the caravan of old, crawling across a desert, and the train of to-day, rushing across a hemisphere! The ocean steamship of to-day is immeasurably superior to the caravel of the middle ages; yet Columbus, setting forth in his cockle-shell upon an

unknown sea, to prove the earth was round and to discover a continent, was a greater spectacle than is the continual shuffling backward and forward, across oceans and continents, of merchandise and men. It is a fine thing that we may read at our breakfast-table on one side of the world the details of what happened upon the other side the evening before; yet the naked soldier bearing aloft his branch of laurel and running with the news of the battle of Marathon to Athens, staggering to his death with the one word "Victory!" upon his lips, was something finer.

In our day and generation we have gained much in material things; in spiritual things have we not lost much? We have gained in the number of luxuries and conveniences that minister to our creature comfort; we have lost in repose and simplicity and in those habits of mind from which are derived the finest delight; we have dethroned the gods and demolished the temple of spirituality; and our conversation, thought and life are of the earth, rather than of the air. The emotion of idea that has no commercial value is not in demand to-day. It is only a natural sequence of the conditions that dominate our era, that our chief occupation should be the getting and spending of money. As the commodities of every sort accumulate that make more complicated our existence, we strive to possess ourselves of as many of them as possible. This task is largely self-imposed, and for no better reason than that our neighbor is occupied in the same pursuit; and as the number of things we think we must possess are multiplied, we are taxed more and more to acquire them. In consequence, we are occupied to the very grave's edge, in getting that we may spend. Worse than this, the pressure upon us is so great that, not content toiling a lifetime away, we oftentimes sacrifice our sympathies and affections, our very honesty and honor, in the pursuit of the means which we dissipate upon trifles.

We moderns are machines for making money, automatons adjusted to that purpose, some performing better than others. Wound up and started afresh each morning to perform this function, there is little power left toward the end of the

day for the pursuit of knowledge, the amenities of life, or the ceremonial of society.

It is well to pause at times in our work-a-day life and to consider our pursuits and our plans. At such times we recognize to what an extent we allow circumstances to govern us—how little thought we give to the policy and purpose of our lives, and how little we endeavor to shape them to any definite end. We should think contemptuously of an explorer without a motive, a navigator without a course, or a general without the scheme of a campaign; and yet we undertake the journey and battle of life, trusting for direction to the circumstances and incidents of the way rather than to a plan

feverish pulse and straining nerves and eyes we look in but one direction for the solution of the great problem of domestic economy—the direction of getting more; while the simpler solution lies in the opposite direction of spending less.

No fallacy is more popular than that pleasure and satisfaction are to be had by the poorer in attempting to rival the richer in matters of display, entertainment and fashion; while, as a fact, the reverse is the result, and probably no pursuit causes more vexation, disappointment and worry than such senseless extravagance. Some one has said that the consciousness of being well dressed brings a consolation that religion cannot give. But there is a satisfaction quite equal in mak-



or purpose of action and of effort. We get into a habit of existence—one can hardly dignify it by the term life—a round of sensations rather than thoughts, and a perfunctory course of action. And the strangest thing about our work and habits is, that what absorbs our time and energies is rarely a matter of our choice, frequently not a matter of our necessity, but generally the result of environment. We do what we see others doing, and what others do is to get and spend—a round of extravagance and grind that grows more and more intense, until it would seem we were driven onward by the Furies.

This hurry and confusion, worry and strife, should not and need not be. With

ing both ends meet. In our community there are not a few who have assured, if moderate, incomes. Those of us who possess that great blessing would get more out of life if they lived within their incomes, and many would do it if they had the wit to see that more pleasure than they get can be had for less money. We constantly see men forced by misfortune to live upon a tithe of what they once did; and we see these men and their families quite as happy and contented as in the days of their greater prosperity—sometimes more so.

I will give one illustration of this economic question; its hero, I may say, by way of encouragement to my male readers, is still living.



He was engaged in commerce, and with a singleness of purpose and an intensity of effort that sapped his strength and wasted his energies, until he broke down with that most common of modern complaints—a commentary in itself upon our madness—to wit, nervous prostration.

He had to quit all business and allow his affairs to arrange themselves; he closed his desk and left his daily task. Of course his income immediately became reduced, and in consequence he had to reduce his style of living until he should recover his health and resume his business.

It seemed hard his wife had to give up her horses and carriages, and he had to sell his chocolate-colored house in a dark and narrow but fashionable street. He sold off, too, a lot of expensively upholstered, elaborate and uncomfortable furniture, keeping but a few simple things for association's sake—a vase or two and a plaster cast, a few etchings and the old friends among the books; not the ones with the smart bindings and dull titles forever on dress parade behind locked glass doors in handsome book-cases downstairs. It is curious, when you think of it, that the things we have a peculiar regard or sentiment for, our household gods, are generally inexpensive.

Having sold out, our instance took a low, old-fashioned house in a side-street of a New-England village for a sum of money so small that it seemed a joke. The furniture was old mahogany, strong and comfortable. The black hair-cloth was replaced with soft-hued cretonnes, and the low walls were hung with cheap, pretty papers. The small-paned windows, that let in such a flood of sunshine, were curtained with snowy-white linen; while pretty chintz draped the beds, dressing-tables, downstairs cuddly-holes, and book-

shelves of the library. The household gods were reëstablished, and had never before seemed so much at home. The fire-places were broad and deep, rough-finished, and fit for use. The fire leaped from real wood that snapped and crackled on sturdy andirons. Wood was plentiful and cheap; one knew the woodland where it had been cut, unless it was driftwood that had been towed to the garden wall. In the city, in elaborately tiled fire-places, resting upon light metal spindles, they had plaster-of-paris logs, from which, at regular intervals, spouted jets of gas. The country place was small—not more than an acre—and the house, like most old-fashioned village houses, was set well toward the front of the land. Great lilac bushes on either side of the porch and a sturdy hedge of box were about all that divided it from the path along the road. But between the foot-path and the road was a broad margin of turf, from which rose a long line of magnificent elms that had probably been planted by the settlers of the town. Two of these overshadowed my friend's new home—trees that might have grown in the forest primeval.

The back garden of an old village home is often an exclusive little heaven; and this was one of those. Immediately behind the house was a geometrical flower-bed in which grew all the hardy, small, old-fashioned flowers. Beyond this was the vegetable garden, with peony bushes in the corners of the beds and hollyhocks along the paths. The paths were of brick. Either side of the place was framed in with fruit trees, beautiful in the spring for their blossoms and heavy in the fall with their fruit. The garden sloped gently down to the sleepy stream the villagers called a river, and some old gnarled willows edged the bank.

In the city they had two men in the



stable, a butler and five women servants in the house. After they moved they had two servants instead of eight, and felt they had discovered the solution of the labor problem.

The formal and expensive entertainments, at which one endeavors to bring together all the uncongenial people on one's visiting list, to pay social debts and bind one's swagger acquaintance to return the same hollow favors—all this was no longer in order. The neighborly relations with the townspeople were simple and natural, and when a guest was entertained all were conscious of the sincere hospitality offered and received.

What pleasure they found in the changing of the seasons!

In the spring there was the garden to be planted—good, honest out-door toil that brings a man close to the bosom of Mother Nature, clears away the dross of body and mind accumulated during the winter, hardens the muscles, braces the nerves, clears the eye and starts the man anew with the greatest gift of the gods, sound health. To turn the rich loam in its many-hued browns, to smell the earth earthy in one's nostrils, was to feel, as Antæus of old, ever more a giant with each touch of earth. Then there was the lighter labor for fairer hands—deft pruning of the vines and branches, the care of flowers. Again, the days came when, rod in hand, our friend wandered far afield up into the hills to whip the clear, bright babbling brooks for the speckled trout.

To drink in the sweet air, now breathing the frostiness of departing winter and again warm with the vague suggestions of summer and the south wind, to see a vision of earth's loveliness ever before him, the delicate blue-and-gray hues of the hills and the tardy bits of woodland, while the meadows and the

more advanced foliage were flaunting every delicate shade of bright yellow and brilliant green—such were the joys of the spring days, with their beauty and their ecstatic intoxication. Then came on the drowsy, indolent summer season; the early sunrises; the moist, sweet breath of dew and fragrance wafted in through the open casements; the high noon, hot and still save the droning of insects in the afternoon; the gentle, salt-laden sea breeze stirring the willows; the sail out the harbor before sunset for a glimpse of the horizon, where the sky meets the sea; the long twilight and the calm night.

So the summer waned and autumn followed in its train.

My friend hired a horse of the village stableman for long drives, and of a crisp morning a couple, for a brisk canter; and as the woods grew red and golden and the fields were wrapped in a yellow mist, with gun in hand he walked abroad amid earth's dying glory.

The fashionable people of the neighborhood huddled back to the city with the first chilly blast of early fall, and our friends awaited the coming of the frost with an unreasoning dread, but only to find as much beauty and pleasure in the

wintry season as in the others. How they enjoyed the exhilaration of walking abroad in the crisp, clear, crystalline air, the tinkling of the sleigh bells, the flying snow, as they sped along in a cutter or dashed down a hillside on a toboggan! How it made the blood glow and tingle to circle in graceful curves on the neighboring pond, the white and glistening snow shading into delicate blues under the edge of the woodland, whose feathery tree-tops were so delicately defined against the sky; or to meet on the ice with a party of revelers at night and hold high carnival in the blaze and flare of great bonfires, that cast deep shadows in the



surrounding groves, while the clear stars shone above as they only can in the North, of a winter night.

To add a supreme zest to the enjoyment of the year, the cold weather acted as a mental tonic, until to good health and the delight in animal existence was added the craving for intellectual delights. The house being small, the ceilings low, and the rooms cosy, one could keep warm and comfortable within doors, and then the old friends from off the shelves were brought down; those silent friends, perhaps our best, who commune with us only when we are most exalted, or lead us gently to the consciousness of our noblest selves. Then there were the new acquaintances in covers to be known, approved or disapproved of; perhaps to discover, among a hundred books, one which ever after would remain a life-long friend, and join the small but well-tried group most beloved. Nor did our friend need to wait until evening to enjoy the authors.

He found an intense satisfaction, similar to that which he had experienced in playing truant as a boy, of a winter morning, of what a year before he would have called a business day, after a late breakfast, to settle himself in an easy chair in his library before a blazing pile of logs, the January sunshine streaming in at the window, and at an hour when his old associates were most busy, serious and perhaps distressed in the great city, to linger over the pages of a novel, spin fantasies and day dreams in his idle brain, as he gazed at the fire and basked in the sunshine.

Spring came again, and summer. More than a year had gone, and his health and vigor were restored. He looked back upon the happiest year of his life and heaved a sigh at the thought of reëntering business. The rich of the city had come back to their estates in the vicinity; he saw continually the wives and children of these families, but the fathers and grown sons rushed off early Monday mornings to the city, to sap their energies in maintaining unnecessary display and luxury for their families. He saw them returning Saturdays, or perhaps, as a special act of self-indulgence, some poor rich man would return of a Friday night, to take for holiday the whole of

Saturday and remain over Sunday; or, quite as likely return to the city on Sunday night. He watched these men with their worried brows; he saw them drawn back into the maelstrom of toil and empty success, or, more frequently, swept down to despair and disappointment. He felt that he stood on firm land, rescued and free. By the entire change in the conditions of his life he had reduced his expenditures so considerably that he could continue to live in the manner he was now living, upon the income of what he already had. He could be happy if he would only resist the extravagances that creep insidiously upon one, and be frugal in a social atmosphere of unnecessary luxury and waste. So from anticipating, and postponing, the day of his return to business, he gradually came to the conclusion that he had passed enough years of his life in miserable struggle, and that he would add more happy years to the only one he had really enjoyed since his boyhood.

He realized that the millionaires or would-be millionaires who hurried back to town were really poor, while he was truly rich. And as these poor rich men were swept back to the smoke and noise and filth of the city, our friend, musing on these things, walked home, in the sunshine that never seemed more delightful, through the old village streets, that never seemed quieter or more serene. "There are enough to throw themselves prostrate under the wheels of this modern Juggernaut," he cried; "wild horses cannot drag me back to the old pursuits."

The serious-minded money grubber may say our friend is an idler. Well, is money-making in itself an ennobling activity? But, if our idler must be defended, let us consider what he does.

He must have capital, money made by his earlier personal efforts or inherited. To obtain an income he must invest it in the material enterprises of the world, and thus he keeps others at work; but he does not enter into the competition of effort. It is optional with him whether he labors or not. Why should he enter the lists with the many who are there of necessity, and so reduce the percentage of their chances of success through his individual efforts? He lends his capital to their purposes and derives from it a

reasonable compensation, upon which, with more or less frugality and simplicity, he and his family live, cultivating those qualities so desirable in any community or society.

Again, if one must have results, our so-called idler is surely himself a desirable result. He has stepped aside from the heedless throng and given himself the leisure and opportunity to develop his individuality; he has done, perhaps unconsciously and as a matter of amusement, the thing nature intended him to do. He has time to follow his bent, and the world becomes enjoyable to him. His tastes may be musical or literary, artistic, philosophical or scientific; whatever they may be, he follows them. Sound, expression or color, abstract thought or experiment may interest him. If he becomes preëminent in any line, possibly the busybody may admit that he has repaid his country for his so-called idleness, and may have given something to the world beyond the power of gold to buy.

But our idler rarely becomes preëminent. He rarely has one absorbing passion, but many tastes, the cultivation of which he enjoys, and which seldom develop into performances worthy of preservation—tastes that he develops rather in a receptive way. And their result? the busybody asks. Mercy! one had almost forgotten the result. Well, the result is generally a refined and cultivated gentleman—a person not too frequently seen nowadays; indeed, he was more in vogue in our grandfathers' time than at present. He is a person who has a good deal of what is called idealism in his make-up; a person of fine principles, though he takes care not to pose too seriously or to wear his feelings on his coat-

sleeve; he belongs to a class or caste, for there are as many classes and castes in democratic countries, where men are declared to be free and equal, as there are in the monarchies of the Old World. The difference is that in the truly democratic countries the artificial barriers of society are broken down every day, and a man's position depends not upon the patents of kings but upon the gifts of nature with which he is endowed, and his inherent worth. My gentleman belongs to a class or caste always small in a new country,

but which is the leaven that will ultimately leaven the whole loaf. Men like him are the true nobility of the country; by their example they encourage and incite culture, refinement, good manners and the many intangible embellishments of life. They are seekers after the true gold, called dross only by those who delve for the dross that the world calls gold. Do not call them idlers, but idealists rather. They see with finer eyes, feel with finer feelings, hear with finer ears than are dreamed of by your busybodies and materialists. They lead a country and a people to its greater self, and when a child is born who has something new or beautiful to tell, or has seen some old truth in a strange,

new way, one of those geniuses who are born, not made, one of nature's noblemen, be he ever so poor, he comes unto his own. The idealists of his time recognize him and crown him king.

Many others are born among us who are not great but gentle, the children of the rich, free from the necessity of earning their own living—children very often of fine tastes and abilities. How often they are turned into the usual courses of money-making because it is the custom of the country! There is no sadder sight



than this or one more common. These youths are apprenticed to a ledger; they grow to their desks, and in time become empty, resourceless, unattractive old men. They might have become far richer, with considerably less income, and have given their less fortunate fellows a better chance at the spoils of commerce, besides. They might have become men of brighter temperament, more graceful attainments, broader knowledge.

A young people must be a busy people; they lay the rugged foundations upon which the fair structure of the nation shall rise in after years. Others shall come afterward and adorn and beautify, and their names shall be trumpeted afar; but honor to the uncouth, unknown early builders, who build better than they sometimes know. But there comes a time when we must rise above the earth; we must then have a care for the beauty of our structure in proportion and detail, as well as to its utility and durability, if we would rival other nations and achieve greatness worthy of ourselves. A young people, like children, have much to learn of an old people; but it takes time to gain experience, and they must buy it, as their elders did. A young civilization has crudeness and energy, and in modern times it reduces the forces of nature to its purposes, instead of fighting and enslaving the heathen, and burning people who do not entertain theological opinions similar to its own. An old civilization has polish and repose, and its people live

at leisure if they are well-to-do, and even if they are not well-to-do. The rich enjoy themselves in simple pleasures, and not only they, but the poor also; all alike are inclined to money-saving and frugality. The zenith of a nation's glory is reached when the crudeness of its energy, that expressed itself in commercialism, slackens while the nation still possesses great wealth and is yet splendid in its extravagances.

We are young, and to advance toward our greater achievements we have only to occupy and distract ourselves less with needless toil or with expensive toys, and to learn that the true delights of life lie rather in the joys of the heart and the pleasures of the mind. These joys and pleasures best ripen in the home; that should have the air of simplicity and the stamp of our individuality about it, and should not be so fine as only to express our upholsterer's and cabinet maker's ideas.

There in the central hall, or in the room the family most frequent, write on the northern wall the word Truth, the stern but necessary virtue; on the south write the word Beauty, and dream of all it means in love and art and nature; on the west write Sweetness, and let its mild influence be diffused as softly as the colors of sunset illumine the earth and sea and sky; on the east wall write Light, and let it enter. And, possessing Truth and Beauty, Sweetness and Light, dig health and contentment out of thine own garden.





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"AN INTERLUDE."



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"WHO'S COMING?"



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"PRISCILLA."

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

I.

IT was just as the sun had set that Annie and I drove up to what we had agreed to call the Home of our Ancestors, and gazed upon it for the first time. The drive from the station had been a long one—seven miles, over a rough, hilly road—yet it was hardly with a feeling of relief that we found ourselves at our journey's end and confronted the abode which we were to call our own for the next month.

In the dim light our future habitation stretched out, weird, formless; a gigantic monster, couchant in its lair amid the dark trees that blurred the fading landscape; and when Annie turned trembling to me and clung to my arm, absurd as it might be, my voice was hardly steady as I reassured her.

"It's not so lonesome as you think," said the driver, who was regarding us with good-natured curiosity. "Mr. Atwater, him that owns the place, thinks it ain't lonesome enough, so I've heard. When anybody builds within a mile of him he feels sort of crowded."

"And has anybody built within a mile of him?" I asked, listening not so much for his answer as to the sighing of the wind in the trees in the ravine below us.

"Lor' bless you, if you walk to the foot of the hill, down to the lake, you'll see a couple of houses just across it," said our friend. "They both take boarders. I pass on the road below here every day on my way up to the Morton House on the mountain, and if you want anything from the village, all you've got to do is just signal me, and I'll stop for orders. And I guess I've got all your things in now, and the door's open, so good night!"

It was with sinking hearts that my wife and I watched the wagon disappear down the hill road. Then I gently drew her over the threshold of our new abode, and put both arms around her and kissed her.

"Welcome to the Halls of our Ancestors, my dearest!" I said, and so together we entered them, and a moment later we had candles lighted in the tall sconces over the mantelpiece in the long drawing-room, and Annie was laughing and chattering, and her bonnet and cloak lay on

the piano, and one of her small overshoes was on the rug, and her gloves and veil and book were on the table, and her fair hair gleamed and shone in the flickering of the wood fire which she was lighting on the hearth; and somehow we were no longer in a barren and mystic dwelling, but in a home.

There is only one thing that Annie lacks—she cannot feel her own charm. In that one thing I have the advantage of her. Many a time a little turn of her head, or her manner of uttering a phrase, will stay by me and be a joy for hours, but this pleasure I cannot share with her. I sometimes wish I did not share it with so many others, for all men admire my Annie.

As I lay in the big arm-chair on which she had placed me, I thought of this, and of much, much more besides. I had been ill all summer—yes, and for the winter before it, if any one had known. I had been working hard all the time, and the doctor said that I required rest and, above all, a change—just what it seemed impossible that I could get. Then Annie had taken affairs in her own hands and gone to Mr. Atwater, the senior partner of the firm that engaged my services, and the upshot was that when he took his family abroad, the first of August, I was to be installed as caretaker of his country house, with leave of absence for a month. A month—thirty days—in which to regain health and strength, to repair the ravages of the last three years! Would a month do it? I had worked until the day before; I felt now as if I could never work again. As I gazed at Annie's slight, kneeling figure, a mist came before my eyes, and she grew far off and dim.

"You are frightfully tired, dear," said my wife. Her soft hand smoothed my hair as she administered from her traveling-bag the cordial that revived me. "I know you are faint and hungry, and I am, too. How odd it seems to be here! I feel as if I were in an enchanted palace. Now I am going to make you rest your head against this cushion and put your feet up here, while I investigate the kitchen and see about the tea. Perhaps you will doze a little."

Perhaps I did, for I was refreshed when she came back after quite a prolonged stay. She had prepared a very inviting little supper, of which we partook with a will from one of the little polished tables in the long drawing-room, while the candles flickered in the sconces and the noise of the katydids and crickets mingled with the splashing of a waterfall somewhere in the ravine below us.

"It is horribly spooky, but I am not afraid," said Annie. "It is more really ancestral than we bargained for, Richard. I am sure there must be a banshee at least somewhere on the premises, and I have not the courage to go into that enormous kitchen again to-night, alone. We will leave the dishes here, even if it does look a little like the rake's progress. We have eaten everything up, that's one comfort. Come, dear, let us explore a little up-stairs; enough to find a bed-room, at any rate."

We took the first one we came to—as sepulchral in its handsome furnishings by the dim candlelight as the drawing-room below. In a few minutes we had some semblance of comfort about us; but when I lay at last in bed I looked at Annie moving noiselessly around the room, and wondered if I were not too ill to come to this far-off and unknown place, and what my wife would do without me in this great house. She had thrown back the blinds, and the moon, which had just risen, brought into view, across its path of light, the black mass of forest just beyond. I could only think of Doré's illustrations of one of Hood's poems, and of ourselves as in the haunted house.

II.

I laughed when I awoke in the morning at the very prosaic revelations of the daylight. The sunshine poured down on an enlivening scene of waving grain and glittering blowing leaves, and the sound of cackling chickens was borne in on the breeze, the thin white curtains rustled at the windows, and the light shifted backward and forward over the pretty blue-and-white furniture in the bedroom, and alternately eclipsed and revealed the pictures on the wall. In this sun-kissed, breezy, home-like atmosphere all things were possible, and I dressed and went

down to Annie, whom I could hear singing below, and who came to meet me, as fair and smiling as the morning.

"What a house this is!" she said when she had kissed me; "you never saw anything like it. After breakfast we will take a tour of inspection. I think it is a quarter of a mile long. It is perfectly ridiculous to have only two people in it."

"Mr. Atwater has two or three dozen," I remarked, as I stirred the coffee—such good coffee as Annie makes! "He brings a regiment of servants besides. By the way, Annie, you will have to engage some help."

"Oh!" said Annie, "I have hired help already. Such a nice man! You can see him if you look out; he is leaning against the fence. He came quite early and got the water and carried in wood for me. He speaks such broken English that you can hardly understand him, but he is very polite."

"He looks like a tramp," I said, with some disgust.

"No, he is not a tramp; he says he lives near here, and is accustomed to the place. He is a Pole or a Hungarian, or something of the kind; his daughter will come every day if we want her, to cook and clean up, and go home at night. I did not know whether we could afford it, but —"

"We *will* afford it," I said decisively. "This is to be a holiday for you as well as for me, Annie."

"The man said he would come and do the rough work without charging any more, because his daughter wasn't very strong. It did not strike me that he acted as if he were very strong, either, though he looks like such a great, brawny fellow. I have heard that if you have a great deal of hair it takes your strength, and he has such a tremendous beard. Do you think it can have taken *his* strength, perhaps?"

"Happen it may," said I. "What a little goose you are, Annie! Call him here, I would parley with your weakling."

The fellow came eagerly forward as Annie beckoned to him. He was unusually tall and heavily built, with cavernous eyes and high cheek bones. His beard, of mixed gray and red, reached to his waist, and he was not over-clean, but

he was very polite and evidently anxious to please. He was almost too foreign to be intelligible at first, but I found out that he was a Russian, although his name remained a mystery, even after he had repeated it to me three times.

"We'll call him Kofsky," said I, lazily, when he had departed; "it probably ends that way. How on earth do Russians get here, I wonder?"

"I think there are iron mines somewhere round," said Annie, "or works. He pointed down the road when he was talking to me. But step out of doors a moment, dear, and survey the land."

It was a goodly land and full of promise; so much I thankfully acknowledged as I bared my forehead to the delicious breeze that blew fresh from the hills beyond. Through interlacing boughs I caught a glimpse of the blue lake below, and, looking upward, the blue sky of August met my gaze. But when I turned it was only to laugh at the length of the house that encircled the landscape on that side and trailed off into the woods beyond.

"It would seem so much more natural if it were set up on end," said Annie, pensively. "After living in the tenth story of a flat for five years, it strikes me as almost impious to require so many feet of earth for a dwelling. And I don't believe I will ever get used to not seeing the tops of things."

We took our bunch of keys and went through the house, systematically. It was in perfect order, but the windows were all darkened and closed, the furniture was covered, with netting over the glasses. There would be nothing for Annie to do, as she found very gladly, but to air the rooms occasionally; there were forty of them, all told, and contained in two stories. The main building had been an old farm-house, but when Mr. Atwater bought it he added a wing to one side and then a wing to the other, and an extension to that wing, and another wing to that. There were little steps that went up and little steps that went down, roomy closets innumerable, and narrow halls by the side of the large one, connecting rooms, and three separate staircases. The furniture was all of the light, summer variety.

"There are at least six good suites

of apartments," said Annie. "What a waste! But do you know, Richard, this house gives me the queerest sensation? I felt it particularly as we entered this room."

"Do you remember in one of Cooper's novels, where a man looks into a deserted house and, though he cannot see any one, he feels that there is breathing life in there? He can't explain it, but he *feels* that it is so, and that there really are Indians curled up under the window sills, ready to spring out unexpectedly to kill everybody."

"I can assure you that there are no Indians under these window sills," said I.

"No, of course not; don't be so silly. But I *do* feel as if there were somebody here besides ourselves; there is an atmosphere of humanity. Why, one often knows when there is a person in the room, without seeing him."

"Yes, if he snores," said I. "Come, Annie, let us go back to our own part of the house; I will open every closet and washstand and wardrobe on our way back, if it will satisfy you."

We opened and shut doors with a zest, but there were no traces of any occupants but ourselves. We concluded to keep for our own use only the bright, sunny kitchen, the stately drawing-room and the bedroom above it where we had spent the night, and live out of doors and on the piazza as much as possible.

Annie had hardly finished washing the breakfast dishes when Kofsky's daughter appeared—a tall, thin young woman, with eyes and cheek bones like her father. She gave one the impression of being swathed, rather than clothed, in strips and layers of garments, after some peculiar fashion of her own. She spoke even less English than her father, and was the slowest person about her work that I have ever seen, but she had rather a genius, as we found, for cooking. Her name was Anna, to which I could not help adding Karennina, much to Annie's disgust. We were very glad that we had engaged her, for it gave Annie time to sit with me in the sunshine and read and talk to me, but it was well that we had not very much for her to do, for whenever she saw her father she stopped working immediately and went out to talk to him.

"She was one hour cleaning a milk-

pail to-day," said Annie despairingly, "and she listens to what I say so impassively that I never can tell whether she understands me or not. She asked me the other day if she could have the scraps we left from our meals to take home to her children. Her husband was sent to Siberia, poor thing. She seemed to listen to what I said, but she could not have understood me, for I found afterward that she had taken a whole pound of tea from the canister, and a loaf of bread; and she was quite injured when I reproved her, and would not take any of the apples that fell over there on the ground, when I offered them to her."

"Who is that out in the orchard, now?" said I.

"Oh, that is an old German woman who came here yesterday and asked if she might sit there sometimes with her little grandchild, who is ill. She is such a comfortable old thing, and seemed so glad when she found that I could talk German with her. She does not speak any English at all. She lives below here, somewhere. The baby is about a year old, and does not look delicate. I gave it some of our nice, fresh milk. I told her she could come every day with it if she wanted to; I am sure that it will not bother us."

"Not at all," I said. I strolled over myself to the old woman afterward, and it was a pretty picture enough to see her, in her white cap, knitting away under the apple trees, while the baby kicked and cooed in a shawl at her feet. A little yellow-haired boy sat near them, throwing apples at the baby.

I addressed a few words to the old woman in her mother tongue, and she replied volubly. I patted the baby and gave a coin to the little boy, and strolled away, feeling like the lord of the manor. The little group came every day, and I liked to see them; their homely simplicity added new value to the scene.

Our mansion stood upon a hill but was so enclosed in trees as to be hardly visible from below, so no one intruded on our solitude. Only a cow with a bell on its neck came wandering up and down, and in and out of the woods, all day long, until at night the twinkle died away in the distance. I used to lie on the grass in the warm sun and listen to it, and

watch Annie's fingers moving in and out of her sewing, and the long figure of Kofsky leaning against the orchard fence rails. I would have been quite happy if I only could have felt that I was growing stronger again.

Sometimes I thought I could have gotten stronger if I had not known the limit of the time set me for it. Each morning I checked off a day; when I had been there two weeks I said, "I have two weeks more." The next morning I had but thirteen days left. I lifted my hand, put it down again in despair and turned my face to the blue sky and away from Annie, that she might not read what I knew was written on it.

She went every two or three days at first on a tour of inspection through the house, but she did not like to do it; she told me she always had the same impression every time and felt as if she might touch some one unawares if she put out her hand suddenly. She had left off this duty for a week, but on the morning of which I speak her conscience drove her to the performance of it. I told her to take Anna Karenina with her, but that damsel had disappeared, so she went alone. In a few minutes she came back to me, flying, with her eyes dilated, and gasping for breath.

"My dear child!" said I, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, Richard!" said she; "oh, *Richard!* just as I was going up the third pair of stairs at the end of the wing, I looked up and saw a child on the landing."

"Well?" said I, but my pulse quickened.

"It was a little child with long, yellow hair, and it was wringing its hands and crying. I could see that it was crying, but it did not utter a sound—not a sound. It was just wringing its hands and weeping noiselessly."

"It was, of course, some child that had strayed in," said I, rising; "probably it was frightened. We will go and see, at any rate."

"It could not have strayed in," said Annie, for all the doors were locked until I opened them; and if the child was real it will be there still, for I locked the door behind me, I was so afraid it would follow."

"If it was real!" I repeated; "what

else could it be?" We went together to the door and opened it, and looked up the staircase to the landing. There was no one there. We gazed at each other and then went up the stairs—the doors on either side were locked. We opened them, and the rooms were empty. After a thorough investigation we went back again to our own part of the house, where Anna sat on the doorstep peeling potatoes.

It was an unpleasant little incident. I did not, of course, doubt for a moment that the child was really flesh and blood, neither, I suppose, did Annie, in her heart, but I saw her looking at me mournfully from time to time during the day, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Well, what is the matter," said I at last, impatiently.

She flung herself into my arms.

"I am so afraid it was a portent!" she sobbed, "just like what one reads about. I am so afraid you won't get well!"

"Why?" said I heartlessly, "what makes you think that—do you want me to get out of the way and marry somebody else?"

"Richard! How *can* you speak so? Do I look as if I would marry any one else?"

"Yes," I said savagely, "you do. Oh no, no; I don't mean that, but you're so horribly pretty—every man admires you. Why, even that poor brute of a Kofsky follows you round like a dog, and has a different note in his voice for Madame. You would not lack for comforters! Oh, don't speak to me, I'm cruel, I know, but it hurts me all the time worse, worse than you know. Come, dry your eyes; Kofsky's looking at you instead of chopping that wood, confound him."

"Richard! I don't know you."

"That is small wonder; I don't know myself—a poor, worn-out creature, a thing to sit in the sun and be warmed and fed and housed. Leave me alone; I'll have it out by myself—not even you shall see me."

She went, with her dear head drooping. God knows it hurt me to see her suffer, but I could not stand her eyes on me. Women crave the sympathy of their kind, but the old savage instinct to crawl away and hide the deadly wound is still strong in the ruder breasts of men.

A little while afterward she came back to me, and we began to talk as if nothing had happened.

She brought the newspaper with her and scanned the list of deaths and marriages, musingly.

"Ellis!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "Have you an Arnold Ellis among your relations, Richard?"

"No," said I; "I have no relations at all, always excepting the uncle in San Francisco who went there before I was born."

"Did he make his fortune there?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I have dreamed that he did and left it to me. We have the same name—Richard Var-num Ellis—so he ought to leave his fortune to me if he's aware of my existence, which I doubt."

"Didn't he ever marry?"

"My mother said not."

"Are you sure he isn't dead?"

"I have never heard of it, if he is. Oh, Annie, Annie, if I were not bound down by this dreadful time-allowance! The days are just melting away from me. If I did not need so terribly much to get strong, I think I might do so; it's the haunting anxiety that's killing me. If I could take a long sea-voyage, with no thought of the morrow, I believe I could get well again. What on earth is the matter with Kofsky?"

He had come quite near us and was gesticulating violently, seemingly deprived for the moment of the power of speech. His usually impassive countenance was filled with ecstatic delight. He uttered a guttural exclamation, which summoned Anna Karenina, who came, with a dishcloth in her hand. It was some seconds before I realized that it was the open sheet of the newspaper which Annie held that had so aroused their attention.

On this page was pictured a young man of a foreign cast of countenance and a villanous eye, and below this was the portrait of a young lady, whose insignificant features were considerably mangled by the printer's art. These were headed by the lines "Prince Khmelnitzky a Happy Man—He and Miss Sylvia Goldie Married Yesterday—A Russian Wedding Celebrated in Great Splendor."

"It is!" cried Kofsky. The sympa-

thetic Anna wrung her hands and the dishcloth with them. They poured forth a volley of questions and answers to each other, and then Kofsky turned to me and explained.

Prince Khmelnitzsky was the great man of their province—a very great man, much beloved, as an infant, as a boy, as a young man. They rejoiced at his good fortune. It would be impossible for them to work on such a day, which should be kept as a holiday forever. Miss Sylvia Goldie's dower was—could it be possible?—twenty millions of dollars. Ah, the estimable young lady, most estimable, but she was rewarded when her money could buy her a prince.

I read the account of the wedding to these loving vassals, while the German grandmother, in the orchard, who had been attracted by the commotion, came forward, carrying the baby and followed by her little train of nurslings—she brought more every day—and, leaning on the bars of the fence, listened also. She said "Gut! gut!" with great unction, though I doubt whether she understood anything. We handed her the pictures that she might share in the general joy, and each of the three little tow-headed children bestowed a meaningless glance upon them, so that every one was satisfied.

"Upon my word," said I, suddenly struck with an amusing idea, "I believe that I have met the gentleman myself. Yes, yes; it is certainly so."

Kofsky turned to me with a look, half of pleasure, half of deep suspicion.

I could not help laughing. "Don't you remember, Annie," said I, "that night last spring when I had a ticket given me for the opera? I sat next to a young foreign gentleman who said that he had just arrived in the country. I am sure now that this picture bears a resemblance to him, and that he told me that he was a Russian. He asked me questions about everything. I remember pointing out the people in the boxes to him and commenting on them. Among them was this Miss Sylvia Goldie. He was very much impressed by the amount of her fortune; translated into his native currency it sounded like Golconda. I feel, really, that I was the first to introduce him to her."

Kofsky's expression turned to one of awe. He lifted up his hands and apparently blessed me, if I may judge from the guttural sounds to which he gave utterance; then he and Anna approached and kissed my hand. I felt more like a feudal lord than ever, and accepted my honors with a condescending grace.

That night a terrific storm arose. It lightnined, thundered and hailed so that we could not sleep. Anna's imagination rose with the wind. She heard footsteps around the empty house, and above all she detected the wailing voice of a child.

"You have been asleep and dreamed it," said I; "you cannot possibly hear anything of the kind in this racket."

"It is so horribly unlucky to dream of a crying child," said Annie, miserably. "I would a great deal *rather* have a real one in the house."

It was a long and dreary morning. Toward noon the rain ceased at intervals, but the landscape was gray and sodden in an enfolding mist; the clouds were full of water. Annie tried to make me take a nap after the early dinner; she read to me, sang to me, talked to me—the last had the desired effect. I was just slipping off into a gentle doze when a loud crash brought me suddenly to my feet.

"Was it thunder?" said I, but half-awake.

"No," said Annie, her lips trembling. "Something fell."

"We will go at once and see," said I, but alas! my strength had given out—I could not stand. I was ready to curse myself for my helplessness, but I told Annie to get the Russian girl to go through the house with her.

This, however, Anna quite refused to do. She was afraid of the house, and on being told of the strange noise was ready to fly from us on the spot. Kofsky had wandered off and was not to be found. Annie said she would not go alone, although she fully concurred—outwardly—in my opinion that the storm of the night before had loosened the plaster in one of the rooms and caused it to fall.

That night once more, just as I was going to sleep, I was awakened by a scream from Annie.

"What is the matter now?" I began; but she put her finger on her lips.

"Hush," she said.

"Well?"

"Don't you detect it?"

"What? There is no sound."

"No, no, no—the smell!"

"The smell of what?"

"Onions!"

"Onions!" I repeated.

"Yes, onions. I smell them distinctly, overpoweringly; I can see that you do, too. Richard, if there is no one in this house but ourselves, *where does that smell come from?*"

It seems ridiculous to tell it, yet as we both sat there in the darkness, listening and smelling, an element of horror surrounded us; there was something indescribably revolting in the mysterious odor.

"You cannot say that this is a portent," I whispered at last, recovering somewhat.

"No," she replied, in the same tone; "but we may be murdered in our beds!"

It really seemed to me that we might be. I took my revolver out of the drawer and fired it twice out of the window, as a sort of warning that we were up to any plots that were being hatched. If tramps got in they would find me prepared.

We watched until the early daylight, when the smell faded out, and no tramps had appeared. I slept late, to Annie's great delight. I was able to go with her over the house after a while and found no new developments whatever, nor any fallen plaster.

Our next few days passed peacefully, save that Anna became more strange in her actions than ever. She went around as if in a dream, and did indeed behave like a sleep-walker. She was always mislaying the eatables and bringing them forth, after a while, from most singular places. Several times she took away our appetite so completely—as when she brought forth the ham from under the kitchen sink, or unfolded the baked potatoes from her shawl—that we revolted and could eat nothing. She spoiled so much food in the cooking that we were fain to give it to her to get rid of it, but she always appeared to be deeply penitent and wept if Annie resumed charge herself. I told Annie to send her away, but

Kofsky intimated that he would then leave also, and his services were absolutely necessary to us; besides, we would only be there a short time longer, a little less than a week now.

III.

It was on the Saturday morning that our driver arrived with a large, legal-looking letter for me. My correspondence was not large, and I took it with some curiosity, Annie watching me while I opened it. The letter read thus:

MR. RICHARD V. ELLIS:

DEAR SIR—We have the honor to inform you that your uncle, Mr. Richard V. Ellis of San Francisco, now deceased, has left you the sum of five thousand dollars, which has been deposited to your credit in the Pheasants' Bank of New York. We have no information on the subject but that which we herewith submit to you. We remain,

Your obedient servants,

TRASK & SCORCHER.

[per H.]

That was all. Annie and I stared at each other; then, after the manner of men in like positions, we turned the letter over and looked at it in every conceivable position. It could only be a miracle.

In another hour I had written to the Pheasants' Bank for confirmation of the tidings, which, however, we did not doubt for an instant. We had had no previous ideas of figuring in a romance of this kind, but we assimilated ourselves to our new rôle with amazing rapidity.

Before supper-time that night Annie and I had planned a trip abroad. I would let business rest for a year and take my chances then of obtaining employment, Annie wisely remarking that if I were not in absolute need of a position I would be sure to get one. Before midnight we had made out the itinerary of our journey, and had written a list of necessities to be bought for the voyage. I felt like a new man already.

The next day, Sunday, we hired the horse and buggy and drove to church for the first time in our stay among the hills.

The congregation, including the choir and ourselves, numbered sixteen souls.

The preacher—evidently a worthy and earnest man—alluded to unhappy differences, both in social and political opinions, in different parts of the country, congratulating himself on being this Sunday in the center of enlightened thought.

"Here in Carmel," was his oft-repeated expression. "It is hardly necessary for me to mention this here in Carmel." He instanced, among other things, an episode which had come under his observation in the back country a couple of weeks ago. He was asked to conduct a funeral, and on arriving at the burying-ground a relative of the dead man objected to his interment, because the defunct had owed him seven dollars and twenty-eight cents. The relative had covered the open grave with a rifle, and there was no one who felt like advancing under circumstances so peculiar. This feeling of revenge, the minister admitted, might be natural, but it was wrong—clearly wrong. The interment was finally made at night and in another plot to that from where the watcher still sat waiting with his gun. This could not, the preacher was glad to say, have happened in Carmel.

We were glad of it too.

The preacher himself commanded our respect; an old man, with long white hair and beard, he showed no waning of the inward fire, and he had a simple dignity. His speech was graphic, but not that of a scholar.

He shook hands with us cordially as we were leaving, and asked my name.

"Ellis," I answered; "Richard Ellis."

"Indeed!" said he, with interest. "Singularly enough, that is my name."

"Ah," said I, "that is a little odd, but I suppose it may not be an unusual combination. I have, however, another initial—V; my middle name is Varnum."

"And so is mine," he returned, quietly. "Come here, young man; I want to talk to you. Can it be possible that you are the son of my brother, Emerson Ellis?"

"That was my father's name, certainly," I replied.

"Then I am your uncle," said he.

"But you cannot be my uncle," I expostulated, gently but firmly. "My uncle, Richard Varnum Ellis, went to San Francisco and died there lately, leaving me five thousand dollars."

"You cannot be his uncle," chimed in Annie, tearfully, "unless you are dead, for we are going to Europe on the money next week."

"My only brother was Emerson Ellis, and I lived in San Francisco twenty-five years ago," said the old man, striking his stick on the ground vehemently. "I am still alive, and I never had five thousand dollars in my life, nor would I ever have wasted it on such as you. The portion meted out for liars is——"

"Hold," said I, "let us straighten this thing out. Annie, be quiet."

After half an hour's argument we were fain to believe that the old man was right and that we were the victims of a heartless hoax. He had left San Francisco unsuccessful and hated to show himself to relatives whom he imagined wealthy. He had then, to use his own expression, gotten religious, studied theology and become a Baptist minister. He had drifted somehow into the circle of the hills and had stayed there. But he proved his relationship beyond a doubt.

He did not seem very glad to see us, and I fear that we were not at all glad to see him. We asked him to go home with us, but he declined shortly. He left us, shaking his head and muttering. Annie and I drove home in silence, she squeezing my hand in tender sympathy every few minutes. We could not but feel a sort of grudge against our newly found uncle for being alive, even after we were convinced that his death could not have benefited us pecuniarily.

Like the famous queen, we ate our bread with tears that night. But the morning brought surprising comfort. A communication from the Pheasants' Bank confirmed, beyond any cavil, the fact of my inheritance. It was astounding, incomprehensible, but most certainly true.

"Perhaps your uncle was twins," said Annie, musingly.

The old man then was evidently a lunatic and suffering under a confusion of identity; he must have known my uncle some time in his youth. I suggested later that he might have appropriated Uncle Richard's name and history for reasons of his own. There were queer tales of those early days in California, which some men were only too glad to have forgotten. That would account for

his stay in this hill-bound circle of solitude.

It was a peculiar incident, and one which we vainly tried to solve from time to time, but it did not worry us much; we were in a fever of delight over our happy prospects, and the excitement did me good. There might have been any number of noises and portents in the house those last few days, but neither Annie nor I would have regarded them in the least.

Our dependents gave us a touching farewell, the chorus reared itself against the orchard bars, and Kofsky embraced me several times, a mark of affection which I found extremely disagreeable. He would have embraced Annie also, if I had let him. We could not help contrasting the gloom of our arrival with the cheerfulness of our departure, and our last view of the house was taken through tears of happiness.

IV.

It was nearly a year afterward that Annie and I were journeying slowly up through the continent on our homeward way, I a sun-browned and hardy traveler, in the full tide of health and strength. Our money was nearly gone, but I did not regret that, as during my stay abroad I had established connection in the future with a firm in Hamburg having a branch house in New York. Everything had gone well, and we now looked forward to our return as hopefully as we had done to our journey forth. We began to talk more than hitherto of the events leading to it, and found ourselves even troubled at times about our mysterious uncle and the inheritance which came from nowhere. It was a singular fact that, when we had a large cash account to turn to, we could only think of the Rev. Richard Ellis as an impostor; but when that confirmation of our theory was lacking, he stood out as a stubborn fact.

One evening, soon after we had reached Berlin, we received a message that our presence was requested as soon as possible at the Palace Khmelnitzky, which was situated on the outskirts of the city. We had always been rather interested in the fortunes of the Prince Khmelnitzky, whom we had seen several times in the

course of our wanderings, without, of course, his recognizing us in the least. We had driven out to look at the palace the day before—a magnificent building, the grounds of which were visited at certain hours by the public. The prince, as we knew, was exiled from Russia on account of his political opinions, but the money of his American wife fully indemnified him for this restriction. Could it be that she wished to meet us as her compatriots? There were scores of Americans in Berlin more distinguished than we.

The drive was a long one and Annie was beginning to get a little nervous just as the carriage stopped before the brilliantly lighted portal, where a regiment of servants received us. We entered and ascended a long and imposing staircase, at the head of which we beheld—Kofsky!

It could be no other, although his garments were such as gentlemen wear. A glittering order blazed in his button-hole. I wavered for a moment, and then he embraced me, and I felt the same disagreeable sensation as when I had undergone the same ceremony before.

We were speechless. He led us into a large apartment, tenanted by an old lady, one somewhat younger, and a flock of children—the grandmother, Anna Karenina, the children who played by the brookside, the group of the apple trees—all were there, all dressed in the garb of luxury, and all overflowing with gratitude to Annie and myself.

It was some time before we could really understand the circumstances as related by Kofsky, who had seen and recognized us on our visit to the grounds the day before. He spoke in French, which I found much easier of comprehension than his English.

He had been banished from Russia and his possessions confiscated. Secreting a few jewels, the family left the country to go they knew not whither. In that moment their hearts turned to America, that America so dear to the hearts of all who are oppressed, so beloved of Russian fugitives. It was the only place that offered a retrieval of their fortunes. They consulted thoroughly before taking up their plan of action, and it was to the dear grandmother that credit was due for their success now.

She had advised that what little of value they had saved should all be concentrated on the oldest son, for on him alone could their hopes be placed. He should have a fine wardrobe, money for a first-class passage, and all the appurtenances of fashion to surround him and give him prestige in New York; the rest of the family would travel by steerage and hide themselves in the recesses of the country until the hour of good fortune.

"In a place like America," said Kofsky, "where rank is adored, we trusted that it would not be long before Alexander Michalovitch would receive his deserts. Ah, it was indeed a fine opportunity for an American girl! It had been suggested first that I should be the prize of beauty, but my noble son would not allow me to make the sacrifice. He vowed to give a sum of money to whoever would introduce him to a sufficiently remunerative bride.

"You, as I heard from your own lips, were the person who unconsciously performed that duty. In the fulfillment of the vow, you received five thousand dollars."

"I did," said I. "May I ask why you had it sent in the name of another person?"

The prince waved his hand. "It was an idea that came to me as I heard your interesting conversations with Madame. I understand English much better than I speak it. It was desirable that reporters—that curse of your country! should not know of the matter. The family of Mademoiselle Goldie were irritable, and bourgeois—in fine, it was best to be secret. In the meantime we had all grown to know and love you—especially Madame—during the month in which we had shared your roof."

"Shared my roof!" I cried; "it is not possible."

"It was difficult," said the prince reflectively, "but not impossible. It necessitated early rising on the part of the family, but the weather was fine, and my mother, who, as you know, is German, had brought us all up to thrifty habits. We found that one key would fit most of the doors, and we were careful not to leave them unlocked. It was difficult at times to keep my daughter's infants

from crying, but we taught them, for the most part, to do it silently. A Russian never forgets hospitality, and our gratitude to you will always be great."

"Thank you," said I.

"We are now, of course," said the prince, "in the position which befits our rank. My daughter, whose husband lately died in Siberia, is about to contract another alliance. I myself, if I had the courage to endure another voyage to America, might augment our fortunes beyond the annals of the century, but my tastes are simple, and a wife would, I fear, prove burdensome now—unless, indeed, anything should happen to yourself, when I beg Madame to believe that my respect and admiration for her are so great that I would waive all other considerations and marry her at once, if she desired it."

"Thank you," said I again. "I think, Annie, that we had better be going."

We had, however, to partake of some light refreshment—which choked me—before we were allowed to depart, the prince showing much polite concern because I refused the acceptance of some remarkably fine jewels which he pressed upon us. We left, with a compliment to the length of Annie's eyelashes and a final tribute to America ringing in our ears—the land of refuge for the oppressed, the noble opportunity of impoverished youth.

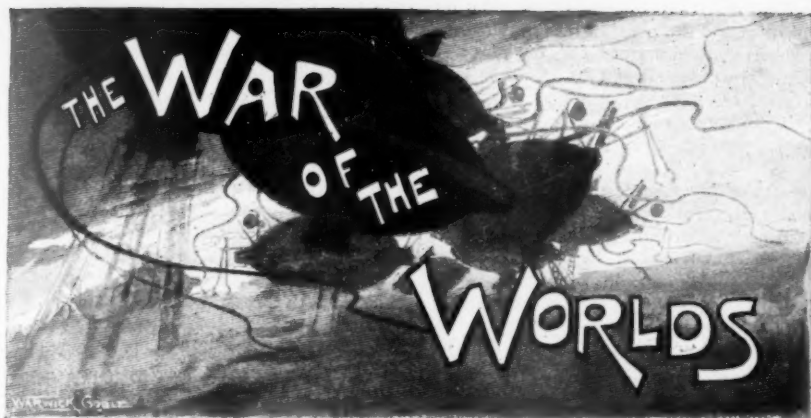
I rode back to the hotel in a speechless rage, but when we reached our apartment, Annie, who had been silently laughing to the verge of suffocation in the carriage, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me several times with great tenderness. It was her indemnification to me for the amiable admiration with which the prince had honored her.

You are so well and strong now, dearest," she said, "you can afford to laugh at the prince."

"I wish I could send back that con-founded money to him," I said moodily; "but it is all gone now. So this is what your portents meant! I am glad that we will be at home soon and free at last from the meshes of that entangling house among the hills."

"It was a house of life," said Annie thoughtfully.

"Yes," said I; "it was indeed."



BY H. G. WELLS.

THE FIGHTING BEGINS.

SATURDAY lives in my memory as a day of suspense. It was a day of lassitude, too, hot and close, with, I am told, a rapidly fluctuating barometer. I had slept but little, though my wife had succeeded in sleeping, and I rose early. I went into my garden before breakfast and stood listening, but toward the common there was nothing stirring but a lark.

The milkman came as usual. I heard the rattle of his chariot and I went round to the side gate to ask the latest news. He told me that during the night the Martians had been surrounded by troops and that guns were expected. Then, with a reassuring note, I heard a train running toward Woking. "They aren't to be killed," said the milkman, "if that can possibly be avoided."

I saw my neighbor gardening, chatted with him for a time and then strolled in to breakfast. It was a most unexceptional morning. My neighbor was of opinion that the troops would be able to capture or to destroy the Martians during the day. "It's a pity they make themselves so unapproachable," he said. "It would be curious to learn how they live on another planet. We might learn a thing or two."

He came up to the fence and extended a handful of strawberries—for his gardening was as generous as it was enthusiastic. At the same time he told me of the burning of the pine woods about the By-

fleet golf-links. "They say," said he, "that there's another of those blessed things fallen there. Number two. But one's enough, surely. This lot'll cost the insurance people a pretty penny before everything's settled." He laughed with an air of the greatest good humor as he said this. The woods, he said, were still burning, and pointed out a haze of smoke to me. "They will be hot under foot for days, on account of the thick soil of pine needles and turf," he said, and then grew serious over "poor Ogilvy."

After breakfast, instead of working I decided to walk down toward the common. Under the railway bridge I found a group of soldiers—sappers, I think—men in small round caps, their dirty red jackets unbuttoned, showing their blue shirts, dark trousers and boots coming to the calf. They told me no one was allowed over the canal, and looking along the road toward the bridge, I saw one of the Cardigan men standing sentinel there. I talked with these soldiers for a time and told them of my sight of the Martians on the previous evening. None of them had seen the Martians and they had but the vaguest idea of them, so that they plied me with questions. They said that they did not know who had authorized the movements of the troops; their idea was that a dispute had arisen at the Horse Guards. The ordinary sapper is a great deal better educated than the common

soldier, and they discussed the peculiar conditions of the possible fight with some acuteness. I described the heat ray to them, and they began to argue among themselves.

"Crawl up under cover and rush 'em, say I," said one.

"Get aht!" said another. "Wot's cover against this 'ere 'eat? Sticks to cook yer! Wot we got to do is to go as near as the ground'll let us and then drive a trench."

"Blast yer trenches! You always want trenches. You ought to ha' been born a rabbit, Snippy."

"Ain't they got any necks, then?" asked a third abruptly, a little, contemplative, dark man smoking a pipe.

I repeated my description.

"Octopuses," said he; "that's what I calls 'em. Talk about fishers of men—fighters of fish it is this time."

"It ain't no murder killin' beasts like that," said the first speaker.

"Why not shell the damn things strite off and finish 'em?" said the little dark man. "You can't tell what they might do."

"Where's your shells?" said the first speaker. "There ain't no time. Do it in a rush—that's my tip. And do it at once."

So they discussed it. After a while I left them and went on to the railway station to get as many morning papers as I could. But I will not weary the reader with a discussion of that long morning and of the longer afternoon. I did not succeed in getting a glimpse of the common, for even Chobham and Horsell church-towers were in the hands of the military authorities. The soldiers I addressed didn't know anything; the officers were mysterious as well as busy. I found the people in the town quite secure again in the presence of the military, and I heard for the first time, from Marshall, the tobacconist, that his son was among the dead on the common. The soldiers had made the people on the outskirts of Horsell lock up and leave their houses.

I got back to lunch about two, very tired, for, as I have said, the day was extremely hot and dull; and in order to refresh myself I took a cold bath in the afternoon. About half-past four I went up to the railway station to get an even-

ing paper, for the morning papers had contained only a very inaccurate description of the killing of Stent, Henderson, Ogilvy and the others. But there was little I didn't know. The Martians did not show an inch of themselves. They seemed busy in their pit, and there was a sound of digging as well as hammering, and an almost continuous streamer of smoke. Apparently they were busy getting ready for a struggle. "Fresh attempts have been made to signal, but without success," was the stereotyped formula of the papers. A sapper told me it was done by a man in a ditch, with a flag on a long pole. The Martians took as much notice of such advances as we should of a lowing cow.

I must confess the sight of all this armament, all this preparation, greatly excited me. My imagination became belligerent and defeated the invaders in a dozen striking ways. Something of my school-boy dreams of battles and heroism came back to me. They seemed so helpless in this pit of theirs. At three o'clock there began the thud of a gun at measured intervals from Chertsey and Addlestone. I learned that the smoldering pine wood into which the second cylinder had fallen was being shelled in the hope of destroying that object before it opened. It was only about five, however, that a field gun reached Chobham for use against the first body of Martians.

About six in the evening, as I sat at tea with my wife in the summer-house, talking vigorously about the battle that was lowering upon us, I heard a muffled detonation from the common, and immediately after a gust of firing. Close on the heels of that came a violent rattling crash, quite close to us, that shook the ground, and, starting out upon the lawn, I saw the tops of the trees about the Oriental College burst into smoky red flame and the tower of the little church beside it slide down into ruin. The pinnacle of the mosque had vanished, and the roof-line of the college itself looked as if a hundred-ton gun had been at work upon it. One of our chimneys, cracked as though a shot had hit it, flew, and pieces of it came clattering down the tiles and made a heap of broken red fragments upon the flower-bed by my study window.

My wife and I stood amazed. A moment before, peace, and then this earth-

quake and fire smiting out of the invisible, and black smoke streaming up all about us. Then I realized that the crest of Maybury Hill must be within range of the Martians' heat ray, now that the college was cleared out of the way.

As soon as my astonishment would let me I gripped my wife's arm and ran her out into the road. Then I fetched out the servant, telling her that I would go upstairs myself for the box she was clamoring for. "We can't possibly stay here," I said, and as I spoke the firing reopened for a moment upon the common.

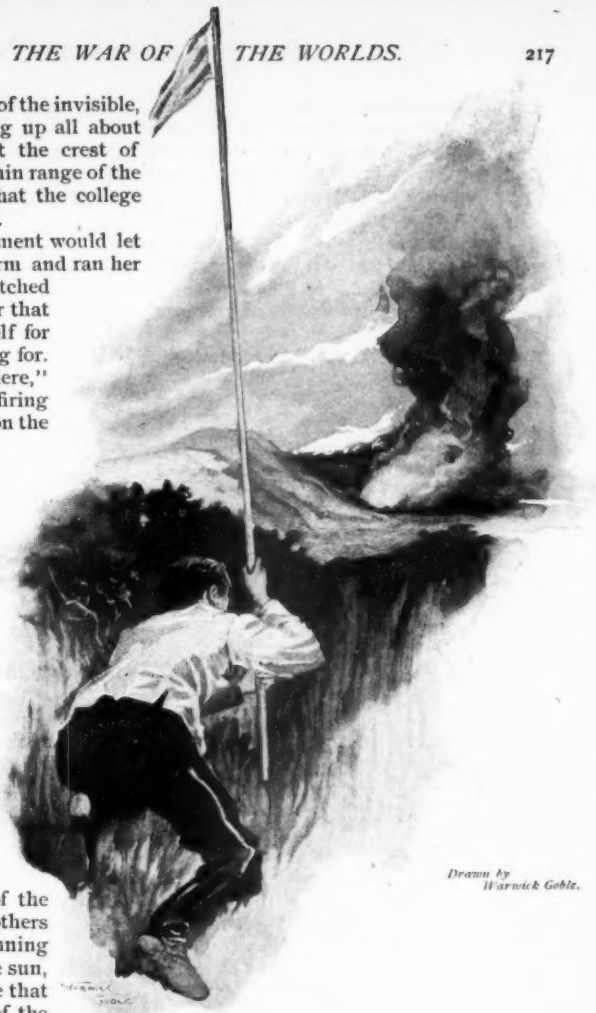
"But where are we to go?" said my wife, in terror.

I thought, perplexed. Then I remembered her cousins at Leatherhead. "Leatherhead," I shouted, above the sudden noise. She looked away from me downhill. The people were coming out of their houses, astonished.

"How am I to get to Leatherhead?" she said. Down the hill I saw a bevy of hussars ride under the railway bridge. Three galloped through the open gates of the Oriental College; two others dismounted and began running from house to house. The sun, shining through the smoke that drove up from the tops of the trees, seemed blood-red and threw an unfamiliar lurid light upon everything.

"Stop here," said I. "You are safe here;" and I started off at once for the Spotted Dog, for I knew the landlord had a horse and dog-cart. I ran, for I perceived that in a moment every one upon this side of the hill would be moving. I found him in his bar, quite unaware of what was going on behind his house. A man stood with his back to me, talking to him. "I must have a pound," said the landlord, "and I've no one to drive it."

"I'll give you two," said I, over the stranger's shoulder.



*Drawn by
Warwick Goble.*

"IT WAS DONE BY A MAN IN A DITCH, WITH A FLAG ON A LONG POLE."

"What for?"

"And I'll bring it back by midnight," I said.

"Lord!" said the landlord, "what's the hurry? I'm selling my bit of a pig. Two pounds, and you bring it back! What's going on now?"

I explained, hastily, that I had to leave my house, and so secured the dog-cart. At the time it did not seem to me nearly so urgent that the landlord should leave his. I took care to have it there and then, drove it off down the road and,

leaving it in charge of my wife and servant, rushed into my house and packed a few valuables, such plate as we had, and so forth. The beech trees below the house were burning while I did this, and the palings up the hill glowed red. While I was occupied in this way one of the dismounted hussars came running up. He was going from house to house, warning people to leave. He was going on as I came out of my front door, lugging my treasures done up in a tablecloth. I shouted after him, "What news?"

He turned, stared, bawled something about "crawling out in a thing like a dish-cover," and ran on to the gate of the house at the crest. A sudden whirl of black smoke driving across the road hid him for a moment. I ran to my neighbor's door and rapped, to satisfy myself of what I already knew, that his wife had gone to London with him and that the house was locked. I went in again for my servant's box, according to my promise, lugged it out, clapped it beside her on the tail of the dog-cart, and then caught the reins and jumped up into the driver's seat, beside my wife. In another moment we were clear of the smoke and noise, and spanking down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill toward Old Woking.

In front was a quiet, sunny landscape, a wheat-field ahead on either side of the road, and the Maybury Inn with its swinging sign. At the bottom of the hill I turned my head to look at the hillside I was leaving. Thick streamers of black smoke shot with threads of red fire were driving up into the still air and throwing dark shadows upon the green tree-tops eastward. The smoke already extended far away to the east and west—to the Byfleet pine woods eastward and to Woking on the west. And very faint now, but very distinct through the hot, quiet air, one heard the whirr of a machine gun, that was presently stilled, and an intermittent cracking of rifles.

Apparently the Martians were setting fire to everything within range of their heat ray. I am an inexperienced driver and I had immediately to turn my head to the horse again, but that strange sight of the swift confusion and destruction of war, the first real glimpse of warfare that had ever come into my life, was photographed in an instant upon my memory.

When I looked back again, the second hill had hidden the black smoke. I slashed the horse with the whip and gave him a loose rein until Woking and Send lay between us and that quivering tumult.

X.

IN THE STORM.

Leatherhead is about twelve miles from Maybury Hill. We got there without misadventure about nine o'clock, and the horse had an hour's rest while I took supper with my cousins and commended my wife to their care. The evening had been a pleasant one—a little hot and close, perhaps, at first, but the rapid drive had made an artificial breeze for us. The scent of hay was in the air through the lush meadows beyond Pyrford, and the hedges on either side were sweet and gay with multitudes of dog-roses. The heavy firing that had broken out while we were driving down Maybury Hill ceased as abruptly as it began, leaving the evening very peaceful and still.

My wife was curiously silent throughout the drive and seemed oppressed with forebodings of evil. I talked to her reassuringly, pointing out that the Martians were tied to the pit by sheer heaviness, and at the utmost could but crawl a little out of it, but she answered only in monosyllables. Had it not been for my promise to the innkeeper, she would, I think, have urged me to stay in Leatherhead. Her face, I remember, was very white as we parted. For my own part, I had been feverishly excited all day; something very like the war-fever, that occasionally runs through a civilized community, had got into my blood, and in my heart I was not so very sorry that I had to return to Maybury that night. I was even afraid that last fusillade I had heard might mean the extermination of our invaders from Mars. I wanted to be in at the death.

It was nearly eleven when I started to return. The night was unexpectedly dark. To me, walking out of the lighted passage of my cousin's house, it seemed indeed black, and it was as hot and close as the day. Overhead the clouds were driving fast, albeit not a breath stirred the shrubs about us. My cousin's man lit both

lamps. Happily I knew the road intimately; I had so often cycled over it. My wife stood in the light of the doorway and watched me until I jumped up into the dog-cart. Then abruptly she turned and went in, leaving my cousins side by side, wishing me good hap.

I was a little depressed at first with the contagion of my wife's fears, but very soon my thoughts reverted to the Martians. At that time I was absolutely in the dark as to the course of the evening's fighting. I did not even know the circumstances that had precipitated the conflict. As I came through Ockham (for that was the way I returned, and not through Send and Old Woking), I saw along the western horizon a blood-red glow, which, as I drew nearer, crept slowly up the sky. The driving clouds of the gathering thunderstorm mingled there with masses of black and red smoke.

Ripley street was deserted, and, except for a lighted window or so, the village showed not a sign of life, but I narrowly escaped an accident at the corner of the road to Pyrford, where a knot of people stood with their backs to me. They said nothing to me as I passed. I do not know what they knew of the things happening beyond the hill, nor do I know if the silent houses I passed on my way were full of people sleeping securely or were deserted and empty, their inmates harassed and watching against the terror of the night. Until I came through Pyrford I was in the valley of the Wye, and the red glare was hidden from me. As I ascended the little hill beyond Pyrford church, the glare came into view again, and the trees about me shivered with the first intimation of the storm that was upon me. Then I heard midnight pealing out from Pyrford church behind me, and then came the clear sight of Maybury Hill, with its tree-tops and roofs black and sharp against the red. Even as I beheld this a lurid green glare lit the road about me and showed the distant woods toward Addlestone. I felt a tug at the reins. I saw with only half an eye that the

driving clouds had been pierced as it were by a thread of green fire suddenly lighting the confusion and falling into the fields to my left. It was the third falling star. Close on its apparition, and blindingly violet by contrast, danced out the first lightning of the gathering storm, and the thunder burst like a rocket overhead.

The horse took the bit between his teeth and bolted. I gripped the reins, and we went whirling along between the hedges and emerged in a minute or so upon the open common. A moderate incline runs down toward the foot of Maybury Hill, and down this we clattered. Once the lightning had begun it went on in as rapid a succession of flashes as I have ever seen. The thunder-claps, treading one on the heels of another, and with a strange crackling accompaniment,



*Drawn by
Warwick Goble.*

sounded more like the working of a gigantic electric machine than the usual detonating reverberations. The flickering light was blinding and confusing, and a thin hail smote in gusts on my face as I drove down the slope.

At first I regarded little but the road before me, and then, abruptly, my attention was arrested by something that

"SUDDENLY THE TREES IN THE
PINE WOOD AHEAD OF ME
WERE PARTED."

was moving rapidly down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill. At first I took it for the wet roof of a house, but one flash following another showed it to be in swift, rolling movement. It was an elusive vision—a moment bewildering darkness and then a flash like daylight—the red masses of the orphanage near the crest of the hill and the green tops of the pine trees coming out clear and sharp and bright.

And this Thing! How can I describe it? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses, striding over the young pine trees and smashing them aside in its wallowing career; a walking engine of glittering metal, reeling now across the heather, articulate ropes of steel dangling from it, and the clattering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly, as it seemed with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milking-stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground? But instead of a milking-stool, imagine it a great thing of metal, like the body of a colossal steam-engine on a tripod stand.

Then suddenly the trees in the pine wood ahead of me were parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them; they were snapped off and driven headlong, and a second huge tripod appeared, rushing, as it seemed, headlong toward me. And I was galloping hard to meet it! At the sight of the second monster my nerve went altogether. Not stopping to look again, I wrenched the horse's head hard round to the right, and in another moment the dog-cart had heeled over upon the horse, the shafts smashed noisily, and I was flung sideways and fell heavily into a shallow pool of water.

I crawled out almost immediately and crouched, my feet still in the water, under a clump of furze. The horse lay motionless (his neck was broken, poor brute!) and by the lightning flashes I saw the black bulk of the overturned dog-cart and the silhouette of the wheel still spinning slowly. In another moment the colossal mechanism went striding by me and passed up-hill toward Pyrford.

Seen nearer, the Thing was incredibly

strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing, metallic pace and long, flexible, glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it. In this was the Martian. Behind the body was a huge thing of white metal, like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. So much I saw then, all vaguely for the flickering of the lightning, in blinding high lights and dense shadow.

As it passed it set up an exultant, deafening howl that drowned the thunder, and in another minute it was with the other, half a mile away, stooping over something in the field. I had no doubt this thing in the field was the third of the ten cylinders they had fired at us from Mars.

For some minutes I lay there, simply stupefied, watching by the intermittent light these monstrous beings of metal moving about in the distance over the hedge-tops. A thin hail was now beginning, and as it came and went their figures grew misty and then flashed into clearness again. Now and again came a gap in the lightning and the night swallowed them up. I was soaked with hail above and puddle-water below. It was some time before my blank astonishment would let me struggle up the bank to a drier position or think at all of my imminent peril.

Not far from me was a little one-roomed squatter's hut of wood, surrounded by a patch of potato-garden. I struggled to my feet at last, and, crouching and making every use of chance of cover, I made a run for this. I hammered at the door, but I could not make the people hear (if there were any people inside), and after a time I desisted, and availing myself of a ditch for the greater part of the way, succeeded in crawling, unobserved by the monstrous machines, into the pine wood toward Maybury.

Under cover of this I pushed on, wet and shivering now, toward my own house.

T I walked among the trees trying to find the foot-path. It was very dark indeed among the trees, for the lightning was now becoming infrequent, and the hail, which was pouring down in a torrent, fell in columns through the gaps in the heavy foliage. The steaming air was full of a hot, resinous smell. If I had fully



Drawn by
Warwick Goble.

"JUGE BLACK SHAPES, GROTESQUE AND STRANGE."

realized the mean- ing of all the things I had seen, I should have im- mediate- ly worked my way round through Byfleet to Street Cobham, and so gone back to rejoin my wife at Leatherhead. But that night the strangeness of things about me and my physical wretchedness prevented me; for I was bruised, weary and wet to the skin, deafened and blinded by the storm. I had but a vague idea of going on to my own house, and that was as much motive as I had. I staggered through the trees,

fell into a ditch and bruised my knee against a plank, and finally splashed out into the lane that ran down from the College Arms. I say splashed, for the storm-water was sweeping the sand down the hill in a muddy torrent. There in the darkness a man blundered into me and sent me reeling back. He gave a cry of terror, sprang sideways and rushed on before I could gather my wits together sufficiently to speak to him. So heavy was the stress of the storm just at this place, that I had the hardest task to win my way up the hill. I went close up to the fence on the left and worked my way along its palings.

Near the top I stumbled upon something soft, and, by a flash of lightning, saw between my feet a heap of black broadcloth and a pair of boots. Before I could distinguish clearly how the man lay the flicker of light had passed. I

stood over him waiting for the next flash. When it came I saw that he was a sturdy man, cheaply but not shabbily dressed. His head was bent under his body, and he lay crumpled up close to the fence as though he had been flung violently against it. Overcoming the repugnance natural to one who had never before touched a dead body, I stooped and turned him over to feel for his heart. He was quite dead. Apparently his neck had been broken. The lightning flashed for a third time, and his face leaped upon me. I sprang to my feet. It was the landlord of the Spotted Dog, whose conveyance I had taken.

I stepped over him gingerly and pushed on up the hill. I made my way by the police station and the College Arms toward my own house. Nothing was burning on the hillside, though from the common there still came a red glare and a rolling tumult of ruddy smoke beating up against the drenching hail. So far as I could see by the two or three distant flashes, the houses about me were mostly uninjured. By the College Arms a dark heap lay in the road, and I did not care to examine it.

Down the road toward Maybury bridge there were voices and the sound of feet, but I had not the courage to shout or to go to them. I saw nothing unusual in my garden that night, though the gate was off its hinges and the shrubs seemed trampled. I let myself in with my latchkey, closed, locked and bolted the door, staggered to the foot of the staircase and sat down. My strength and courage seemed absolutely exhausted. A great horror of this darkness and desolation came upon me. My imagination was full of those striding metallic monsters and of the dead body smashed against the fence. I felt like a rat in a corner. I crouched

at the foot of the staircase, with my back to the wall, shivering violently.

XI.

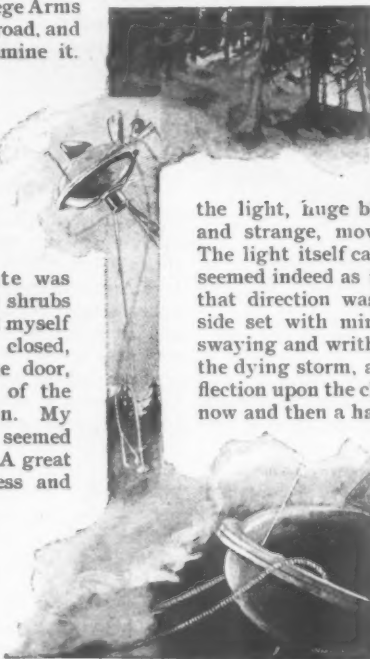
AT THE WINDOW.

I have said already that my storms of emotion have a trick of exhausting themselves. I seem to remember noting that I was cold and wet, with little pools of water about me on the stair carpet. I got up almost mechanically and went into the dining-room and drank some whiskey, and then I was moved to change my clothes. After I had done that I went upstairs to my study, but why I did so I do not know. The window of my study looks over the trees and the railway toward Horsell Common. In the hurry of our departure this window had been left open. The passage was dark, and by contrast with the picture that the window frame inclosed, that side of the room seemed impenetrably dark. I stopped in the doorway, staring. The thunderstorm

had passed. The towers of the Oriental College and the pine trees about it had gone, and very far away, lit by a vivid red glare, the common about the sand-pits was visible. Across

the light, huge black shapes, grotesque and strange, moved busily to and fro. The light itself came from Chobham. It seemed indeed as if the whole country in that direction was on fire—a broad hillside set with minute tongues of flame, swaying and writhing with the gusts of the dying storm, and throwing a red reflection upon the cloud scud above. Every now and then a haze of smoke from some

nearer conflagration drove across the window and hid the rushing shapes. I could not see what they were doing or the clear form of them, or recognize the black objects they were busied upon; neither could I see the nearer fire, though the reflec-



"A SECOND GLITTERING TITAN BUILT ITSELF UP OUT OF THE PIT."

tions of it danced on the wall and ceiling of the study. A sharp resinous twang of burning was in the air.

I closed the door noiselessly and crept toward the window. As I did so the view opened out, until on the one hand it reached to the houses about Woking station and on the other to the charred and blackened pine woods of Byfleet. There was a light down below the hill, on the

railway near the arch, and several of the houses along the Maybury road and the streets near the station were glowing ruins. The light upon the railway puzzled me at first; there was a black heap and a vivid glare, and to the right of that a row of yellow oblongs. Then I perceived this was a wrecked train, the fore part smashed and on fire, the hind carriage still upon the rails. Between these three main centers of light—the houses, the train, and the burning country toward Chobham—stretched irregular patches of

dark country, broken here and there by intervals of dimly glowing and smoking ground. It was the strangest spectacle, that black expanse set with fire. [It reminded me more than anything else of the Potteries, seen at night. People, at first, I could distinguish none, though I peered intently for them. Later I saw, against the light of Woking station, a number of black figures hurrying one

after the other across the line. The storm had left the sky clear, and over the smoke of the burning land the little fading pinpoint of Mars was dropping into the west, when the soldier came into my garden. I heard a slight scraping at the fence, and rousing myself from the lethargy that had fallen upon me, and looking down, I saw him, dimly, clambering over the palings. I was so delighted at the sight of another

human being that my torpor passed and I leaned out of the window eagerly.

"Hist!" said I, in a whisper. He stopped, astride of the fence, in doubt. Then he came across the lawn to the corner of the house. He bent down and stepped softly. "Who is there?" he said (also whispering), standing under the window and peering up.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"God only knows."

"Are you trying to hide?"

"That's it."

"Come into the house," I said.

I went down, unfastened the

door and let him in, and locked the door again. I could not see his face. He was hatless and his coat was unbuttoned. "My God!" he said, as I drew him in.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"What hasn't?" In the obscurity I could see him make a gesture of despair. "They wiped us out; simply wiped us out!" he repeated again and again. He followed me almost mechanically into the



Drawn by Warwick Goble. "WIPE OUT!"

dining-room. "Take some whiskey," I said, pouring out a stiff dose. He drank it. Then abruptly he sat down before the table, put his head on his arms and began to sob and weep, like a little boy, in a perfect passion of emotion, while I, with a curious forgetfulness of my own recent despair, stood beside him wondering.

It was a long time before he could steady his nerves to answer my questions, and then he answered perplexingly and brokenly. He was a driver in the artillery and he had only come into action about seven. At that time firing was going on across the common, and it was said the Martians were crawling toward their second cylinder under cover of a metal shield. Later this shield staggered up on tripod legs and became the first of the fighting machines I had seen. The gun he drove had been unlimbered near Horsell in order to command the sand-pits, and it was this that had precipitated the action. As the limber gunners went to the rear, his horse trod in a rabbit hole and came down, throwing him into a depression of the ground. At the same moment the gun exploded behind him and the ammunition blew up. There was fire all about him, and he found himself lying under a heap of charred dead men and dead horses. "I lay still," he said, "scared out of my wits, with the fore-quarter of a horse atop of me. We've been wiped out! And the smell! good God! like burnt meat! I was hurt across the back by the fall of the horse, and there I had to lie for a time until I felt better. Just like parade it had been a minute before, then stumble, bang, swish!" He threw out his hands. "Wiped out!" he said.

I asked him a hundred questions. He had hid under the dead horse for a long time, peeping out furtively across the

common. The Cardigan men had tried a rush in skirmishing order at the pit, simply to be swept out of existence. Then the monster had risen to its feet and had begun to walk leisurely to and fro across the common among the few fugitives, with its head-like hood turning about exactly like the head of a cowed human being. A kind of arm carried a thing like a huge photographic camera, and out of the eye of this there smote the heat ray. In a few minutes there was, so far as the soldier could see, not a living thing left upon the common, and every bush and tree upon it that was not already a blackened skeleton was burning. The giant saved Woking station and its cluster of houses until last; then in a moment the heat ray was brought to bear and the town became a heap of fiery ruins. Then the Thing shut off the heat

ray and, turning its back upon the artilleryman, began to waddle away toward the smoldering pine woods that sheltered the second cylinder. As it did so, a second glittering Titan built itself up out of the pit.

The second monster followed the first, and at that

the artilleryman began to crawl very slowly and cautiously across the hot heather ash toward Horsell: He managed to get alive into the ditch along by the side of the road and so escaped to Woking. His story then became ejaculatory. The place was impassable. It seems there were a few people alive there, frantic, for the most part. He was turned aside by the fire, and hid among some almost scorching heaps of broken wall as one of the Martian giants returned. He saw this one pursue a man, catch him up in one of its steely tentacles and knock his head against the trunk of a pine tree. At last, after nightfall, the artilleryman made a rush for it and got over the railway embankment. Since then he had been skulking along toward Maybury, in the hope of getting out of danger Londonward.

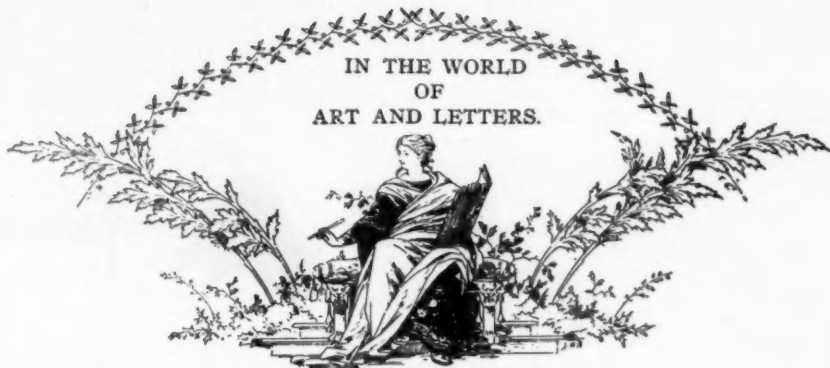


Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"HE SAW THIS ONE PURSUE A MAN."

(To be continued.)

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



THE Month in England.—Two rival series of Histories of Literature seem rather too much of a doubtfully good thing, but they have been threatening now for some years, and, as neither Mr. Heine-
mann nor Mr. Fisher Unwin has withdrawn his prospectus, the publishers may be assumed to know their own business best. In the case of some esoteric literatures, there is really only one man competent to do the work, but I do not suppose this will prevent both publishers

from engaging the "first living authority." Mr. Heine-
mann has made the first start—and a good one—with Professor Gilbert Murray's "Ancient Greek Literature," in which an attempt is made to penetrate through the literature to the dim personalities behind it, an attempt which, the writer urges, is "helpful even where it leads to no definite result." To get at personalities is more a matter for psychology than for literature, whose realm is that of verbal expression; still, the great fault in the teaching of Latin and Greek has always been that they have been taught as *dead* languages—strange conjugations and erratic declensions out of relation to living humanity. How many schoolboys, stumbling through their "Cæsar," really conceive of a living warrior, scribbling on his tablets, without a thought of ablative absolute or oratio obliqua? wherefore Professor Murray's attempt may help to correct the tendency to forget the breathing flesh



THE FLOURISHING OF THE ROMANTIC TAIL.

and blood behind the word—a tendency, by the way, which is responsible for all text-worship. "The Dark Ages" is another misleading phrase which, as Charles Lamb said, makes us fancy that a visible fog hung over those centuries and people went about groping at noonday, instead of living as joyously in the sun as any of your enlightened professors. Mr. W. P. Ker deals with these black eras in another of the endless series of series, treating this time of Periods of European History. Professor Saintsbury led off the series with "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory." The professor is reported to

have read so omnivorously among the twelfth and thirteenth century romances in every language that one is moved to hope he will escape the fate of Don Quixote.

Twenty years ago George Meredith lectured at the London Institution on "The Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit," and the essay, which contains some delightful criticism, is only now reissued from the defunct "New Quarterly," with the omission of the "topical allusions." Here we get a lucid statement of those conceptions of the Comic Spirit which, like his *Imps of Comedy*, hover enigmatically about "The Egoist" and other books. Mr. Meredith's main position is that the comic sense is practically common sense, laughing genially at all divagations from the average social ideal. This definition seems open to the objection that it would make everybody perceive the comedy of anything and rob the humorist of his rôle. Perhaps the reply is that the function of the comedy writer is to expose to the eye of common sense the latent absurdities its superficial vision would have missed. Still, to have to accept the general sense of the crowd as the substratum of comedy makes our democratic "Daily Chronicle" uneasy. Mr. Meredith further classifies comedy as the humor of the mind. George Eliot in her essay on Heine offers a much more differentiated analysis of the humor of comedy in the light of its evolution from lower mental forms.

In Meredith's original lecture was included some criticism of the contemporary stage. He evidently found the Comic Spirit shut out from the comedies of the day, like the Peri from paradise. "If these plays are brought to the test, I shall propose," he said, "very reputable comedies will be found unworthy of their station; like the ladies-of Arthur's court, when they were reduced to the ordeal of the mantle." Lecturing at the same institution myself, the other day, I said the same thing, and was denounced by the "Spectator" as one of those clever young men who are always hankering to reform our taste. Mr. Meredith is said to have a comedy of his own in a drawer, but I doubt if two managers in London are aware that Mr. Meredith is the Shakespeare of our day, or who would move a finger to beckon him stageward. It is a pity Shakespeare is in the English repertory, because to run him gives our managers a cheap air of culture. Here, then, seems an opening for the Independent Theater. Meredith is the last man one would suspect of stage success, but one is anxious to see him working in any medium he chooses.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Well-Beloved," published in serial form six years ago, has had in book form the instant success which attends all his later work, and, like all his later work, it expresses his tormented interest in sex-problems. His sense of the infinite subtlety and variability of the feelings we try to adjust to the Procrustean bed of marriage. A counterblast to Olive Schreiner's universally read "Trooper Peter Halket" has been supplied by Dr. Jameson and another hand. But from "Cecil Rhodes, a Biography and an Appreciation," everybody will make the obvious deduction for partisanship. The theory of the defense is that Mr. Rhodes only got gold to get power, and only got private power for large public ends. This is curiously like Ibsen's conception of "John Gabriel Borkman." The op-

position counsel acknowledge, with the rest of the world, that the Olive Schreiner indictment is a work "of consummate literary art," though they denounce it as morally reprehensible. I continue to think that its morality is less questionable than its literary merit.

I. ZANGWILL.





MAR KHAYYÁM: A New Rendering, by Le Gallienne.—In May, an announcement was made which excited unusual interest in the literary world. It was to the effect that in the June COSMOPOLITAN, would appear a new version of "The Rubáiyát" by Richard Le Gallienne; and the prediction was hazarded that Mr. Le Gallienne's work *would not only rank easily as the most remarkable of the year, but would achieve for the author a foremost place among living English poets.*

The manuscript was in the hands of the printers when a cablegram asked a postponement of publication. It is therefore necessary to disappoint our readers and ask them to await the July instead of the June issue.

The unqualified admiration of the whole world for the translation of Fitzgerald naturally causes the announcement of a new rendering which may be placed in comparison with that which we know, to be received with criticism—in fact, with a smile of incredulity more or less broad, according to the degree of admiration in which the doubter holds Fitzgerald. Nevertheless, the universal judgment, of those who have had the opportunity to read the quatrains of Le Gallienne, is to the effect that he will not only be fully justified in offering his work by the side of Fitzgerald's, but it will be recognized that he has in many of his quatrains soared to heights scarcely reached by his predecessor in the interpretation of "Omar Khayyám.

EDITOR.



UR Literary Ambassador.—The appointment of Colonel John Hay to the English mission, while it keeps intact the long-standing tradition which reserves that post to an American who has won distinction in the world of letters, is interesting also as bringing about a new demonstration of the manner in which the English judge of Americans and of their productions. Colonel Hay's literary work is divided between two very different genres, and it is interesting to see

how, since the appointment was announced, the English have absolutely ignored one of them—the really serious and important one—and clutched eagerly at the other. So far as I have observed, the English journals have said nothing about the very valuable "Life of Lincoln," written by Colonel Hay in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, although this is a work of great historical interest and one that represents the result of much patient research as well as first-hand knowledge; nor have they taken any notice of "Castilian Days," a book of great literary charm and delicate delineation; but they have reprinted "Banty Tim" and "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe," and have gone into ecstasies over the amusing irreverence of these three poems. And this is very characteristic of the general English attitude toward Americans. An American must, they assume, be distinctly outré, or else he is not a typical American. His talk must be embellished by picturesque slang, his dress must be eccentric, and his manners must be those that smack of the mining camp, the prairies, and the frontier. One may reasonably believe, in fact, that no American who has visited England in our day ever quite so completely satisfied the English mind in these respects as the individual whom they delighted in describing as "Col. the Hon. Buffalo Bill;" though Joaquin Miller in his prime must have run him pretty hard for first place.

Out of regard for the feelings of the new ambassador, a word of friendly warning should be wafted to our Britannic friends who are eagerly purchasing copies of "Pike County Ballads," in order to gratify Colonel Hay by exhibiting an easy familiarity with his verse. As a matter of fact, it is well known that he thoroughly dislikes these early productions of his, and would doubtless annihilate the whole lot of them if he could. Consequently it will be decidedly more tactful in his English entertainers to forget the fact that Colonel Hay figured in the seventies as a poet of the early Bret Harte school.

It is, indeed, the fly in the ointment with almost every successful writer, that the public will insist upon associating his name with some work which he himself regards as by no means truly representative of his matured powers. Thus, Robert Louis Stevenson at last became morbidly sensitive about hearing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" put forward as his supreme achievement; Bret Harte loathes the very mention of "The Heathen Chinee;" the late Mr. Bunner could never abide an allusion to those wonderful parodies which he contributed to "Puck" over the signature of "V. Hugo Dusenbury;" and it is said, though I do not vouch for the fact, that Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is beginning to show signs of irritability at the lasting popularity of "Marjorie Daw." Dr. Conan Doyle also grew so thoroughly dissatisfied with hearing Sherlock Holmes described as his greatest creation, that he finally killed that ingenious personage in the prime of life and the full tide of adventure. Yet in every one of these instances it is pretty certain that the public was instinctively right and the author altogether wrong.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

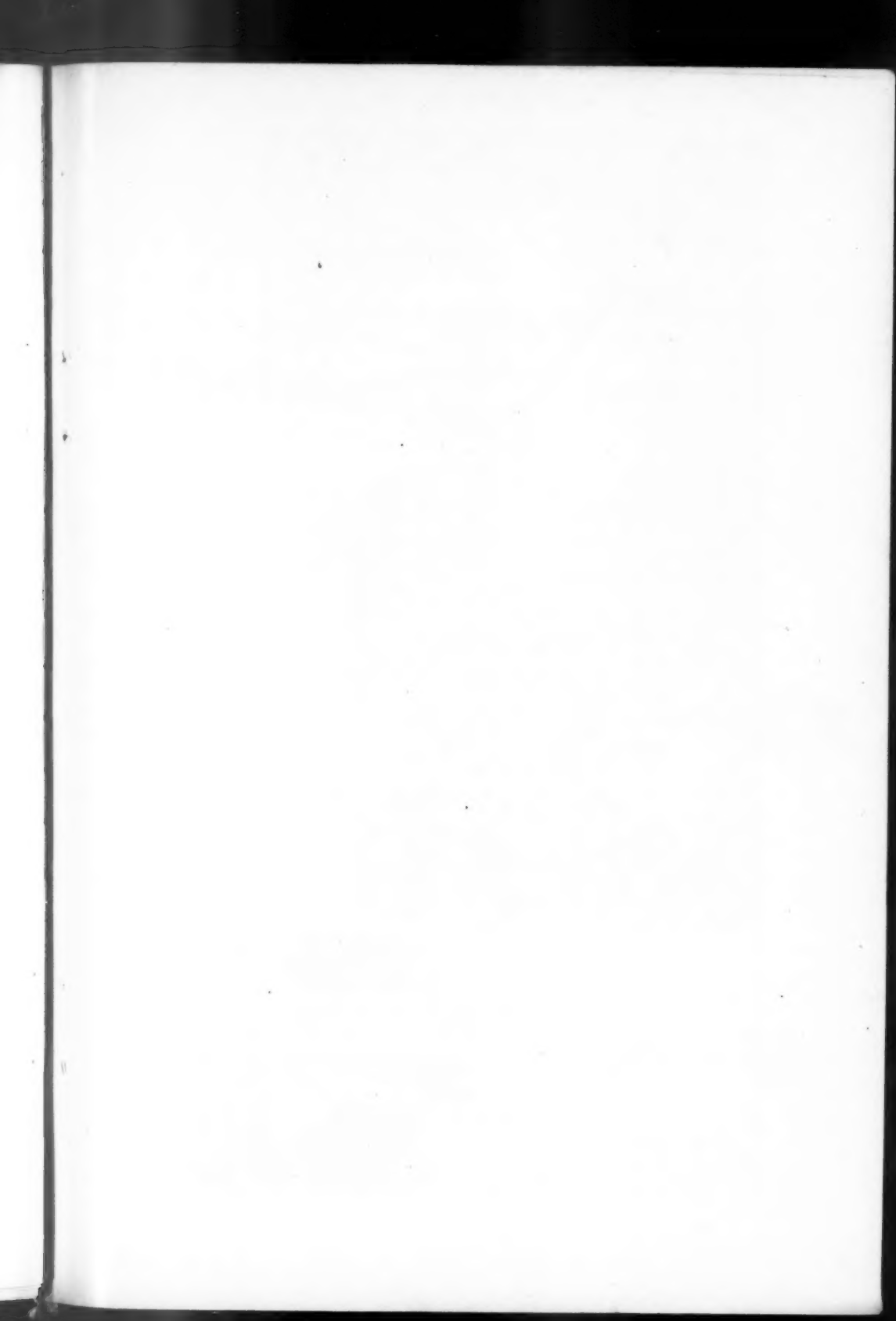


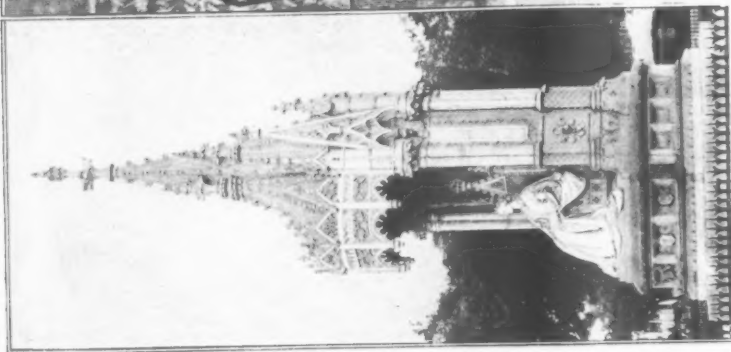
SOME Thoughts Concerning the Next War.—

THE CORPS OF CERTAIN DEATH—The next war will be surrounded by conditions very different from those which accompanied the wars of old. Numbers will not count so much as willingness to go to certain death. One man who has made up his mind to die for his country will be worth five thousand who are only ready to share the ordinary chances. Take, for instance, him who is willing to manipulate a submarine boat. He goes to pretty nearly sure destruction; with his mind fully made up to die, he would be worth many who entertain hopes of escape. Approaching under water and quietly affixing his torpedoes to the hull of a battleship, he would then make sure of their discharge and perish in the final catastrophe. Two hundred such men, taking a hundred ordinary boats quickly fitted up with torpedoes or dynamite guns, would have a chance, on a dark, stormy night, to destroy a fleet before discovery, sure however, when discovered, to be annihilated.

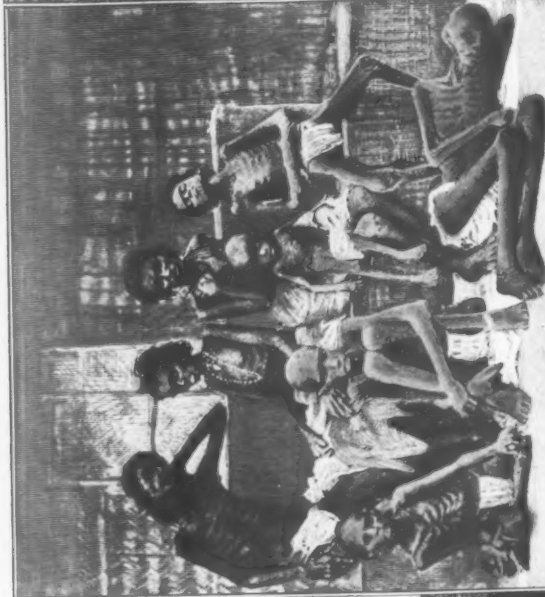
It is, then, a new kind of courage that will be required, and it is worth while considering whether we should not take time by the forelock and have ready a corps of men suited to the emergency. We are not compelled to offer very high inducements of rank and pay to fill our existing military organizations; but to bring into the service a corps who would undertake to die in the first war, would be quite another matter. Nevertheless, they could be found, if the inducements were made sufficient. The pay should be large—ranging, say, from one thousand dollars per annum for privates, to five thousand dollars for officers. The duties must be of the lightest, confined chiefly to instruction in the use of dynamite arms; special honors, a high percentage of leave of absence and, after death, large pensions for relatives and friends. Undoubtedly, difficulties would beset the organization of such a corps, but a thousand men could be gathered together in a very short space of time. A man who dies for his country should be rewarded before death. When General Gilmore was planting the swamp angel battery before Charleston, during the War of the Rebellion, he was told by the general commanding to call for whatever he needed. He immediately put in a requisition for fifty men twenty feet long, to work in mud eighteen feet deep. Not expecting an emergency of this character, the government was unprovided with the required length. In the next war there will be requisition for a new kind of man, and it might be well to put them in stock while we have the time and can offer inducements for their manufacture.







STATUE ERECTED IN BOMBAY TO HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.



PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM LIFE, OF SOME OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE COSMOPOLITAN, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM INDIA, HEARD IT CONSERVATIVELY ESTIMATED IN LONDON THAT A TOTAL OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WOULD BE EXPENDED, DIRECTLY AND INDIRECTLY, UPON THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE CEREMONIES.